THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1914

DISORDERLY STATES

BY HENRY JONES FORD

THE usual explanation is that the causes are either climatic or racial, but neither theory will bear analysis. The beginnings of culture were tropical fruits. Political system and governmental order first developed in countries where climatic conditions gave a hot-house luxuriance to vegetable growth, and nature itself kept renewing the fertility of the soil. These conditions were most amply provided in the alluvial deposits of river valleys in tropical countries. But peoples having such advantages are not left in undisturbed enjoyment of them, and organization of public authority is necessary for the guidance and protection of the community. If successful invasion takes place, the conquerors must develop means of holding what they have gained, or else they must in their turn yield control to more capable hands. The result of this selective process is the gradual formation of empire, whose first seats were all in tropical countries.

The principle is illustrated by Aztec culture in Southern Mexico and Inca culture in Peru, as well as by the great states that were formed in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates, with a longevity far beyond anything that European political history can show.

As the advance of art extended human mastery over natural resources, the economic basis of empire shifted, to the disadvantage of its original seats, but even then empire long kept close to its tropical source. During the many centuries in which the Mediterranean Ocean was a Roman lake it could not have occurred to any one that there was a connection between political order and a cold climate. That orderly states belong to the temperate zone, and that disorderly states belong to the tropics, are associations of ideas of recent origin, which upon any large view of history are seen to be fallacious.

The racial theory is even less substantial. Cant about Anglo-Saxon political ideals is very common, but neither the Angles nor the Saxons ever produced an orderly state. The British Isles were a favorite hunting ground for the tribesmen of Northern Europe until the Norman Conquest introduced a more efficient governmental system. There was not an orderly state in all Europe after the collapse of the Roman Empire, until the formation of national monarchies on the basis of royal prerogative. Professor Henry Sidgwick in his *Development of European Polity* points out that in the middle of the eighteenth century absolute monarchy was generally regarded as the form of government 'by which the task of establishing and maintaining

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a civilized political order had been, on the whole, successfully accomplished, after other modes of political construction had failed to realize it.' That is to say, European character was such that constitutional government was impossible and a strong dictatorship was the only practical way of maintaining order, — the same dictum now heard with regard to popular character in other parts of the world.

It may be said that even in the period of European absolutism the case of England showed that orderly government could be maintained without dictatorship, but some of the wisest heads then in England did not think so. France, under absolute rule, was reckoned much the superior of England in order and civilization. The historian Gibbon deplored the fact that circumstances compelled him to live in England instead of among a people 'who have established a freedom and ease in society unknown to antiquity and still unpracticed by other nations.' The philosopher Hume, in an essay published in 1741, points out that the limitations on royal authority in England admitted an intolerable tyranny of factions, and he concludes that 'we shall at last, after many convulsions and civil wars, find repose in absolute monarchy, which it would have been happier for us to have established peaceably from the beginning.'

The reputation of England for political stability is quite recent, as history runs. Up to the nineteenth century it was a notorious example of a disorderly state. Levity and turbulence were regarded as English political characteristics. A curious physical explanation was advanced, which even John Milton appears to have taken seriously. In his treatise on *A Free Commonwealth*, he refers to 'the fickleness which is attributed to us as we are islanders,' and he remarks that 'good education and acquisite wisdom ought to correct the fluxible fault, if any there be, of our watery situation.'

The English self-governing commonwealths now rank as orderly states, and it appears to make no difference in this respect whether they are in a cold climate or in a hot. Canada extends far into the Arctic region; but Australia is in the same latitudes as countries of South America where there has been much political disorder; and South Africa is in the same zone as Southern Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay. Canada is both French and English, and racial and linguistic difference is accompanied by radical religious difference, — circumstances making against the theory that its political order is a racial product. Canadian politics were long in a state of turbulence, public discontent breaking out in rebellion in 1837–38. The situation became so serious that representative government in Canada was abolished and the country was governed for some time by an appointed council, whose first ordinance suspended the *habeas corpus* act. The existing state of political order in Canada dates from the British North America Act of 1867, giving Canada its present federal constitution.

Australia has had a less troubled history, but any theory that its political order results from the character of the inhabitants must reckon with the fact that the colony made its start as a convict settlement. Darwin, who visited it in 1836, noted that 'the whole community is rancorously divided into parties on almost every subject,' and that 'among those who, from their station in life, ought to be the best, many live in such open profligacy that respectable people cannot associate with them.' He thought conditions were such that society 'can hardly fail to deteriorate.' The organization of South Africa, and the competency of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its government, present a surprising phenomenon following so closely after a war between the Dutch and the English elements of its population, and it is inexplicable on any climatic or racial theory. Indeed, if racial or linguistic homogeneity were essential to political order, every country in Europe would be in a bad way, and particularly Switzerland, where there is a high development of orderly and efficient government although four languages are spoken in the country, all apparently holding their ground.

Although it is impossible to account for political order as a climatic or racial product, there is a general principle that holds good of all political forms, — the biological principle of the correlation of structure and function, which is merely a scientific way of stating the familiar business principle that order and efficiency are products of sound organization. It is an invariable rule that the development of political order is connected with improvement in the organization of public authority. In England it was obtained by breaking down the old partitions of authority and by consolidating power. Instead of perpetual contention over the scope and limitations of royal prerogative, the system of cabinet government was instituted, which brings authority in its entirety under the direct control of public opinion. The notion that royal prerogative has been in any way superseded or impaired by the growth of popular rule in England is a fallacy. Crown authority is now greater than ever, and it is still on the increase. What has happened is that it has passed into the custody of the leaders of the party in control of the House of Commons, so that crown authority and parliamentary authority have been united.

The late Professor Maitland's *Constitutional History of England* observes that 'we must not confuse the truth that the King's personal will has come to count for less and less with the falsehood (for falsehood it would be) that his legal powers have been diminishing; on the contrary, of late years they have enormously grown.' That is to say, royal prerogative having been converted into a formula of popular sovereignty, free use is made of it as an agency of democratic administration. Sovereignty is essentially a unit, and it is only since constitutional adjustments were made connecting executive and legislative authority in one organ of sovereignty that England has ranked as an orderly state.

In accomplishing a sound organization of her own public business, England incidentally provided safe methods of government for her colonies, and their position as orderly states belongs to this period. The process has, however, been much more than mere transmission of parliamentary institutions. Care has been taken to found the system on strict business principles, and to correct defects when revealed by experience. The constitution of Canada is a short act of settlement, free from abstractions and concerned wholly with the actual organization of authority. Its fundamental principle is the connection of the executive and legislative branches, and its fundamental regulation is that no appropriation can be made except upon the recommendation of the administration. The business conditions thus established impart to the government its tone and character. The administration appears before the representative assembly as does a general manager before a board of directors, and so likewise it is the duty of the administration to prepare and submit for consideration all needful measures.

It is a familiar business principle that sound accountancy is the foundation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of sound business. In introducing responsible budget control, the English constitution established the cardinal feature of the orderly state, but Australian experience showed the need of auxiliary precautions, and the course pursued is even a better instance of scientific method than is supplied by the case of Canada, whose needs were met by forms of the ordinary British pattern. In some Australian states, democratic tendencies caused the introduction of elective senates, and then there were two legislative bodies, each of which could claim to derive authority direct from the people. Thus it might happen that an administration would have its policy marred or frustrated by a hold-over senate. Conflicts occurred, resulting in legislative deadlocks, and disorders ensued, requiring the intervention of the English government. As English experience afforded no precedents for treating such a situation, recourse was had to Scandinavian experience. An expedient was adopted that was first introduced into political procedure by the Norway constitution of 1814. It is that when a bill has been twice passed by the assembly and rejected by the senate, the two houses shall meet in joint convention to vote on the measure as one body, a two-thirds vote in its favor being requisite for passage.

This expedient was introduced in Australia with characteristic British modification, the joint convention not taking place until the two houses have been simultaneously dissolved and their successors have been elected, which must take place within ten days after such dissolution. Then if disagreement still continues, the two houses meet in joint convention and a majority of the whole decides. This arrangement, which put an end to legislative deadlocks, was adopted in the constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia. It was put in the constitutions given to the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony when those countries were reorganized after the Boer War. It is also a feature of the constitution of the Union of South Africa. It is owing to the care with which the public business has been organized, and with which the transaction of its affairs has been conditioned, that the English commonwealths now rank as orderly states.

The same relation between structure and function may be descried wherever orderly and efficient government is found, look where we will. The present state of order in France is the result of constitutional adjustments radically different from those which resulted in the failure of previous experiments. Incidentally that experimentation produced a form of municipal government that has gone all over the world, and it works well wherever it has been adopted, whether it be in Japan or in South America. In general character it is the same system as is found in our own business corporations, the municipal councilors organizing like a board of directors by electing one of their number to be the presiding officer and the head of the executive management. It is well known that some of our own business corporations, organized after this simple pattern, administer larger revenues than any of our states. The same principles of organization hold good when applied to the management of the public business. The issue of the *Consular and Trade Reports* for December 3, 1913, mentions the fact that the municipality of Buenos Aires had awarded a contract for the building of 10,000 houses for employees and workmen, construction to be at the rate of 2000 houses a year. Such transactions on public account are not unusual in the large cities of South America, and their competency to engage in them is attested by results. Is that compe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tency to be attributed to climate, or to race, or to the fact that they took over from the French code a sound system of municipal government?

Illustration of the point has been carried to an extent that might seem superfluous were it not that there is an obstinate American prepossession to the effect that the character of government is determined by the character of the people. This attitude of thought obstructs intelligent comprehension and salutary treatment of some acute problems in our foreign relations. It has become a matter of the most serious importance that consideration should be given to the fact that institutions mould character. The case of Scotland is a classic instance, cited by the historian Lecky as evidence of the transformation of character through changes of environment, introduced by legislation. He remarks that prior to the Revolution of 1699, 'of all the nations of Europe, there was probably not a single one which was so violent, so turbulent, so difficult to govern as the Scotch.' The measures which 'in a few generations raised Scotland from one of the most wretched and barbarous into one of the most civilized and happy nations in Europe,' give him occasion to makes these wise observations: —

'Invectives against nations and classes are usually very shallow. The original basis of national character differs much less than is supposed. The character of large bodies of men depends in the main upon the circumstances in which they have been placed, the laws by which they have been governed, the principles they have been taught. When these are changed the character will alter too, and the alteration, though it is very slow, may in the end be very deep.'

Of course some political capacity is prerequisite to the organization of public business, just as there must exist some business capacity before there is a basis for the organization of private business. But the disorderly states whose condition most concerns the United States do not present the case of peoples who have yet to attain political consciousness. Their position as civilized states is at least so well established that they are not regarded by other powers as presenting a proper field for extra-territorial jurisdiction. Notwithstanding the sanguinary violence of their politics, cultured society is found in them, and evidences are displayed of ability in art, literature, science, and jurisprudence. It is safe to say that if a society has reached the stage of civilization, material exists for the formation of orderly government. The public business can utilize motives of honor and distinction that do not operate in private business. If in order and efficiency the transaction of public business falls below that of private business, and the tone of its morality falls below the ethical standard of the community, the fundamental defect is in the organization of public authority. The remedy lies in better constitutional arrangements. The case presents no difficulties that have not been successfully dealt with by such methods. It is a matter of political engineering — the adjustment of the mechanism of government to the forces that move it. The prime cause of trouble in the disorderly states of America is that at present they have unworkable constitutions.

It must be admitted that modern history furnishes little or nothing of precedent or guidance in political reorganization through international action. The European state is a military product, the outcome of a process of rigorous selection on the principle of efficiency, an incident of which is the maintenance of public order. A state

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unable to develop efficient government invited destruction, not reorganization. Such was the fate of Poland, although the intelligence and vivacity of the national character, properly organized, would have sustained a noble commonwealth.

Prepossessions derived from European history would lead one to expect that political evolution would eventually result in the formation of orderly states throughout the Americas by the same selective process as in Europe, the incapable being destroyed by annexation of their territory; but there are considerations that make against this view. American states are developing under conditions that did not apply to European states. These are, —

1. The great scope of modern banking operations and the international fluidity of capital. This condition is peculiar to this period of the world's development.

2. The Monroe Doctrine. This condition is peculiar to the American situation.

Up to the seventeenth century it was state policy to prohibit the exportation of money, each country striving to hold on to its stock of gold and silver. That policy was not so much abandoned as destroyed through inability to enforce it; but antipathy to investment of capital outside of national jurisdiction continued up to our own times. This feeling was manifested by the British government during the last century. Speculators in foreign concessions were made to feel that they could not count upon much sympathy or support if they came to grief. But a great change has taken place in national policy, a convenient mark being the financial control which was established over Egypt in 1879, originally by England and France in conjunction, but which since 1883 has been maintained by England alone. It is virtually a receivership, instituted because Egypt, under native administration, failed to meet obligations contracted with European banking interests. This of course has greatly emboldened capital, and banking companies now hunt investments throughout the world. It has become a function of diplomatic service to promote such enterprise. Recently the spectacle has been presented of great powers contending for the privilege of obtaining for their banking companies the right to make loans to China.

Here, then, is a change in the international situation which removes incentives for political improvement that formerly existed. Rulers are no longer dependent upon the immediate resources of their own government for the satisfaction of personal ambition. Opportunities which used to be closely limited to current receipts from taxation may now be capitalized by means of foreign loans or by the sale of concessions. The cases of Egypt, Korea, and Persia, show what the national consequences may be. The process of foreclosing upon nations and instituting a receivership of their resources is now so systematized that it may be effective without apparent breach in the legal continuity of authority. Egypt still figures in the gazetteers as a tributary state of Turkey under the government of the Khedive, who, upon the recommendation of England, appoints a financial adviser without whose concurrence no financial decision can be taken. This practically suffices to put the administration of the country in the hands of a receiver appointed by England, who has no higher title of authority than merely that of British Agent and Consul General. The native government of the country is nominally intact, although practically it is a British province.

Such terms as spheres of influence,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pacific penetration, protectorates, and client states — now become familiar in world politics — denote adjustments in empire by which the great powers are taking over the administration of all states unable themselves to maintain order and fulfill their obligations. This is the test of capacity which republican government in China must meet in order to preserve its territorial integrity and its national independence.

The process cannot be justly characterized as immoral. The end of the state is the perfection of human life, and the elimination of deficient or effete forms of the state is a concomitant of the advance of the human species in the scale of being. Upon this ground the Monroe Doctrine has been attacked as being essentially vicious, in that it shields American states from their proper responsibilities and maintains preserves for disorder, corruption, and violence. Another inference made from the same premises is that the Monroe Doctrine entails upon the United States imperial responsibilities, so that it is the duty of our government to police the Americas and supervise state behavior in that field. This aspect of the Doctrine offends and irritates the great nations of South America, and is a source of estrangement between them and the United States. Just what that Doctrine means cannot remain a matter of academic discussion. Events are manifestly pressing toward a practical interpretation of it.

As originally promulgated it was no more than a diplomatic intimation meant for a particular situation then existing. It was evoked by a movement in world-politics claiming to rest upon the highest possible moral grounds. After the final overthrow of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in France in 1815, the Czar of Russia proposed to the allied powers the treaty of the Holy Alliance, by which they bound themselves to take as the sole rule of their conduct 'the precepts of the Christian religion.' This treaty, entered into by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and concurred in by France, provided for meetings devoted to 'the examination of measures which shall be considered most salutary for the repose and prosperity of the people, and for the maintenance of European peace.' England refused to join, on the ground that the plan was impracticable; and when there were indications that, as part of the scheme of restoring public order, the Holy Alliance intended to take in hand the revolted Spanish colonies in America, the English government actively exerted its influence against the project, and made overtures to the United States for joint action. While that suggestion was not entertained by our government, President Monroe took independent action, and in his message of December 2, 1823, made the statement of policy since famous as the Monroe Doctrine. Pointing out that it is the established policy of the United States not to meddle in European affairs, Monroe went on to say that, —

'It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent [of America] without endangering our peace and happiness. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference.'

The extension of our own political system to the East through the acquisition of the Philippines manifestly impairs the position taken by President Monroe, which was equivalent to saying, 'You keep hands off our part of the world, and we'll keep hands off your part.' If we have a right to take over the administration of a country in the East, why has not a European state

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as good a right to take over the administration of a country in the West? If we explain that it is simply a temporary arrangement, to be discontinued when the subject people are fit for independence, how can we disallow like professions from a European power extending its control over an American country? Such a system of control as England maintains in Egypt would leave the outward form of national autonomy intact. It might be contended with much force that it would not be even a temporary extension of European political systems since international receivership respects the forms of local authority and abstains from interference with the language and customs of the people. If the Monroe Doctrine in its traditional form were a rule of international law binding our national policy, it would be susceptible of applications that might be embarrassing to our national interests; but it is merely a political principle, taking such shape as our national interests may require, good so far as we are willing and able to make it good. Its present shape has to be adapted to present circumstances, which are created by conditions unthought of, and indeed inconceivable, when the Monroe Doctrine was originally promulgated.

From the foregoing survey the contingencies which may arise from international disturbances caused by disorderly states appear to be either annexation, or clientage, or reorganization. The first of these was about all that was in mind when the Monroe Doctrine was first proclaimed, and it has been an effectual barrier to that process. But clientage, as now developed in international practice, opens possibilities of control that can be met only by a corresponding development in our own national policy. Such a development is taking place. It is what has been called the Wilson Doctrine. The first public statement of it was made in President Wilson's speech at Mobile, October 27, 1913. He said, —

'You hear of concessions to foreign capitalists in Latin America. You do not hear of concessions to foreign capitalists in the United States. They are not granted concessions. They are invited to make investments. . . . It is an invitation, not a privilege, and states that are obliged, because their territory does not lie within the main field of modern enterprise and action, to grant concessions, are in this condition, that foreign interests are apt to dominate their domestic affairs, a condition of affairs always dangerous, and apt to become intolerable. . . . I rejoice in nothing so much as in the prospect that they will now be emancipated from these conditions, and we ought to be first in assisting that emancipation.'

The effect of the Wilson Doctrine in checking schemes of foreign exploitation in American states has been already displayed in announcements of the withdrawal of European capital from negotiations for concessions. The exclusion of such influences will tend to weaken the springs of revolution, by conditioning the introduction of capital upon the existence of investment conditions. The attitude of the United States could not be one of indifference to the development of such conditions. The positive phase of the Wilson Doctrine is, therefore, reorganization, which is exactly the reverse of clientage. The one aims to establish the authority of the state with which it deals, while the other aims to supersede that authority.

Interference in other people's affairs is proverbially a delicate matter, but there are occasions when it may be right and necessary, and by the exercise of tact and caution the business may be managed without giving of-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fense. The idea may be novel to the people of the United States as a feature of our public policy, but the exercise of organizing influence is common practice as between private business concerns. It is an everyday affair for a bank or a large business house to make accountancy suggestions to customers. Constitutional government is essentially the application of sound accountancy to the public business. The principles of organization in public business are now sufficiently well known to admit of their intelligent application to the case of disorderly states. The task is not an easy one, but events tend to make it our duty. In performing it, the United States might well coöperate with such great states as Chile, Brazil, and Argentina, which have succeeded in establishing stable institutions after an experience that should give special value to their suggestions. An essential requisite of success in such exertions of influence is to avoid anything like arrogance. Polite and conciliatory manners, abstention from professions of philanthropy, and habitual continence of speech should characterize all agencies of our national policy. With the opportunities these qualities can secure, the case of the disorderly states admits of cure, not by impairing their sovereignty but by invigorating it.

OUR INSTINCTIVE IDIOCIES

BY SEYMOUR DEMING

'She foundered, with seventy souls, and nineteen sailors.'

As often as anything is said to my neighbor, Wilcox, about the suffering brought by hot weather to the tenement districts, his remark is, 'Yes, but they don't mind it as you or I would.' This response is as prompt to act as the flare of a safety-match, and something more certain. What is more, he has been repeating it for twenty years and he will — in common with some thousands of his brethren who conceive it the whole duty of man to vote the straight ticket and send their sons to college —go on repeating it for twenty more, if he lives.

Switchboard minds. Press a given button and get a given buzz. They would keenly resent the suggestion that they are doing business with the same office furniture that their fathers used. They would just as keenly resent the suggestion that they are not doing business with the same mental furniture that their grandfathers used. They do so in print, and they do so across their own dinner-tables. Now, it is inconceivable that they should do this on purpose. Nobody except a reformer (he asks nothing better) makes a spectacle of himself voluntarily. I suspect, therefore, that the reason lies deeper: that it is a bread-and-butter reason to be searched out of patrons, clientèles, customers, and pay envelopes, and that honestly lovable folks who go on rehearsing such stupefying inanities as that 'luxuries give employment to the working-class,' do this not so much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because people repeat themselves as because types do.

This was borne in upon a reluctant intellect by an episode at Narragansett Pier. A young undergraduate, marooned there for the summer, ventured to ask the New York woman whose two little sons he was tutoring, whether it had ever occurred to her that the possession of weath entailed a responsibility. 'Of course it has,' said she. 'People are always trying to get it away from you.' Being a sanguine youth, he tried again, explaining that what he meant was social obligations. 'I think,' quoth the dame with some complacency, 'that I entertain as much as any woman in New York.' It was suddenly and blindingly clear that a woman of that social stratum could be counted on for such an indiscretion to a degree which robs betting of all sportsmanship.

Similarly, 'No young man should marry until he has $100,000 in the bank,' is the dictum of a venerable money-changer who has spent his life (and the lives of some hundreds of others) in the accumulation of several times that sum. He considers the figure a modest one for a starter. The same gentleman has also been heard to remark, during a discussion of the smoke nuisance, that people who object to smoke should live at Tarrytown or in Montclair.

A chief of police is putting himself on record as opposed to 'violence': —

'I stand for law and order. If I had the authority I would shoot down these strikers like dogs.'

And a brother of his craft thus expounds his theory of the administration of justice: —

'I don't care whether you can hold these people morally responsible or not. I don't care whether they are actually guilty or not. It is necessary to make an example of some one; and you must punish the man you can get hold of.'

In lighter mood, we have this question, asked by a skeptical pedagogue: 'Did Giovannitti write those poems which are published under his name?' It is insidiously intimated to him that the said verses were written in collaboration by Dr. Van Dyke and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 'No! really?' says he, vastly tickled. 'I suspected all along that they could n't have been produced by an Italian labor agitator. He! he! What amusing hoaxes these literary people do hatch!'

These are the lapses which sweeten and solace the souls of radicals, and fill them with a wild and mystical joy. Not the less because, when asked what the joke is, no amount of explaining will convey a shadow of the humor to the unconverted. For the fun is this: Ten men are running a race. They are running with tremendous earnestness, for at the end of the course lie money, fame, influence, and position. Suddenly, one of the ten, guessing that the true goal lies in precisely the opposite direction, wheels and runs just as hard that way as the other nine are running the other. . . . From the radical wing of the bystanders goes up a roar of delight. The rest chime in more gingerly: there is a joke on somebody, just where is uncertain. It might be on the nine they are backing. One can never be sure.

It was an eminent neurologist who proposed, as a remedy in an industrial dispute which had thrown eleven thousand women into idleness, that the whole eleven thousand go into domestic service. He dwelt at length on his efforts to secure competent servants. The trifling circumstance that all of the strikers were non-English-speaking aliens, innocent of Anglo-Saxon cookery, seemed to him readily surmountable; and yet he was quite miffed at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suggestion that his view of the industrial unrest was that of a gentleman chiefly impressed with the difficulty of keeping cooks.

Genealogically, of course, all speeches of this calibre derive from poor Marie Antoinette's unfortunate suggestion that the people eat cake. But I suspect their ancestry of being even more ancient.

The first axiom in social geometry is that dead radicals are honored, not because they were radicals, but because they are dead. Also, it follows that they would never be honored at all if the issues which made radicals of them were not as dead as they are. We will cheerfully, even piously, raise a monument to the revolutionary patriot of 1776; nor, at the dedication exercises, will we neglect to launch platform lightnings at the revolutionist of 1914, without even remotely suspecting that he may be a patriot as well. A revolutionist may find it expedient to wear a disguise, but a patriot never.

Let me confess that I am patiently awaiting the satirist who will recite the painful adventures of some venerated hero of the anti-slavery days who, horribly to the chagrin of his worshipers, espouses the cause of — let us say — militant suffragism or the I.W.W. Instantly, all the cosy, hen-roost society which has been showering him with eulogy, enraptures the revolutionists by committing an instinctive idiocy on a gigantic or community scale, as thus: —

'Poor old man. He is beginning to break up. Curious! The reformer must take up with a bad cause rather than none at all. Abolition was humanitarian. But this is nothing more than lawlessness.'

Is it possible that this is why a prudent custom discourages the erection of monuments to popular heroes until after they are safely entombed? That a community should have pre-indorsed in *aes triplex* 'the regrettable vagaries of a noble mind' which has, in senility, turned to live issues, is an embarrassment too distressing to contemplate.

Bench, press, and pulpit reek with this common brand of picayunanimity. A magistrate, measuring off sentences on the ribbon-counter method, thus delivers himself: 'Even if the shot which killed this woman was fired by the police, her death was caused by the strikers,' — the ingenious logic of which is only equaled by the subtle wit of the next: —

MAGISTRATE: What is this man charged with?

OFFICER: Your Honor, he was arrested for free speech.

Mrs. Pankhurst's adventures at Ellis Island polished this gem of purest ray in an editorial setting: —

'Her crimes are crimes against humanity. Let her be admitted into the country and then hang her.'

Is there any doubt that this citizen would have voted on the side of respectability for the preservation of 'law and order' in the Sanhedrin of 33 A.D.?

Extreme was the delicacy and finesse of a letter penned to a newspaper by an estimable citizen who lamented the breaking up of the sex-taboo. After attacking the attitude of the men of recognized standing in the community whose endorsement 'lent an air of respectability to these debates,' he continues, —

'Yet in order to protest against this, we are forced to do the very thing we wish to prevent, namely, — discuss it.'

He had made the fascinating discovery that whether you swim with the current or against it, you keep going in the same direction. This was encouraging. If he kept at it faithfully, there were good hopes that more things might be revealed to him.

Unsearchable are the processes of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the stand-pat mind. In Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Pastor Manders remarks that Oswald is growing to look like his father. Mrs. Alving, nervously resenting a supposed reference to the sensual curves around her son's mouth, hastens to object that on the contrary she thinks Oswald has quite a clerical cut of mouth. 'Yes,' assents the clergyman innocently, 'I have noticed the same type of mouth among my colleagues.' Around this dialogue has always raged the dispute: Do people in real life ever so egregiously give themselves away?

Do they? It was a rich old dean, known to be a heavy investor in southern cotton mills, whose pulpit had been usurped the Sunday previous by a brother clergyman who had preached economic reforms. So the incumbent felt called on to discourse of Mistaken Enthusiasms. And this (minus the suave intonations which small pica and large caps would be powerless to convey) was his peroration, verbatim: —

'Conspicuous among the mistaken enthusiasms of our time, dearly beloved, is a zeal, no doubt sincere but not the less surely misdirected, to alleviate, all too precipitately, the sufferings of the poor. Now poor there must always be. And they must always suffer. It is a discipline which it were ill for them to forego. Nor should we be too hasty in relieving that material suffering when our chief dread should be speerichule destichushun.'

Now while I am aware that there are those who will not fail to point out that when an ecclesiastical shareholder cautions his flock against too precipitate relief of the sufferings of the poor, churchgoing is not nearly so tedious as a derelict generation is prone to suppose, my aim is merely to indicate how the stand-pat mind can deliver itself of the most amazing nonsense, the most transparent knavery, all in the serene assurance that it is uttering inspired wisdom. Like the rich old cleric, these gentry suppose themselves to be discussing the rights of man, when all they are discussing is the rights of stockholders. It would appear, therefore, that when a rogue is determined to hang himself, the only necessary precaution is to be sure that he has plenty of rope.

The mayor of a city attacked for its admitted political corruption relieves his mind (and his conscience) in this wise: —

'Whenever I hear an honest but mistaken' (reformers are always, please notice, 'mistaken') 'advocate of reform say that this is an extremely wicked town, unclean and vicious to a marked degree, I feel called on to deny the charge and to administer strong rebuke. But even though the city were as black as it is painted, those who talk about it would be doing it harm rather than good. Is it right to conceal defects? I answer, Yes! The Scripture says: "Charity shall *cover* a multitude of sins."'

The italics, be it said, are his own.

By allowing the stand-pat mind to interpret, you are rewarded with a unique brand of New Testament exegesis, and one which, you suspect, accounts for more soft spots in our social apple than it is flattering to suppose. Meanwhile, for their quality of pure, lyric ecstasy, let me record two masterpieces of the instinctive idiocy as it flowers on the veranda of a summer hotel.

First Matron: What book are you reading?

Second Matron: A book by Miss Jane Addams, *A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil.*

First Matron: Do you read such things?

Second Matron: I surely do. They are not agreeable, to be sure, any more than attending to the needs of a sick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

person, but they are very necessary. You may borrow the book if you wish.

FIRST MATRON: No. I don't think I shall read it. After all, what can Miss Addams know about such things? She has never been married.

A thread of logic which discretion bids us not give too rude a pull. The other remark (wirelessed across the intervening wicker chairs and tables in one of those abrupt rhythmical lulls of the conversation which occur in crowded assemblies) gives an intimate view of the processes of the employing mind. Thus the philanthropist: 'My father-in-law, who could hire a valuable man for less money than anybody I ever knew, used to say, "A man ought to be worth twice what he is being paid."'

A truce to the estimable folks (the sort who gravely assure you that the Social Democratic party in Germany 'does not include the "best people"') who make these stumbles in their innocence and their ignorance; a truce to them, a stifled chuckle perhaps; but a smile and a compassion that understands and sympathizes, that knows their hearts are right. It was written that they should mistake stagnation for stability, that they should mistake their outraged prejudices for moral conviction. It was written that they should strike out blindly and wound themselves and those most dear to them. Comparatively harmless, too, are their weapons, rummaged out of the common arsenal of mediocrity. But when officialdom — courts, constabularies and congresses — begins to bow down to a god of horse-sense, with the accent on the horse, the joke of the stand-pat mind threatens to change to grim earnest.

The stand-pat mind only knows how to do one thing: sit on the lid. This posture it is impossible to maintain for any considerable length of time, and on the willingness to climb down gracefully and in season depend the chances of saving whatever is worth saving in the life and institutions which are marked for change.

It is doubtful if any one fully comprehends this fact of history until he has stood in the midst of the struggle himself and watched how the fighting went. Then nothing could be more clear. There has been one thing, and one thing only, happening since the beginning of the world: a battle between the party of obstruction and the party of change. The party of obstruction is foredoomed to make one tactical blunder after another, as the apostle knew when he sang, 'He hath blinded their eyes.' This hopelessness, this initial futility, of the programme of repression, once comprehended, is the most profoundly encouraging lesson of world-history. Repression has invariably been tried, and it has invariably failed. The young man, who has fought and been worsted in his first encounter, thinks, 'Lo, I alone am left,' until the prophet shows him that the mountain is full of chariots and horsemen.

In all the pictures of Christ before Pilate, there has always been one presentation lacking. Mihailov, the painter in *Anna Karenina*, portrayed a Christ who pitied his judge: 'As one sees him, Pilate does not appear a bad man, but an official to the bottom of his heart, utterly ignorant of what he is doing.'

Where is the painter who will show us in the face of a bystander — perhaps shrewd and plucky Luke, or Joseph of Arimathea, 'just man' and secret sympathizer — the mind in which, through all the gloom and terror of the scene, there flickered a subconscious guess, a prophetic sense of what all this was to mean: arbitrary authority defeating itself by the very instruments of oppression; that Pilate and his like are the fools of time, the obstinate blunderers who are fated to set the hour-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hand of the world ahead by the simple act of setting it behind. . . . One can suppose Luke, even in the trouble of that hour, exclaiming under his breath and in the vernacular of to-day: 'Good Lord, what fools Pilate and Caiaphas will look to the next generation!' . . . From the verdict of posterity there is no appeal. And if there is one thing certain in the whole struggle for liberty, it is that its enemies are fated to blunder by the very fact that they *are* its enemies.

Such are our instinctive idiocies in the historical scale. In the social scale of their merely personal perpetrations I can a tale unfold.

It chanced that a famous modern revolutionist was lecturing informally to a hallful of young men, — settlement-workers, university instructors, journalists, and a dramatist or two, — on the various programmes of radicalism. During the quiz at the end, an earnest, rosy-faced boy, evidently seeking a light which had not yet burst in upon him, rose and queried: —

'You say that you find people are naturally good — only that our scheme of society makes them bad. I was taught, on the contrary, that a baby, for instance, is bad, and that something must happen to it before it becomes good, — baptism.'

Over the assemblage went that tightening of neck-muscles which accompanies the resolution of the well-bred not to titter. But the laugh would not be quenched; it rippled over the hall, and, in the midst of it, a great-great-grandson of Jonathan Edwards of Calvinist memory commented with a twinkle of glee: —

'The doctrine of original sin has made its appearance among us. In a gathering like this I should say that it amounted almost to a "social error."'

Here was a group of young men more than averagely keen on religion (though more concerned with its practice than its theory), and the idea of the individualistic method of saving their souls struck them instinctively as comic. It is true they were more interested in souls than in anything else in the world, but the souls they were interested in were not their own, — perhaps the surest method of getting them saved.

And so I can foresee a time when there will be a new kind of social error; when it will be considered as bad form to commit one of these instinctive idiocies as it is now to eat pie with a knife, and when the considerate hostess who formerly used the wrong fork to countenance the guest who had used the wrong fork, will, when an instinctive idiocy is uttered at her table, counter with another of the same stripe in order to let the blunderer down gracefully. Thus, when her guest has the misfortune to remark, 'The trouble with the working-class is that they have too many children,' — good manners will require the hostess to respond, 'Yes. It would be better, far, far better, if most of them had never been born.' — And courtesy bids the other guests affect to heed the slip no more than if their unlucky fellow had quaffed out of his finger-bowl.

As yet this new conception of etiquette is imperfectly established, the result being that you get such painful situations as this: —

GUEST: We all know that race-mixture produces a hybrid. Are n't all these immigrants coming over here going to ruin the country?

HOST: Ask that question of the next Indian you meet.

In a revolutionized social order, I contend, such brutality on the part of a host will be unheard-of; in such stumbles of a purely social nature, the untutored will be shielded from mortification.

That the commission of these instinc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive idiocies should altogether cease in the era of that new dawn is no more to be expected than to be desired. Once the taste for this sort of humor has been formed, ordinary jokes fail to satisfy. These have a richer flavor. Strong food. They pillory whole types and classes and betray the secret hypocrisies of the colossally smug. They transform the reading of the daily papers from a penitential but necessary chore into a carouse of unbridled delight. Why should any one pay ten cents for a cut-and-dried funny paper when the instinctive idiocies of the scribes and pharisees drench every page of the one-cent and two-cent daily prints with a humor so sardonic and so deadly? It does, to be sure, sometimes turn a trifle grim, as when the president of a national bank announces, —

'What we need is a good, stiff panic. When they've starved a while they may be glad to stop striking and work for what they can get.'

Yet while I am prepared to admit that the foregoing is not an excruciatingly funny joke, I do say that it is best to learn how to laugh. At least, it is better to laugh than to swear.

A DEFENSE OF JOY

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Joy is such stuff as the hinges of Heaven's doors are made of. So our fathers believed. So we supposed in childhood. Since then it has become the literary fashion to combat this idea. The writers would have us think of joy not as a supernal hinge, but as a pottle of hay, hung by a crafty creator before humanity's asinine nose. The donkey is thus constantly incited to unrewarded efforts. And when he arrives at his goal he is either defrauded of the hay outright, or he dislikes it, or it disagrees with him.

Robert Louis Stevenson warns us that 'to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive,' portraying eloquently the emptiness and illusory character of achievement. And, of those who have attained, Mr. E. F. Benson exclaims, 'God help them!' These sayings are typical of a wide-spread literary fashion. Now to slander Mistress Joy to-day is a serious matter. For we are coming to realize that she is a far more important person than we had supposed; that she is, in fact, one of the chief managers of life. Instead of doing a modest little business in an obscure suburb, she has offices that embrace the whole first floor of humanity's city hall.

Of course I do not doubt that our writer-friends note down the truth as they see it. But they see it imperfectly. They merely have a corner of one eye on a corner of the truth. Therefore they tell untruths that are the falser for being so beautifully and neatly expressed. There is no more treacherous guide than the consummate artist on the wrong tack. Those who decry the joy of achievement are like tyros at skating who venture alone upon thin ice, fall down, fall in, and insist on the way

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home that winter sports have been grossly overestimated. This outcry about men being unable to enjoy what they have attained is a half-truth which cannot skate two consecutive strokes in the right direction without the support of its better half. And its better half is the fact that one may enjoy achievement hugely, provided only he will get himself into proper condition.

Of course I am not for one moment denying that achievement is harder to enjoy than the hope of achievement. Undoubtedly the former lacks the glamour of the indistinct, 'that sweet bloom of all that is far away.' But our writer-friends overlook the fact that glamour and 'sweet bloom' are so much pepsin to help weak stomachs digest strong joy. If you would have the best possible time of it in the world, develop your joy-digesting apparatus to the point where it can, without a qualm, dispose of that tough morsel, the present, obvious and attained. There will always be enough of the unattained at table to furnish balanced rations.

'God help the attainers!'—forsooth! Why, the ideas which I have quoted, if they were carried to logical lengths would make heaven a farcical kill-joy, a weary, stale, flat, unprofitable morgue of disappointed hopes, with *Ennui* for janitor. I admit that the old heaven of the Semitic poets was constructed somewhat along these lines. But that is no real heaven where you do nothing but lie about in a rather overdecorated auditorium and rehearse the same chorus during a seven-day week. No; the real Heaven is a quiet, beautiful place where every one is a Heaven-born creator and is engaged — not caring in the least for food or sleep — in turning out, one after another, the greatest of masterpieces, and enjoying them to the quick, both while they are being done and when they are quite achieved.

I would not, however, fall into the opposite error and disparage the joy of traveling hopefully. It is doubtless easy to enjoy one's self in a wayside air-castle of a hundred suites, equipped with self-starting servants, a Congressional Library, a National Gallery of pictures, a Vatican-full of sculpture, with Hoppe for billiard-marker, Paderewski to keep things going in the music room, Wright as grand hereditary master of the hangar, and Miss Annette Kellerman in charge of the swimming pool, keeping Mumm about the wine-cellar. I am not denying that such a castle is easier to enjoy before the air has been squeezed out of it by the horny clutch of reality, which moves it to the journey's end and sets it down with a jar in its fifty-foot lot, complete with seven rooms and bath, and only half an hour from the depot. But this is not for one moment admitting the contention of the lords of literature that the air-castle has a monopoly of joy, while the seven rooms and bath have a monopoly of disillusionized boredom and anguish of mind. If your before-mentioned apparatus is only in working order, you can have no end of joy out of the cottage. And any morning before breakfast you can build another, and vastly superior, air-castle on the vacant land behind the wood-shed.

'What is all this,' I hear the reader ask, 'about a joy-digesting apparatus?'

It consists of four parts. Physical exuberance is the first. To a considerable extent joy depends on exuberant health. The joy of artistic creation, for instance, lies not so intensely and intoxicatingly in what you may some time accomplish as in what has actually just started into life under your pencil or clayey thumb, your bow or brush. For what you are about to receive, the Lord, as a rule, makes you duly thankful. But with the thankfulness is always mingled the shadowy apprehension that your powers may fail

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you when next you wish to use them. Thus the joy of anticipatory creation is akin to pain. It holds no such pure bliss as actual creation. When you are in full swing, what you have just finished (unless you are exhausted) seems to you nearly always the best piece of work that you have ever done. For your critical, inhibitory apparatus is temporarily paralyzed by the intoxication of the moment. What makes so many artists fail at these times to enjoy a maximum of pleasure and a minimum of its opposite, is that they do not train their bodies 'like a strong man to run a race,' and make and keep them exuberant. The actual toil takes so much of their meagre vitality that they have too little left with which to enjoy the resulting achievement. If they become ever so slightly intoxicated over the work, they have a dreadful morning after, whose pain they read back into the joy preceding. And then they groan out that all is vanity, and slander joy by calling it a pottle of hay.

It takes so much vitality to enjoy achievement because achievement is something finished. And you cannot enjoy what is finished, in art for instance, without re-creating it for yourself. But, though re-creation demands almost as much vital overplus as creation, the layman should realize that he has, as a rule, far more of this overplus than the pallid, anæmic race of artists. And he should accordingly discount their lamentations over the vanity of achievement.

The reason Hazlitt took no pleasure in writing, and in having written, his delicious essays is that he did not know how to take proper care of his body. To be extremely antithetical, I, on the other hand, take so much pleasure in writing and in having written these essays of mine (which are no hundredth part as beautiful, witty, wise, or brilliant as Hazlitt's) that the leaden showers of drudgery, discouragement, and disillusionment which accompany and follow almost every one of them, and the need of Spartan training for their sake, hardly displace a drop from the bucket of joy that the work brings.

Why? Because 'I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.' This procedure has meant so much vital overplus that long ago I spurted and caught up with my pottle of joy. And, finding that it made a cud of unimagined flavor and durability, I substituted for the pottle a placard to this effect: —

REMEMBER THE RACE!

This placard, hung always before me, is a reminder that a decent respect for the laws of good sportsmanship requires me to keep in as hard condition as possible for the hundred-yard dash called Life. Such a regimen pays thousands of per cent in yearly dividends.

Exuberance is an alembic which transforms all things into joy — even sorrow itself. I wonder if any one seriously doubts that it was just this which was giving Browning's young David such a glorious time of it when he broke into that jubilant war-whoop about 'our manhood's prime vigor' and 'the wild joys of living.'

The physical variety of exuberance, once won, makes easy the winning of the mental variety. If your body is shouting for joy over the mere act of living, mental calisthenics no longer appear so impossibly irksome. And anyway, the discipline of your physical training has induced your will to put up with a good deal of irksomeness. This is partly because its eye is fixed on something beyond the far-off, divine event of achieving concentration on one subject for five minutes without allowing the mind to wander from it more than twenty-five times. That something is a keenness of perception which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

makes any given fragment of nature or human nature or art, however seemingly barren and commonplace, endlessly alive with possibilities of joyful discovery, — with possibilities, even, of a developing imagination. For the auto-comrade, your better self, is a magician. He can get something out of nothing.

At this stage of your development you will probably discover in yourself enough mental adroitness and power of concentration to enable you to weed all discordant thoughts out of your mind. As you wander through your mental pleasure-grounds, whenever you come upon an ugly intruder of a thought which might bloom into some poisonous emotion such as fear, envy, hate, remorse, anger, and the like, there is only one right way to treat it. Pull it up like a weed; drop it on the rubbish heap as if it were a stinging nettle; and let some harmonious thought grow in its place. There is no more reckless consumer of all kinds of exuberance than the discordant thought, and weeding it out saves such an amazing quantity of *eau de vie* wherewith to water the garden of joy, that with it in hand every man may be his own Burbank.

When you have won physical and mental exuberance, you will have pleased your auto-comrade to such an extent that he will most likely startle and delight you with a birthday present as the reward of virtue. Some fine morning you will climb out of the right side of your bed and come whistling down to breakfast and find by your plate a neat packet of spiritual exuberance with his best wishes. Mental and spiritual exuberance, then, are the second and third parts of the joy-digesting apparatus. I think there is no need of dwelling on their efficacy in helping one to enjoy achievement. Let us pass, therefore, to the fourth and last part, which is self-restraint.

Perhaps the gravest count in the indictment of attainment is its sameness, its dry monotony. On the way to it (the writers say), you are constantly falling in with something new. But, once there, you must abandon the variegated delights of yesterday and settle down, to-day and forever, to the same old thing. In this connection I recall an epigram of Professor Woodrow Wilson's. He was lecturing to us young Princetonians about Gladstone's ability to make any subject of absorbing interest, even a four hours' speech on the budget. 'Young gentlemen,' cried the professor, 'it is not the subject that is dry. It is *you* that are dry!' Similarly, it is not attainment that is dry; it is the attainers, — who fondly suppose that now, having attained, they have no further use for the exuberance of body, mind, and spirit or the self-restraint which helped them toward their goal. Particularly the self-restraint. One chief reason why the thing attained so often and so quickly palls is that men seek to enjoy it immoderately. Why, if Ponce de Leon had found the fountain of youth and drunk of it as bibulously as we are apt to guzzle the cup of achievement, he would in no time have turned himself into an embryo! Even traveling hopefully would pall if one kept at it twenty-four hours a day. Just feast on the rich food of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony morning, noon, and night, for a few months and see how you feel. There is no other way. Achievement must be moderately indulged in, not made the pretext for a debauch. If one has achieved a new cottage, for example, let him take numerous week-end vacations from it. And let not an author sit down and read through his own book the moment it comes from the binder. A few more months will suffice to blur the memory of those irrevocable, nauseating foundry proofs. If he forbears — instead

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of being sickened by the stuff, no gentle reader, I venture to predict, will be more keenly and delicately intrigued by the volume's vigors and subtleties.

If you have just made your fortune, be sure, in the course of your Continental wanderings, to take many a third-class carriage full of witty peasants, and stop at many an 'unpretentious' inn 'Of the White Hind,' with bowered rose-garden and bowling-green running down to the trout-filled river, and mine ample hostess herself to make and bring you the dish for which she is famous over half the countryside. Thus you will increase by at least one Baedekerian star-power the lustre of the next *Grand Hotel Royal de l'Universe* which may receive you.

And be sure to alternate pedestrianism with motoring, and the 'peanut' gallery with the stage-box before the latter becomes a chestnut. Be sure to punctuate with stag vacations long periods of domestic felicity. When Solomon declared that all was vanity and vexation of spirit I suspect that he had been more than unusually intemperate in frequenting the hymeneal altar.

Why is it that the young painters, musicians, and playwrights who win fame and fortune as heroes in the novels of Mr. E. F. Benson enjoy achievement so hugely? Simply because they are exuberant in mind, body, and spirit, and, if not averse to brandy and soda, are in other ways at least, paragons of moderation. And yet, in his *Book of Months*, Mr. Benson requests God to help those who have attained!

With this fourfold equipment of the three exuberances and moderation, I defy Solomon himself in all his glory not to enjoy the situation immensely and settle down in high good humor and content with the paltry few scores of wives already attained. I defy him not to enjoy even his fame.

We have heard much from the gloomily illustrious about the fraudulent promise of the cup of fame. At a distance it seems genuine, they admit. But only step up and peer over the jeweled rim, and all you find there is dust and ashes, vanity and vexation of spirit. If a man holds this view, however, you may be rather sure that he belongs to the bourgeois great. For it is just as bourgeois to win fame and then not know what on earth to do with it, as it is to win fortune and then not know what on earth to do with it. The more cultivated a famous man is, the more he must enjoy the situation; for along with his dry scrag of fame, the more he must have of the sauce which alone makes it palatable. The recipe for this sauce runs as follows: to one amphoraful best physical exuberance add spice of keen perception, cream of imagination, and fruits of the spirit. Serve with grain of salt.

That famous person is gravyless who can, without a tingle of joy, overhear the couple in the next steamer-chairs casually mentioning his name to each other as an accepted and honored household word. He has no sauce for his scrag if he, unmoved, can see the face of some beautiful child in the holiday crowd suddenly illuminated by the pleasure of recognizing him, from his pictures, as the author of her favorite story. He is bourgeois if it gives him no joy when the weight of his name swings the beam toward the good cause; or when the mail brings luminous comprehension and gratitude from the perfect stranger in Topeka or Tokyo. No; fame to the truly cultivated should be fully as enjoyable as traveling hopefully toward fame.

In certain other cases, indeed, attainment is even more delicious than the hope thereof. Think of the long, cool drink at the New Mexican pueblo after a day in the incandescent desert, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your tongue gradually enlarging itself from thirst. Has not the new president's aged father a slightly better time at the inauguration of his son than he had at any time during the fifty years of hoping for and predicting that consummation? Does not the successful altruist enjoy more keenly the certainty of having made the world a better place to live in, than he had enjoyed the hope of achieving that desirable end? Can there be any comparison between the joys of the tempest-driven soul aspiring, now hopefully, now despairingly, to port, and the joys of the same soul which has at last found a perfect haven in the heart of God?

And still the writers go on talking of joy as if it were a pottle of hay, — a flimsy fraud, — and of attainment as if it were as comfortless as the plight of a hobbled mule afflicted with indigestion. Why do they not realize, at least, that their every thrill of response to a beautiful note, their every laugh of delighted comprehension of Hazlitt or Crothers, is in itself attainment? The creative appreciator of art is always at his goal. And the much-maligned present is the only time at our disposal in which to enjoy the much-advertised future.

Too bad that our literary friends should have gone to extremes on this point! If Robert Louis Stevenson had noted that 'to travel hopefully is an easier thing than to arrive,' he would have hit the truth. If Mr. Benson had said, 'If you attain, God help you bountifully to exuberance,' etc., that would have been unexceptionable. It would even have been a more useful — though slightly supererogatory — service, to point out for the million-and-first time that achievement is not all that it seems to be, from a considerable distance. In other words, that the laws of perspective will not budge. These writers would thus quite sufficiently have played dentist to Disappointment and extracted his venomous fangs for us in advance. What the gentlemen really should have done was to perform the dentistry first, reminding us once again that a part of attainment is illusory and consists of such stuff as dreams — good and bad — are made of. Then, *per contra*, they should have demonstrated attainment's good points, finally leading up to its supreme advantage. This advantage is — its strategic position.

Arriving beats hoping to arrive, in this: that while the hoper is so keenly hopeful that he has little attention to spare for anything besides the future, the arriver may take a broader, more leisurely survey of things. The hoper's eyes are glued to the distant peak. The attainer of that peak may recover his breath and enjoy a complete panorama of his present achievement, and may amuse himself besides by reclimbing the mountain in retrospect. He has also yonder farther and loftier peak in his eye, which he may now look forward to attacking the week after next; for this little preliminary jaunt is giving him his mountain legs. Hence, while the hoper enjoys only the future, the achiever, if his joy-digesting apparatus be working properly, rejoices with exceeding great joy in past, present, and future alike. He has an advantage of three to one over the merely hopeful traveler. And when they meet this is the song he sings: —

Mistress Joy is at your side
Waiting to become a bride.

Soft! Restrain your jubilation.
That ripe mouth may not be kissed
Ere you stand examination.
Mistress Joy's a eugenist.

Is your crony Moderation?
Do your senses say you sooth?
Are your veins the kind that tingle?
Is your soul awake in truth?

If these traits in you commingle
Joy no more shall leave you single.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITTLE SIGN FOR FRIEND

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

Now there are diversities of gifts, even in a school for deaf-mute children. There was Everett Dwight, for instance, who, in the modeling class, always specialized in pigs — most engaging pigs, with expressively cocked ears, and tails of an unbelievable curliness. There was little Mary Logan, who had learned to say, 'I know,' long before any of the other children in her class, and who said it upon all occasions, in season and out. And again, there was great awkward Christopher Adams who could make grotesque wooden snakes. But to Charlie Webster, — little old Webster, as all the teachers called him in sheer affection, or 'W-on-the-eyes,' as his sign went among the deaf children, for a reason which has been explained elsewhere,[1] — to him was the gift for friendship.

From what enchanted source had a little deaf boy of ten drawn this miracle of affection that bubbled forth to enrich every new acquaintanceship? At the Lomax School for Deaf and Blind Children, he was friends with every one, — high and low, black and white, deaf and blind, — and his hands were forever flying together to form the little sign for friend, which is made in the deaf language by locking the forefingers first in one direction and then in the other; and by this sign he conquered.

'Certainly it takes little old Webster to be friends with Christopher Adams,' Miss Evans, one of the teachers, sighed as her mind's eye presented the picture of the latter's awkward shambling figure, and his dumb bewildered face.

Christopher Adams was a great lumbering deaf mute of nineteen, sent to school years too late, and so homesick and confused and unhappy, and with a mind so long neglected, that he was well-nigh unteachable.

'You should have let us have him years ago,' Mr. Lincoln, the Superintendent of Lomax, had cried reproachfully when Christopher's father had brought him to school. The boy's agonized glance flickered about the unfamiliar room, alighting here and there, on the bookcases, the typewriter, the desk, then fled back to his father's face to cling there in desperate question. His body was that of a man almost six feet tall, but the spirit of childhood, like a captive Ariel, looked forth from the dark tragic eyes, terrified by the unknown, and caught so fast in its prison of deafness, that it might never give place to maturity.

'I allus 'lowed he ought to go to school,' his father sighed. He was a little, shabby, discouraged man from the backwoods of Lupin County. 'But his mammy said she wa'n't agoin' to have her afflicted child sent among strangers. But this fall we heard you was teachin' deef children to talk, so I got her persuaded to let me bring Chrissy.'

'But your boy is so old —,' Mr. Lincoln broke off, hunting for the kind-

[1] 'Why it was W-on-the-Eyes,' in the *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1913.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

est words; but the little man's fear caught him up sharply.

'You mean — you mean my boy can't learn?'

As Mr. Lincoln hesitated, Charlie Webster pushed open the study door, his dancing eyes asking permission to enter, while his fingers signed a request for some writing paper. Mr. Lincoln, however, shook his head over the signs.

'You must speak,' he commanded.

And little old Webster, who believed with all his small soul in articulation for deaf children, flung back his head obediently, and, though somewhat embarrassed by the presence of strangers, made a buoyant attempt to control his stubborn lips.

'Ples' gif me —' He paused, his vocabulary being as yet very limited, and, touching his forehead, and flinging his hand out, made the sign for, 'I don't know.'

'Some paper,' Mr. Lincoln prompted him.

'Ples' gif me som' paper,' Webster repeated, reading the words from the other's lips and beaming with excitement.

And when Mr. Lincoln complied, he said, 'Thank you,' pressing his finger to the side of his nose, as he always did to be sure that the vibration was right; flashed his engaging smile once more upon every one, and departed.

'Why, he's a-talkin'!' Mr. Adams burst out in great excitement. 'He's a-talkin' an' he's deef, ain't he? Why can't my boy learn good as him?'

'Because your boy has been kept from school too long. However,' Mr. Lincoln went on kindly, 'perhaps we can give him a little speech even yet. And at any rate, if he is contented here' — he glanced rather doubtfully at the terror in Christopher's eyes — 'we can at least teach him a trade, and he will pick up the sign language.'

But the little man's slow mind was working over the Superintendent's earlier remark.

'He oughter of come sooner — when they's little they kin learn better.' His thin jaws worked a moment uncertainly; then, 'I reckon,' he began, — but suddenly caught himself up. 'No — no,' he mumbled, his words trailing off to silence.

Later that morning Mr. Lincoln was startled by an agonized cry, and the sight of a great body flashing past his study window. Rushing out to the porch, he found Mr. Bennet, the supervisor of the deaf boys, struggling to calm Christopher Adams.

'He's just realized that his father has left him here,' the former gasped.

With a sudden inspiration of hope, Christopher tore himself free from the supervisor and dashed away to Mr. Lincoln's study. His father was not there. He fled back again to the front yard — nor was he there either. Then to the schoolrooms, the dormitories, the carpenter's shop, the yard again, — to all the places they had visited together, — but his father was in none of them. His agonized eyes questioned Mr. Lincoln's face for a moment, as desperate as those of a lost dog. Then he was off again, running down the path and through the school gates and away to the railroad station, Mr. Lincoln and the supervisor in pursuit. He reached the station just as the little jerky local train was pulling out. His father was on the rear platform. Christopher caught sight of him and, screaming inarticulately and waving wild arms, plunged after the train. On the platform, the little man burst into a babble of incoherent, futile words, the tears raining down his cheeks, his hands trying to form reassuring signs.

'Don't be skeered, son,' he cried. 'They ain't goin' ter hurt ye. Don't be skeered, honey! Pappy 'll be back for ye in the spring. Don't — son —'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quickening its pace, the train swept away around a bend and the father, still waving his hands and crying useless words to his son's deaf ears, was snatched away out of sight. Christopher stood a blank moment, staring down the track. Then he flung his arms high above his head, and pitched over upon the ties.

The next morning in school, little Hiram Cobb engaged in a desperate struggle with the written word — always so difficult to deaf children who have never heard it spoken — and produced the following: 'We have a new boy. He is big. He is never to school. He is very a savage.' He was extremely proud of this effusion, for it had required time and patience and a thrust-out tongue to achieve it, and moreover, it contained three capital H's which were more beautiful than any he had ever before accomplished. He showed it to Charlie Webster at recess, but little old Webster promptly tore the neatly written page to shreds; upon which they fought, Hiram sustaining a skinned knuckle and sprained finger, and Webster a swollen lip. Afterwards, Webster sought out Christopher Adams where he sat in one corner bowed over in utter misery, and related to him on his fingers the whole history of the battle, — how Hiram had written bad things about Christopher; how he, Webster, had torn them up; and how they had fought. With extraordinary vividness of gesture, the incidents flowed from Webster's fingers in a series of sharp pictures. The signs were utterly unintelligible to Christopher, of course, and he had not the least idea what it was all about; but no one could have the entire attention of little old Webster's engaging personality without responding somewhat to it, and when he finished his narrative with a fine flourishing defiance of the whole world, and then, pointing to Christopher and himself, locked his fingers together in the little sign for friend, the agonized look of Christopher's face relaxed faintly and he presented the other with his apple which he had been too unhappy to eat. Webster accepted the apple, — though he had already devoured two, — for he was well aware that the game of friendship should not be played with all the favors coming from one side, and any way fighting always made him hungry.

After the first days of frantic bewilderment, and constant attempts to run away, Christopher settled down to a stunned acquiescence. He was docile enough, and appeared to be trying with his groping mind to discover what it was all about; but it was infinitely difficult to get into touch with the imprisoned Ariel of his soul. Having never been to school, the spoken and written word was, of course, wholly unintelligible to him; nor did the sign language which all the deaf children used in their play hours, help him much more, for their signs were not like the ones that he had himself made up for his own use at home. Mr. Lincoln never saw his lumbering figure towering up in the class of little beginners of six and seven, nor looked into his dazed, unhappy face, without a contraction of rage for the lost years.

'If I had my way, I'd hang, draw, and quarter every parent who keeps his deaf or blind child at home from school,' he commented grimly.

Moreover, Christopher, from lack of training, was full of uncouth habits, inarticulate sounds, strange gestures and grimaces which made him the continual butt of the other children. Against the older boys he had no hesitancy in using his fists; but it had evidently been drilled into him at home that he must never put forth his great strength against anyone smaller than himself, and once his slow mind had closed upon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a command, it apparently never opened to any exceptions. The astonishing fact developed itself that this great giant would run away from the little boys; would, if tortured too far, even burst into frantic tears rather than turn and defend himself.

Little Hiram Cobb was the first to discover this. He treasured a resentment against Christopher as having been the cause of the destruction of his capital H's, and one cold, sleeting day, just before Christmas, when the boys were all collected in the gymnasium at playtime, he caught up a bean bag and, running across to where Christopher leaned against the wall, flung it violently in his face, and scuttled away. Glancing back, however, what was his astonishment to discover that Christopher was running from him. With a squeal of joy, he caught up more bean bags and started in hot pursuit. Other little boys joined in. With inarticulate cries, they harried their victim all across the gymnasium, pelting him with the bags. The older boys stopped their games to shout with laughter at the spectacle of the biggest boy in school fleeing from assailants who barely reached to his waist. Driven mad by the laughter, Christopher made a dash for the door to escape, but the big boys joined forces and, blocking his way, thrust him back to his tormentors. The whole room rocked with laughter, and wild applause.

Christopher, who knew no defense save his fists, plunged at one big, laughing boy after another. But he could not fight them all, and he must not fight the little ones. Crimson, bewildered, frantic, pelted by the bean bags, he rushed first in one direction, then in another, now attacking a big boy, now fleeing from a little one. The room reeled before his distracted eyes, full of taunting gesticulating boys, all laughing at him, all against him. He had no language of either word or gesture. He did not know why he had been brought to this terrible place; he was one against sixty. All the agony, and confusion, and desperation of the past months rushed upon him. He dropped his clenched fists. A bag struck him on the head; another in his bewildered face. He turned and, with the rabble still at his heels, stumbled blindly over to one corner of the gymnasium, and there, crouching down, turned his face to the wall, and burst into helpless tears, an uncouth, weeping giant, with the little boys shouting with laughter and pelting him.

Suddenly Webster was among them. But such a Webster! Eyes flashing; cheeks on fire; fists clinched. He made short work of Hiram Cobb and his like. Then he turned upon the big boys, and poured forth a furious speech with his hands.

'Shame! Shame!' his hand flung the word at them, and his eyes blazed it. 'All you boys on one! Shame! Not one of you big enough to fight him alone! Shame on you! Shame on you!'

The sign for shame is sufficiently expressive in itself, but Webster flung into it such an impassioned scorn and contempt, such accusation, that all the culprits, turning away, began to pretend an elaborate interest in boxing gloves, dumb-bells, vaulting horses, or anything that would shield them from the blazing eyes of one accusing little boy.

Then little old Webster stooped down to Christopher. What gift of insight bestowed upon him the understanding and tenderness of a mother? With an infinite compassion — a compassion that realized in his own little body all the other's mortification — he found Christopher's cap for him; smoothed his disheveled hair, dusted his coat with eager, sorry hands, and then, grunting all the while little in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

articulate sounds of sympathy — which neither he nor Christopher could hear — he drew the broken, sobbing giant to his feet, and trying with his inadequately small body to shield his friend from the eyes of the other boys, he led him away from the scene of his humiliation.

The next day Christopher Adams was gone. At some time when the night-watchman was in another part of the building, he had slipped out and away into the open country. It was Christmas Day that he went, and while all the school made merry with Christmas trees and festivities, Mr. Lincoln was scouring the country and telephoning far and wide. At dusk they caught him. He was walking straight down the railroad track, his eyes wide and far away, picturing some distant desired spot. At the end of the day, when every other child was replete with nuts and candy and Christmas cheer, Christopher, tired and footsore and frustrated, limped into the deaf boys' sitting-room, and sinking into a chair, put his head down on the table in front of him, and not even Webster with all his array of toys could rouse him from his hopeless despair. So, after a time, little old Webster desisted, and just sat quietly by his side, not trying to do anything, simply assuring him of his sympathy by his loyal presence.

Once when Christopher looked up for a moment, Webster crooked his forefingers together in the sign for friend. A faint bleak smile went over the other's face, and his clumsy fingers copied the little sign.

II

The winter swung into the New Year. The busy schooldays went by, treading fast upon one another's heels, and in all the pressure of work, and the care of over two hundred children, it was not possible to give Christopher the individual attention that his case required. He did, it is true, begin to learn a little, and to pick up a few signs, but his face had settled to a strained and baffled look as if his whole soul were striving to understand, and could not because the doors had been closed too long. The teachers regarded him always with a vague foreboding. It did not seem possible that all the smouldering unhappiness which his eyes showed would not flame out into tragedy somewhere, somehow. Had it been possible for him to have a special teacher, things might have been different. But this the parents could not afford, and the school funds were too limited for it to be thought of, much as Mr. Lincoln desired it.

But, as has been said, there are diversities of gifts, and even Christopher had his. He could make snakes. They were whittled bits of wood, painted black, and mottled, joined by stout thread, and so cunningly balanced that when grasped by the middle they would writhe and twist and lash themselves from side to side in a truly snake-like and repulsive manner. Christopher had brought one of these snakes to school with him, — apparently his only treasure, — and there was not a deaf girl at Lomax who did not shudder at the sight of it, or a deaf boy who did not covet it. Nothing would induce Christopher to part with it, but one day he set to work in the carpenter's shop to fashion a similar one, indicating by signs that the new snake was to be for Webster. He was a slow worker, with his untrained mind and clumsy fingers, but his whole soul went into the task, and as he worked, he chuckled and grimaced happily to himself.

It was something conceived by his brain, brought to birth by his hands, and destined for his friend, so heart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and brain and hand were all at work together, and in the fashioning of that snake, he knew his first happy moments at school. In the midst of all the baffled bewilderment which he felt for his other tasks, here was something he could do; something, moreover, which no one else in the school could do. He began to improve, to lose a little of his strained look, and in the respect which his snake gained for him, the inhibiting mortification which he had suffered from being placed with the little boys lifted somewhat. Because he could do one thing well, he began to do everything a little better.

Through the long, bewildering hours of study, his mind warmed itself with pictures of the carpenter shop and the treasure it held. Lacking language, his thoughts made pictures and presented sensations with extraordinary clearness. When he thought of the consummation of his task — the presentation of the snake to Charlie Webster — he saw the whole picture of the sun-lighted work-room with its group of admiring boys; he could smell the shavings and sawdust, could feel the snake in his grasp, and could see Webster's little eager up-turned face; while the delight of doing something for his friend ran in warm anticipation through his whole being.

At last, the snake was finished. His soul shining through his face, Christopher lifted the hideous thing from the bench and held it out to Webster, but in the moment that his tribute to their friendship was changing hands, Hiram Cobb in sheer bravado, leaped forward, snatched the snake away, wrung it to bits, and flung the fragments in the stove. With a choking sound that was half a roar and half a sob, Christopher's great fist shot out, and Hiram went down, limp and unconscious. The other boys rushed up, dragging Christopher back, accusing him with wild gesticulations, and pointing down at Hiram.

Struggling, and panting, and horrified, all the bubble of his happiness shattered, Christopher stared for a moment at the boy at his feet. Then, wrenching himself free, he flung his arms up before his face and fled away into the snow-covered country, sobbing and panting, and running.

An excited company of boys carried Hiram to the hospital, and there, after a time, he regained consciousness, very limp and frightened, but not seriously hurt.

But Christopher was gone, and another fact was revealed. Charlie Webster was gone also. When? Where? No one knew. One of the big deaf boys remembered seeing him in the group that carried Hiram to the hospital, and remembered that as soon as Hiram opened his eyes, and showed signs of being alive, Webster had rushed from the room.

Mr. Lincoln had been absent from the school at the time and it was late when he returned. Fortunately, though the ground was covered with snow, a thaw had set in and it was not cold.

'That little old Webster 's gone after Christopher,' Mr. Lincoln said. 'And Christopher 'll make straight down the railroad track for home, and neither of them can hear a train.'

For hours he drove along the country road, a full moon overhead, and on his right hand the black lines of the railroad track stretching into the distance. But the boys had a long start of him, and dawn came and then full morning before at last he found them. Rounding a bend in the road, he came upon a little appalled huddle of humanity caught together in the fellowship of disaster. The gray winter landscape surrounded them; the uncaring sky arched overhead, and beside them lay the sinister line of the railroad.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They were all there: Christopher's father and mother; his little white-faced brothers and sisters; a few neighbors hastily collected; the track-walker; the station agent. Charlie Webster was there too, and Christopher was there. At least, his body was. The track-walker had found them: Christopher lying where the train had flung him, and Webster beside him, weeping and cold and terrified, but keeping faithful watch over his friend. It had happened not far from Christopher's home. Neighbors had recognized him and sent the tragic word to his parents.

Mr. Lincoln went over and looked down at the body, and suddenly his eyes blurred. The heavy dead fingers were locked tight in the little sign for friend, and he knew that at the last Christopher had looked into the face of one person whom he loved. Perhaps, too, Webster had reached him in time to make him understand that he had not killed the boy he had struck, for the face turned up to the bleak daylight had lost its terrified bewilderment, and in his death Christopher Adams looked as though he could at last hear and understand, and was free.

From her place beside her boy Christopher's mother rose up from her knees and confronted Mr. Lincoln. She was a gaunt mountain woman, and her face was terrible.

'Look!' she cried, 'look at my son!' and spread her shaking hands out over the body at her feet. 'I sent you my boy — I trusted him to you. I sent him away well and strong, and *now* — Here he comes runnin' and runnin' home to his mammy through the dark and the cold.'

With a sharp sob, she broke off and, flinging herself down, began touching the great broken body here and there, tending it softly, pushing the hair from the forehead, brushing the coat, and with her coarse apron wiping the face.

'You knowed yer mammy 'd take keer of you, did n't yer, little boy?' she whispered. 'You was runnin' home through ther dark to yer mammy, was n't you? Oh!' she burst out, distractedly, 'it's er *lie!* It's all er lie, I tell yer! Deef children *can't* learn! It's er lie they tell ter git 'em fooled erway from their mammies. *It's er lie! Er lie!*'

'Ca'line, they *kin* learn when they's little!' All at once her husband who had been weeping beside his son stopped crying. 'They *kin* learn when they's little, Ca'line!' he persisted, his voice sharp with pleading. 'Make him talk — show her!' he commanded suddenly, whirling upon Mr. Lincoln and pointing to Webster. 'Make that there little feller talk.'

Mr. Lincoln hesitated. It seemed too cruel to show the mother what her misdirected love and ignorance had cost her son; but there was such a wrung intensity in the little man's voice, and in his tear-disfigured face, and he cried so insistently, 'Make him talk! make him talk!' that the Superintendent could not but comply. Drawing Webster over to him, he put him through some of his familiar questions.

'How old are you? What is your name? Have you a sister? Have you a brother?'

And putting his small cold hands into Mr. Lincoln's, and raising his quivering face to the latter's, Webster made a faithful attempt to control his voice. He was white and distraught, and his eyes wavered constantly in the direction of his dead friend, but obedient as always, he did his best.

'I am ten years ou'ld. I haf no sister. I haf no bro'ther.' His replies came as he read the questions from the Superintendent's lips.

'I *told* you they could learn if they was sent to school early! I told you they could learn, Ca'line!' the little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man's sobbing and pleading broke out.

'He ain't deef! That ain't er deef child like mine!' she cried passionately.

'He is stone deaf, he can't hear a word,' Mr. Lincoln returned.

She looked at Webster a moment longer as he went patiently on through his sentences, and at last conviction grew in her eyes.

'Sonny! Sonny!' she cried, putting her face down close to Christopher's, and caressing him pitifully, 'O little boy, I reckon yer mammy's love ruined yer! I would n't let you go to school — I thought nobody could do for you like yer mammy — O sonny —'

Suddenly, little old Webster broke away from Mr. Lincoln and going over, touched the mother, and, pointing to Christopher's locked hands, copied the sign of the dead fingers.

'Fr-r-riend,' he said, carefully, — it was a word he had early learned to say, — 'my fr-r-riend,' and burst into tears.

Answering tears flashed up in the mother's passionate eyes. 'Was he your friend, little honey?' she said, brokenly, and hid her face in her apron.

'Ca'line they *kin* learn when they's little,' her husband's distracted pleading began again.

She silenced him with a gesture, and staggering blindly to her feet, went over to her huddled group of children, and drew from the midst of them a beautiful sturdy little boy of about six years.

'Take him!' she panted. 'Take him 'fore his mammy's love ruins *him* too —'

'*Another* deaf child?' Mr. Lincoln cried.

'Yes — yes! My little baby child! My oldest an' my youngest, both deef. I 'lowed never to let my baby go, but *now* —' A rush of tears cut her short. 'Mammy 's got to let you go — she's got to let her baby go,' she sobbed to the child. Taking his small hand she placed it in Webster's. 'You be good to him — you learn him, honey,' she implored.

Nobody ever called on little old Webster in vain. His stricken face relaxed now into a smile, greeting this new friendship that had flowered out of the one so tragically broken. The little boy hung back a moment, his big mute eyes questioning the other. Then, suddenly, his face broke into a copy of Webster's own smile, he made a little chuckling inarticulate sound, and snuggled his small body confidingly up against the other.

And little old Webster, all unconscious that he had been the means of rescuing this child from one of the most pathetic lives which the world has to offer, — that of an uneducated deaf mute, — took the little boy's soft fingers and began at once to shape them into the sign that Christopher's had died in — the little sign for friend.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PROMOTION OF FOREIGN COMMERCE

BY AVARD LONGLEY BISHOP

I

FROM that remote time when commerce had its origin, down to the present, there has existed a strenuous inter-group struggle for commercial supremacy. For more than two thousand years the Mediterranean Sea and its environs were the centre of the conflict; and, in fact, until the era of geographical discovery, which marked the close of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth centuries, the battle-ground included but a small fraction of the globe. The rivalry for first place in what we now consider the world's trade is confined, therefore, to a period of only four hundred years. This period has been marked by the rise and fall of relatively few competitors, for at no time have there been many rivals in the field. After the Discoveries Period a hundred years passed before the claims of the Portuguese and Spaniards to a monopoly of the transoceanic trade were successfully contested. But, in the seventeenth century, both nations dropped out of the race, and Holland, France, and England came into prominence. The outcome of their bitter struggle was that eventually England triumphed; and during the latter part of the eighteenth century and until late in the nineteenth she stood commercially supreme.

In the light of history, however, the retention of commercial advantage admits of great uncertainty: the supremacy of Great Britain herself has been threatened. She is not face to face with commercial decadence; her trade is in a healthy condition, and it continues to expand; she still remains the 'commercial heart' of the world. But two entirely new competitors — Germany and the United States — recently have come rapidly into the foreground. At the present time both are experiencing an industrial and commercial expansion through which Great Britain, in her earlier economic evolution, passed many decades ago. The marvelous achievements of science and their application to the arts have recently made such rapid strides that the material development of both Germany and the United States has proceeded at an unprecedented rate. And one of the most manifest signs of this development is that during the last four decades the foreign trade of both countries has grown to huge proportions.

In many respects the rise of Germany as an industrial and commercial power in less than half a century stands without parallel in the history of the world. Within the past forty years, her foreign trade has increased more than two hundred and fifty per cent, so that it has appropriately been styled the marvel of the twentieth century. Naturally, such a phenomenal development has been the cause of much uneasiness on the part of English statesmen and business men. The situation has been keenly analyzed by Mr. J. D. Whelpley, who states that 'in this great total of Germany's trade, and in the rapidity with which it has risen to its present volume and value

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lies the reason for the anti-German agitation in England. On the surface, this antagonism is political and relates to armaments, but its roots lie in the trade of the world, and it is fed upon commercial rivalry.'

Until the United States had become so strong commercially that she must needs be reckoned with as a rival, the sole competitors for first place in the world's trade had been European nations. And it should not be overlooked that, even in the twentieth century, Europe still remains the great centre of commerce, just as it is the centre of the world's politics and culture. But three centuries of colonial and national life have brought such far-reaching changes in our economic organization that we have been brought into new business relations with the rest of the world. One of the manifestations of this transformation is the recent growth of our foreign trade. During the last forty years it has increased in value from a little over eight hundred million dollars annually to upwards of four billions.

Moreover, other countries than those already mentioned have shared in this great commercial development, — with the result that, within the last twenty years, the world's foreign commerce has more than doubled. In 1912, it amounted to over thirty-seven billions of dollars, and fully one half of this total is to be credited to five countries — the United Kingdom, Germany, the United States, France, and Holland. The commanding position of any one of the first three is shown by the fact that its present-day foreign commerce surpasses that of the whole world only sixty years ago.

This enormous expansion of international trade has been accompanied by the growth of increasingly keen competition in the markets of the world. It is now understood that, in order to secure the best results in selling goods abroad, no possible expedient may be overlooked. A nation's foreign commerce can no more look after itself than can the business of a private individual. In either case, neglect or carelessness in method means nothing but disaster. There is but one answer to the question — 'How shall a nation get foreign business?' and that is — 'Let the nation go after it.' In the great majority of cases 'the mere sale of manufactured merchandise . . . is positive proof that behind that sale there has been an intelligent persistent effort to secure the market.'

Not only are the three great competitors — the United Kingdom, Germany, and the United States — bending their efforts toward the expansion of their foreign commerce, but the lesser rivals are giving more and more attention to the matter. In fact, in viewing the present-day situation with respect to the world's foreign commerce, the most noticeable phenomenon is the strenuous effort which is now being put forth by each one of the important commercial nations to fortify itself against the inroads of rivals, and to increase to still greater proportions its foreign trade.

Let us now examine these activities among the three great rivals so that we may appreciate the various ways in which the nations are going about to equip themselves, the better to control the markets of the world.

II. THE UNITED KINGDOM

With regard to the United Kingdom, it is to be noted that her enormous foreign commerce, which in 1912 amounted to almost five and one-half billion dollars, has been built up without any considerable amount of direct assistance from the government. Indirectly, however, through the influence of dip-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lomatic and certain other officials, the way has been prepared somewhat for the trader. The English business man forced his way into the world's markets with phenomenal success; but this was at an earlier time, when national competition in business affairs, as now understood, was unknown. Some one has termed the English method of trading, 'individualism gone mad.' This of course was hardly a fair characterization; moreover, in recent years, conditions have changed. Prompted, at least in part, by the organized competition of successful rivals, the government has come to the rescue. The consular service has been requisitioned to play its important part in paving the way for commerce; the Board of Trade, notably through its Intelligence Bureau, is now at the service of the business man; the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom recently has urged the government to establish a Ministry of Commerce; and all along the line there are evidences of coöperation between business interests on the one hand, and the government on the other.

But it is toward the extension of intercolonial or imperial trade that the greatest effort is now being directed. At the eighth triennial Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire, which was held in London in 1912, at which every part of the Empire was represented, the leading question under consideration was imperial trade. Resolutions were adopted favoring penny postage for the whole empire; an 'all red' cable route, bearing messages at a nominal rate, and with terminals exclusively on British territory; a uniform system of weights, measures, and currency; and preferential trade within the Empire. An examination of the proceedings of the whole congress establishes the point that the one thought uppermost in the minds of the over three hundred delegates was the desire to increase the trade between the mother country and the over-sea dominions, as well as with each other. Furthermore, it has been announced that an imperial exhibit will be held in London for six months of 1915. This has been promoted for the express purpose of strengthening the commercial ties between the constituent parts of the Empire, and to prove to the world that the British Empire can be made economically self-sufficient.

Another proof of the widespread desire to bring all parts of the Empire into a closer and more effective commercial union was the creation in 1911 of a British Imperial Trade Commission. This is composed of six members from the United Kingdom and one member each from Canada, Australia, Newfoundland, South Africa and New Zealand. The chairman of the commission is Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G., and the secretary is Mr. Edward John Harding, who succeeded the first appointee, Mr. W. A. Robinson of the Colonial Office. The proposition for the establishment of such a body was made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the Imperial Conference held in London in May and June, 1911. Immediately steps were taken to follow out this suggestion, with the result that in the early part of the following year the organization was completed, and actual work was begun.

Officially, the Commission is charged with the following duties: 'To inquire into and report upon the natural resources of the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, and the Colony of Newfoundland; and, further, to report upon the development of such resources, whether attained or attainable; upon the facilities which exist or may be created for the production,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manufacture, and distribution of all articles of commerce in those parts of the Empire; upon the requirements of each such part and of the United Kingdom in the matter of food and raw materials, and the available sources of such; upon the trade of each such part of the Empire with the other parts, with the United Kingdom, and with the rest of the world; upon the extent, if any, to which the mutual trade of the several parts of the Empire has been or is being affected beneficially or otherwise by the laws now in force, other than fiscal laws; and generally to suggest any methods, consistent always with the existing fiscal policy of each part of the Empire, by which the trade of each part with the others and with the United Kingdom may be improved and extended.'

It is expected that the work of the Commission will be completed before the next meeting of the Colonial Conference which is scheduled to be held in Canada in 1914. Already a partial report has been submitted, and the final draft is now being awaited with the keenest interest.

It should also be stated, in passing, that the work of the Imperial Institute is not without significance in its bearings upon imperial trade. In its exhibition galleries are illustrated the commercial and industrial resources of the constituent parts of the Empire. For example, the tea industry of India is shown in completion, from the work in the gardens to the exportation of the products in the manufactured state. Samples of the leading grades of tea are exhibited; photographs and models illustrate the processes of manufacture; tea-chests used in the export trade are to be found; and diagrams are presented illustrating the growth of the industry. Likewise, sugar cultivation and its manufacture are exhibited, and the same is true of representative industries from practically every part of the Empire.

In many respects, however, the most significant activity designed to promote, in its largest aspects, the trade of the Empire was the creation in 1911 of a British Imperial Council of Commerce. There are, within the Empire, some five hundred chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and organizations of a similar nature. But it was observed that, in reality, there was no connecting link between these various bodies by which team-work could be assured in matters of commercial policy. Accordingly, at the annual meetings of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom in 1910 and 1911, formal approval was given to a scheme to federate the various business men's organizations throughout the Empire. The idea originated, it is said, at the seventh Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, held in Sydney in 1909. The plan was submitted to the various chambers of commerce of the whole British dominions for their approval. The outcome of all the negotiation was that the London Chamber of Commerce called a meeting for July 5, 1911, which was 'representative of British commercial interests, not only within the Empire, but throughout the world.' A resolution was passed unanimously approving the formation of an organization to be known as 'The British Imperial Council of Commerce.'

In no sense is it an official body representative of the government, but it is an entirely voluntary association whose members are the various British chambers of commerce and similar organizations, located either within the Empire or elsewhere. The function of this Council is 'to act as a clearing-house for commercial information and suggestions; to distribute reliable information as to each country's needs and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powers; and to organize and give effect to the resolutions of the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire.' Very little has been done, as yet, except to perfect the organization, but it is believed that this new body will be instrumental in securing official recognition, without undue delay, of such large matters of commercial policy as are endorsed by British business men everywhere.

III. GERMANY

In contrast with the English system of foreign-trade extension which, as we have seen, was, until recently, so unaided by the government as to have been somewhat inaccurately described as 'individualism gone mad,' is the paternalistic system of the Germans. With them, the work of promoting foreign commerce has been carried on in a thoroughly practical and systematic manner; and this applies alike to the efforts of private individuals, corporations, trade-promoting institutions, and the government itself. But the one characteristic of the trade-organization of Germany which makes more toward efficiency than anything else is the coöperation which exists between the government, on the one hand, and the business interests, on the other. This is manifested in numerous ways, of which a few may be considered here.

Fifteen years ago a commission was created, known as the Imperial Consultative Board for the Elaboration of Commercial Measures. It was designed for the express purpose of establishing a connecting link between the Imperial Department of Commerce, on the one hand, and the semi-official and public business organizations, on the other. Of the thirty-two members, it was arranged that half should be appointed directly by the Chancellor, and that he also should appoint the rest of the members, although the German Agricultural Association, the German Association of Chambers of Commerce, and the Central Association of German Industry should share among themselves the control of the nominations.

The work of this body has been varied and important. In the preparation of the German tariff which went into effect a few years after the formation of the Imperial Consultative Board, it took the leading part. It carried on exhaustive investigations for the express purpose of shedding light upon tariff questions, and was instrumental in securing the services of over two thousand technical experts in drawing up the schedules. Furthermore, it was this same body which 'virtually took an industrial and commercial census of the country, and elaborated for the use of the government an enormous mass of data which showed in detail the trade of Germany with the various foreign countries in every line of business, the difference in the cost of production in Germany and the respective countries, and the amount of protection required to meet foreign competition.' Other activities have consisted in accumulating, at first hand, such information as is necessary for the intelligent making of a commercial treaty with a foreign country. Although the relations of the Board with the government have been merely advisory, it has contributed much toward moulding the commercial policy of the nation.

Of far-reaching and vital importance to the German merchant engaged in the foreign trade, have been the various classes of experts which the government maintains at certain consulates. At the present time, commercial experts are stationed at New York, St. Petersburg, Calcutta, Johannesburg, Sydney, Shanghai, Yokohama, Valparaiso, Chicago, Mexico City, Bucharest, and Rio de Janeiro. Forestry and agricultural experts are to be found

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at Christiania, London, St. Petersburg, Rome, Buenos Aires, Chicago, Montreal, and a few other centres. In 1912, the Imperial budget contained appropriations amounting to nearly $120,000, for the support of all such experts, who together with the members of the efficient consular service keep the nation constantly advised upon all business matters, the world over, which may be of interest to German traders.

The Imperial government prepares and distributes all sorts of literature beneficial to those interested in the export trade. This work is in charge of a special department of the Imperial Ministry of the Interior, called 'Handelspolitische Abtheilung,' — Department of Commerce, — which is presided over by a director. Assisting him are several so-called councilors, each in charge of a special line of work. A corps of competent clerks attends to all routine matters, so that the councilors have their full time for study. Information is furnished regularly from numerous sources, including German and foreign publications, and confidential reports and memoranda submitted by the diplomatic and consular corps; by commercial, agricultural, and forestry experts; by chambers of commerce; and by other official and private bodies. Each item finds its way into the specialized file of some one of the councilors, and then the problem is to get either this information, or generalizations based thereon, into the hands of business men. Accordingly, various publications are issued, of which only one or two need be mentioned here.

Nachrichten für Handel und Industrie is published about three times a week, on the average, and contains extracts from the reports of the diplomatic and consular officers, from the commercial, agricultural, and forestry experts, as well as from miscellaneous sources. The aim is to include only such information as will be of immediate service to the practical business man. *Deutsches Handelsarchiv* is issued less often, and contains data which, though similar to those just described, are of more permanent value. In addition to other publications available to all interested, there is a good deal of information, strictly of a private nature, given out by the Imperial Ministry of the Interior. For example, in 1911 there were printed and forwarded to the business men's organizations, some 55,000 copies of private publications — these being available neither to the public press nor to foreigners.

Another instance of coöperation between the government and the business interests, designed to expand foreign commerce, is found in an examination of railway rates. The lines owned by the federal states give a substantial reduction in freight rates on shipments from interior points to the seaboard, when the goods are to be exported. The significance of these rebates is shown by selecting, at random, a few items from a schedule reported by Consul-General Thackara while stationed at Berlin, which will be found in the table below.

FREIGHT RATE PER METRIC TON ON SEVERAL CLASSES OF GOODS ON GERMAN RAILWAYS IN CARLOAD LOTS

From	*To*	*Class of Goods*	*Normal rate*	*Export rate*
Cologne	Hamburg	Copper goods, lead blocks	$6.58	$3.14
"	"	Zinc in sheets, etc.	4.86	3.17
"	"	Cotton goods	6.38	3.64
"	"	Machinery & machine parts	4.86	2.52
Frankfort	Bremen	Machines & ironwares	6.00	3.07
"	Lubeck	" " "	6.47	3.31
"	Hamburg	Iron products	4.71	1.67

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From this table it appears that the export rate is, roughly speaking, one half the regular rate on domestic shipments. The importance to the export merchant of such reductions, and the stimulus thus given to foreign trade, are too obvious to necessitate further discussion.

The German banking system, with its widespread establishment of branches in foreign countries, renders valuable assistance to the export trade. Not that the banks accomplish a substantial saving of foreign exchange, but the services which they render their customers, though immeasurable in dollars and cents, is, nevertheless, important. For example, they furnish gratuitously such information respecting trade conditions in those countries where their branches are established as their customers request. In the home office, there are kept special files, exhaustively indexed, containing detailed and accurate information concerning foreign trade-openings, the actual conditions of local trade, and all kinds of commercial, financial, and industrial information culled from the four corners of the earth. These data are always at the service of the export merchant or manufacturer, who often uses them to his material advantage. A practical illustration of this, also reported by Consul-General Thackara while still at Berlin, may be repeated here.

If a German manufacturer of laundry machines should desire to enter the South American field, Buenos Aires, for example, he would inquire at his bank for information as to the prospect of such a venture. In all probability, the data will be found in the files of the main office, but, if they are not there, the bank at once gets into communication with the manager of its branch in Buenos Aires. The desired information is forwarded to the head office, and handed over to the inquirer. It will cover such points as the actual state of the laundry business at Buenos Aires; the number of plants in operation; whether or not the laundries do good work; the schedule of prices, number of patrons, character of the water used, and so on. If the manufacturer decides that the opening is a promising one, he will probably visit the field in person. The bank will recommend to him for his foreign representative a reliable firm; and, when the branch business once is installed, the bank continues to help in its extension. The mere fact that there is a well-equipped German banking institution in the city is a highly important factor in the future development of the business.

IV. THE UNITED STATES

In our own country, because problems of internal development were considered as of primary importance, those which had to do with the extension of foreign trade were, until recent years, of comparatively little concern. But the rapid material development of the United States during the last few decades has wrought such far-reaching changes in the economic organization that questions of external expansion have come rapidly into the foreground. The extraordinary growth of our foreign trade within this period already has been emphasized. In seeking out the causes for the development of a conscious movement for its further expansion, one of far greater significance than rapid growth is found in the changing character of the exports. Until recently these consisted primarily of foodstuffs and raw materials, and, since they could always find a ready market, there was no need of organized effort to expand our commerce. But now all this has changed: manufactures constitute nearly fifty per cent in value of our exports, as compared with twen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ty per cent only twenty-five years ago, and we are compelled to sell these goods in competition with such eminently successful traders in manufactured wares as the British and Germans. In order to compete successfully, no possible expedient may be overlooked, and, happily, a good start has been made in solving the problem of the expansion of foreign trade. Some of the movements in progress will now be considered.

The efficiency of the consular service is of vital concern to our foreign trading interests; and it should not be overlooked, in passing, that the diplomatic officers also render considerable assistance in the development of trade. It is exceedingly difficult, however, to measure the value of the work of consuls, because much of their aid in winning foreign markets is indirect. They are known, for example, to be instrumental in paving the way for the success of the traveling agents of American firms, and they do this, in large part, by maintaining a cordial relationship between our people and those of foreign countries, where the consuls are stationed. In many instances, they are able to assist the trained agents in placing the orders. If space permitted, a large number of instances of actual trade-extension, due either to the direct or to the indirect influence of our consuls, could be mentioned.

It was a conscious recognition of this assistance, and a realization of the necessity of having an effective corps of intelligent workers in the service, that prompted the business men's organizations to clamor for consular reform. The contest was waged for several years, until, finally, the victory for merit and efficiency was won when Congress passed a remedial act in 1906. Prior to that date, the system was still 'in politics,' the inefficiency of the service as a whole was generally recognized, and, because of its personnel, it was incapable of assisting in the development of foreign trade. In the words of one who stood high in the executive offices of the United States, the consular offices 'were filled by all sorts and conditions of men, ranging from distinguished litterateurs, military men, and retired statesmen, to ward politicians, bankrupt business men, professional failures, individuals in quest of a genial climate, and adventurers of various kinds.' In the selection of new office-holders, the ultimate test of fitness was political influence. No matter how well or how poorly the duties were being performed, there was a notorious insecurity of office. When a new political party was hoisted into the saddle, dismissals by the wholesale were the regular order of the day. It is stated that, on one occasion, thirty out of a total of thirty-five consuls-general, one hundred and thirty-three out of a total of one hundred and eighty-three consuls of the first class, and a majority of the minor officials were all ousted from office in less than a year. Such insecurity could not fail to demoralize utterly.

In striking contrast are the conditions which have prevailed since 1906. Entrance to the service is conditioned on the passing of a rigid examination in a number of prescribed subjects, of which several bear directly upon commerce and practical business affairs. The original appointment is made to one of the lower grades, and promotion to a higher grade is based upon merit. In the Department of State, an efficiency record is kept, and one of the principal factors in computing efficiency is the nature of one's activities, such as in reporting upon trade relations. Here is a powerful incentive to consular officials to exert their best efforts in serving that section of the business interests which is concerned with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreign commerce. Although the consular law of 1906 did not cover all the points on which reform had been urged, its deficiencies were at once provided for by executive orders, and, happily, successive presidents have continued them in force. The result has been that the personnel of the service has greatly improved, and the business interests appreciate the fact that the consular service is now a powerful ally in the extension of foreign trade. That it is being utilized to advantage each successive year by an increasingly large number of firms is ample proof of this statement.

In other respects the Federal government has been concerned in marshaling its forces and bringing them to the assistance of our business men. A few years ago, a reorganization of the State Department was undertaken. There were created Divisions of Latin-America, Far Eastern, Near Eastern, and Western European affairs, and an effort was made to man these divisions with officials familiar with both political and commercial conditions in the countries to which they were assigned.

The Department of Commerce, however, is the one which has potentialities for the promotion of our foreign trade greater than those possessed by any other department, but only to a limited degree has it yet proved to be a promotive force. At the present day, it is the centre of interest and activity. This is due, at least in part, to the spirit of Secretary Redfield, who, in assuming his duties, is reported to have stated: 'The most emphatic conviction with which I have taken up the duties of Secretary of Commerce pertains to our foreign trade. . . . It is most gratifying to see that this is increasing year by year. The energies of the Department of Commerce must be directed toward stimulating those increases, thus rendering an enduring service to American business.' The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is aggressively carrying out the ideas here expressed, yet its work is capable of almost indefinite expansion. This must be conditioned, however, upon two indispensable factors — money and men. Larger appropriations are necessary before it will be possible to collect, organize, and distribute information of value to our exporters as rapidly and efficiently as such work is done in Germany.

Within recent years, business men's organizations, both local and national, have been working upon the problem of enlarging our markets. Although individual firms, whose members constitute these various associations, know better than others that success in the export field depends primarily upon their own well-directed and persistent efforts, as well as those of efficient traveling salesmen, nevertheless they realize that there are problems of policy worthy of united effort. This is attested by an examination of the recent activities of numerous commercial associations.

In the case of local business men's organizations, there are many instances of the formation of foreign trade bureaus, export committees, and the like. Two years ago, an important departure was made by the Chicago Association of Commerce, when it engaged for the South American field an expert agent, conversant with the languages and trade conditions in South America. A branch office was opened in Buenos Aires, and 'profitable commercial connections' have resulted. Again, it is reported that plans are well under way for the establishment in New York City of a high class College of Commerce, where business may be taught as a profession; and, it is said, that the New York Chamber of Commerce is largely responsible for this important action.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the activities of certain national bodies are also of significance. For example, the National Association of Manufacturers, ever since its organization in 1895, has been unceasing in its efforts to cultivate commercial relations with other countries, as well as to promote the manufacturing interests of the nation. Among its first acts was the appointment of trade-commissioners to travel abroad in search of foreign markets. Gradually there was built up at its headquarters a foreign department comprising a number of bureaus which, apart from the actual purchase and sale of goods, cover nearly all aspects of the export business. There are bureaus of information, translation, credit reports, collections, patents and trade-marks, publicity, and international freight. Its latest activity, designed to increase American foreign trade, was the opening in November last of an export trade school in New York City, under the direction of the foreign trade and banking expert of the Association. The American Manufacturers' Export Association, though a much younger body, is fulfilling its original pledge — to foster and promote the business and commercial relations between American manufacturers and foreign nations; and it is extremely active in almost every phase of the development of our foreign trade. The same is true of other national organizations, as well as of the Foreign Trade Bureau of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum.

But perhaps the most significant movement of the commercial organizations was the formation, in April, 1912, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America. It came into existence at a national commercial conference, called by the President of the United States at Washington, D.C. Seven hundred delegates were in attendance, representing three hundred and ninety-two boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and similar associations of business men, from practically every state in the union; and delegates were present from Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, as well as from the American Chambers of Commerce of Paris, Brussels, and Constantinople. Although government officials were active in arranging the conference, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America is in no sense a governmental machine. On the contrary, it was created to serve as a connecting link between Congress, on the one hand, and the American business world, on the other. In some respects, it is analogous to the British Imperial Council of Commerce, which came into existence but a year earlier; and, in general purpose, it bears a resemblance to the German Imperial Consultative Board, both of which have already been considered.

It has been announced that the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America will perform three general functions. It is to act as a national clearing-house for business opinion, business methods, and such important suggestions of individual constituent organizations as will be helpful to the work of others. It will furnish a correlation between the public and the Federal government which hitherto has been lacking, and will inform the public upon the activities of a government which now is highly ramified and scientifically specialized. And, finally, by means of a referendum vote, it will test the business sentiment of the country from time to time upon important matters which would be affected by legislation. The Chamber cannot give support to either side of any question, however, until the question has been submitted to all of the constituent members for approval. Its official organ is *The Nation's Business*, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fills a place hitherto unoccupied by any single publication.

Although the promotion of foreign commerce is but one of several broad lines of interest of the new Chamber of Commerce, there are indications that this will be an important feature of its work. Soon after organization, a number of committees were appointed to consider questions of foreign trade. The special committee on the Department of Commerce has been extremely active in investigating the work of the various bureaus, and in framing its report. The latter is in sympathy with the ideas of Secretary Redfield, in that they involve a comprehensive plan for broadening the scope of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and the appointment of commercial attachés. The report was submitted to the constituent organizations of the Chamber of Commerce for a referendum vote. This was overwhelmingly in favor of the recommendations of the committee.

The establishment of this commercial clearing-house, which will serve also as a connecting link between the government at Washington and our largest business interests, is unquestionably a timely move. When commercial legislation is pending, the pulse of the nation may be taken and its record submitted to the government. The future contributions of this body to the solution of the problems involved in the expansion of our foreign trade, supplemented by those which are bound to result from other conscious movements in behalf of our export trade, should result in enabling American merchants to compete successfully with rivals. Thus will the United States, with her abundant and diversified natural resources, be assured of occupying a high place among the world's great commercial nations.

LAISSEZ-FAIRE IN RELIGION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

The composition of this paper was inspired by a careful and, in much, a sympathetic reading of Mr. Winston Churchill's novel, *The Inside of the Cup;* although it is in no sense to be a review of that book or a criticism of its author. It is significant that most of the comment which one hears upon the book is concerned with its religious rather than with its sociological teachings; and this notwithstanding that the author has made the latter the more prominent. This is a bit of unconsciously offered testimony that the world at large is still a great deal more interested in religion than it is in sociology.

The religious significance of the reception of *The Inside of the Cup,* however, is even greater than this. In it one finds evidence of the willingness of the public to accept, in popular form, an utterance of the belief that religion today is being smothered by a blanket of inherited dogma, and that all that is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necessary to insure men's flowering religiously is to take the burden of that dogma off and let them grow. From the enthusiasm with which the book has been greeted, one perceives how many people there are who welcome and applaud this belief. It is because the present writer believes that this position is quite unscientific, quite out of accord with the facts of life as they may be historically observed, that this article is written.

The whole of life to-day is marked by a revolt from that extreme individualism which grew out of the decay of feudal controls. Toward the end of the Middle Ages one can plainly observe a revulsion — current in almost every realm of thought and action — from a social concept of life, however crude, to an individualistic concept of life. The development of a philosophy based upon this concept was, of course, gradual. In practical affairs, in economics, this developing individualism reached full expression in the doctrine of *Laissez-faire*, as enunciated by such classic economists as Adam Smith, Ricardo, and J. S. Mill. These men and their followers voiced a demand that every individual should be let alone to fight out his economic salvation in a state of unrestricted competition. They made the unit the individual instead of the social group. Their avowed purpose was to make it impossible for the democracy of mankind to hinder, economically, the aims, desires, and purposes of any person within that democracy.

When the rest of thought became individualistic in this way, religion, as one who perceives the unity of life might expect, became individualistic too. There was a revolt, not merely from group-control of the individual in secular matters, but also from group-control of the individual in matters religious. The man who thought that he ought to be allowed by society to do as he saw fit, also, as a matter of course, thought that he should be permitted to believe as he saw fit. If he had a right to found a business and run it as he liked, he had an equal right to found a religion and run it as he liked. He would have his conduct controlled by no overweening state; neither would he have his religion dictated by any external *ecclesia*. Secularly he stood sufficient unto himself alone. Sacredly he stood likewise.

The result was, soon, the splitting of Christendom into sects and yet more sects. If every man were sufficient to himself in determining religious truth, the possible number of sects was limited only by the number of individuals in the world. The one thing which prevented this tendency from developing at once, the one thing which held people together, was their devotion to a common fetich-book, the Bible. When at length modern scientific criticism had torn the Bible from its fetich-throne and restored it to its proper place, the state of religion became plain as a state of anarchy.

Nothing has been more marked in the thought of the last twenty years than a growing rejection of this individualism in economic and political realms. The revolt against *Laissez-faire*, ineffectually voiced by Ruskin, is now assisted in by the greater part of the economists. Even the most conservative of them have so modified the doctrine as to have made it almost unrecognizable. This revolt has been due to the coming of humanity to its senses, to a realization that in placing the interests of an individual above those of society as a whole it denied a fundamental law of the human race, a law inherent in the nature of that race, and so deserved, and experienced, calamity and social degeneration. To-day, most people see life clearly and sanely enough not merely to know, themselves, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the social group as a whole is of more importance than any individuals within it, but to insist more and more on enforcing that judgment upon the minority who still do not believe it. Once more the race seems to have awakened to the truth that its advancement comes best and quickest from an advance of the interests of the whole group, and not from the encouragement of individuals at the expense of that whole group.

In the realm of religion, however, this return to a social emphasis has not progressed to the same extent. In fact, it has hardly begun. The demand for the abolition of dogma, about which one hears so much, is the logical conclusion toward which religion has been tending ever since it abandoned the principle of socialized control of the individual. It is the inevitable end of religion, when religion is considered with the individualistic bias.

The strange, the almost startling incongruity, about our modern situation is that *the same people who insist on the right of democracy to control all individuals economically are the very ones who are loudest in their demands that the democracy control no individual religiously.* Thus we find Mr. Churchill, in this novel of his, coupling a highly socialized concept of economics with a diametrically opposite, individualized concept of religion. The same man who is a socialist (in the larger meaning of that term) in one realm of thought is an individualist in another realm of thought; and not only that, but he seems to think this intellectual inconsistency the most natural thing in the world. And many, many people, reading the book, applaud it vigorously, not seeing, apparently, that in so doing they are indulging in one of the most remarkable feats of mental gymnastics ever known in the history of man. Seemingly, they fail to see that in holding at the same time these diametrically opposed positions they have accomplished a real divorcement between things secular and things religious such as the arch-plutocrat in the novel never could have brought to pass. He believed as he chose, and acted as he chose, and he admitted the right of no group, political or ecclesiastical, to control him. He at least was consistent.

II

Is it not astonishing to find how many people there are who mightily exaggerate their own importance in those parts of life which are deeper than the merely material? Is it not as truly pathetic as it is remarkable, to observe how most of us look upon ourselves, in these aspects of life, as beings apart from the great flow of humanity, as remarkable and extraordinary special creations, each individually of transcendent importance in the scheme of the universe? And is it not, when we come to think of it, equally pathetic to see how each generation, in these respects, and especially our own generation, exaggerates its importance in the age-long world-development?

Of course the disparagement of dogma is due not merely to the individualism of individuals, but also to this individualism of generations. How common this larger sort of individualism is! To hear current talk, one would imagine that this generation was a thing apart, in some way peculiar, for some reason not subordinate to those great general laws which have governed the development of past generations. It would almost seem, at times, that those of this generation thought themselves the only generation which had really counted for much — with possibly a generous inclusion of its fathers and grandfathers. As for the days of our ancestors, mention them not in the same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

breath with us of this wonderful twentieth century!

We speak, to-day, lightly and contemptuously of the 'Dark Ages,' implying thereby that our own age is not dark at all, but light; ignoring the fact that all records of life in those past days seem to be records of happiness amid adversity and poverty, while our own life manifests itself largely as a life of dense unhappiness in the midst of prosperity and wealth. We call our ancestors intolerant because they believed things intensely, on no better basis than the Catholic religion, and utterly forget that this same spirit is manifested among us by those who believe things on no better warrant than the guesses of physical science.

Some advanced thinkers prate of the Black Death as an awful instance of the lack of preventive medicine, and at the same time refuse to vaccinate their own children against smallpox. Folks talk of the dense ignorance of the days of yore, which in their ignorance, however, produced a Chaucer, a Dante, a Petrarch, a Boccaccio, a Thomas Aquinas, a Spinoza, and also a public which read them. People talk of art, as if it had been our province to create it, when the despised ages of the past produced painters and sculptors and architects whose work our own age has not surpassed or even equaled, and when in past times, instead of our hideousness, the observer might have seen nations whose cottages, barns, fences, chicken-yards, bridges, and even pig-styes were beautiful.

As a matter of fact, in considering any period of history, any generation, the permanent things about the life of that period, the things that really count for the most in it, will almost always be found to be those things which are developments of habits, institutions, customs, possessions, inherited from previous generations, tested in the crucible of previous centuries and found good; and the evil things of that generation, the impermanent things, the silly things, will almost always turn out to be the things in which the period has ignored and abandoned those inherited habits, institutions, customs, and possessions. Not that the old things are ever suited to any generation in every particular. They must be altered, slowly and gradually, to fit new developments. But it is always the old and well-tested things modified which are better than the new creations.

This is true because humanity remains very much the same in essentials throughout the centuries. You and your great-great-grandfather are not very different the one from the other, save in accidents. You may not eat with your knife as George Washington did; you wear neither knee-breeches nor a powdered wig; when you get a fever you are not bled; you write your *s*'s above the line, and not so that they look like deformed *f*'s; you think and talk in the *patois* of the highly organized society of the twentieth century, not in the vernacular of rural Virginia in the eighteenth. But, after all, you and Colonel Washington are about the same in all points essential to humanity. The same passions rule you; the same needs impel you; the same sort of mental and physical equipment expressed itself in him in terms of his environment and expresses itself in you in terms of your environment. The only difference between this age and any age that has gone before, is a difference in accidents, a difference in environments. The great, essential things of life are the same in all generations.

By now, doubtless, the reader is thinking that our argument has wandered rather far afield; but possibly the pertinence of all this may become clear when one remembers that there is no branch of thought which, as much as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

religion, is concerned with those fundamental things which are the same in human life of all generations. Religion deals with such things as love and hate, service and selfishness, man in his ultimate relationships to the race and to the Eternal, the reason for living, life and death, here and hereafter, earth and Heaven. In all times the problems concerned with these things are the great problems of the race. In successive and changing environments these problems remain the same. It would seem, therefore, that in religion, of all things, men would pay most reverent heed and devote the most careful study to the religious experiences and beliefs of past ages, as revealed in those precipitations from the age-long crucible into which all men have poured their religious reactions, those precipitations to which is given the name of dogmas.

That, however, is the thing which the contemporary temperament relishes not to do. People ignore and despise that act of attaining comradeship with the Infinite which is called prayer, for example; because, forsooth, it does not appeal to them. They expect to gain spiritual poise and power without it. The mere fact that the whole religious experience of humanity, as revealed by history, shows that their attitude is faulty, apparently makes not the slightest difference to them. Others declare their emancipation from symbolic and ritualistic religious expression, although history reveals that sort of thing as an inevitable concomitant of religion. Others ridicule sin and redemption as absurd concepts, despite the fact that the race in all generations has, in one form or another, held them. And they would have, all of these moderns, a religion with no stopping of individual vagaries, no correction of individual mistakes, no system of social control, no regard for the past, no belief in truth as a reality, no dogma. All the ages shout aloud their message that such a thing neither has been nor can ever be.

III

Is there not room for another development in religion, furthered by those who are just as dissatisfied as is Mr. Churchill with social and economic individualism, just as satisfied as he to proclaim that those holding to such individualism can never be religious, and yet who are equally unwilling to attempt the impossible task of holding, economically, one thing and, religiously, its diametrical opposite? Is it not time for those whose intellectual processes have become completely and not merely partially socialized, to lift their voices with a religious message somewhat different from that commonly heard to-day, to call men away from the contemplation of their religious eccentricities, and the age from its admiration of its own complacent and superficial religious experiments, back to the contemplation of that which alone has in it any promise of real knowledge — the religious experiences of the race? Is it not time for some hardy souls, who fear not popular clamor, to insist that the only kind of religion which is scientific at all is dogmatic religion, and that the reason dogmatic religion is scientific is because it is based upon the fundamental human law that the experience of the race is vastly more important than that of any individual or of any generation within it?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GORSE

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

In dream, again within the clean, cold hell
Of glazed and aching silence he was trapped;
And, closing in, the blank walls of his cell
Crushed stifling on him . . . when the bracken snapped,
Caught in his clutching fingers: and he lay
Awake upon his back among the fern,
With free eyes traveling the wide blue day
Unhindered, unremembering; while a burn
Tinkled and gurgled somewhere out of sight,
Unheard of him till, suddenly aware
Of its cold music, shivering in the light,
He raised himself; and with far-ranging stare
Looked all about him: and, with dazed eyes wide
Saw, still as in a numb, unreal dream,
Black figures scouring a far hillside,
With now and then a sunlit rifle's gleam;
And knew the hunt was hot upon his track:
Yet hardly seemed to mind, somehow, just then . . .
But kept on wondering why they looked so black
On that hot hillside, all those little men
Who scurried round like beetles — twelve, all told . . .
He counted them twice over; and began
A third time reckoning them, but could not hold
His starved wits to the business, while they ran
So brokenly, and always stuck at 'five' . . .
And 'One, two, three, four, five,' a dozen times
He muttered . . . 'Can you catch a fish alive?'
Sang mocking echoes of old nursery-rhymes
Through the strained, tingling hollow of his head.
And now, almost remembering, he was stirred
To pity them; and wondered if they'd fed
Since he had, or if, ever since they'd heard
Two nights ago the sudden signal-gun

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That raised alarm of his escape, they, too,
Had fasted in the wilderness, and run
With nothing but the thirsty wind to chew,
And nothing in their bellies but a fill
Of cold peat-water, till their heads were light . . .

The crackling of a rifle on the hill
Rang in his ears; and stung to headlong flight,
He started to his feet; and through the brake
He plunged in panic, heedless of the sun
That burned his cropped head to a red-hot ache
Still racked with crackling echoes of the gun.
Then suddenly the sun-enkindled fire
Of gorse upon the moor-top caught his eye;
And that gold glow held all his heart's desire,
As, like a witless flame-bewildered fly,
He blundered toward the league-wide yellow blaze,
And tumbled headlong on the spikes of bloom;
And rising, bruised and bleeding and adaze,
Struggled through clutching spines: the dense, sweet fume
Of nutty, acrid scent like poison stealing
Through his hot blood: the bristling yellow glare
Spiking his eyes with fire, till he went reeling,
Stifling and blinded, on — and did not care
Though he were taken — wandering round and round,
'Jerusalem the Golden' quavering shrill,
Changing his tune to 'Tommy Tiddler's Ground';
Till, just a lost child on that dazzling hill,
Bewildered in a glittering golden maze
Of stinging scented fire, he dropped, quite done,
A shriveling wisp within a world ablaze
Beneath a blinding sky, one blaze of sun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SHOW

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

FROM Belshazzar Court to the theatre district is only a thirty minutes' ride in the Subway, but usually we reach the theatre a few minutes after the rise of the curtain. Why this should be I have never been able to explain. It is a fact that on such nights we have dinner half an hour early, and Emmeline comes to the table quite ready to go out except that she has her cloak to slip on. Nevertheless we are a few minutes late. While Emmeline is slipping on her cloak I glance through the editorial page in the evening paper, answer the telephone, and recall several bits of work I overlooked at the office. I then give Harold a drink of water in bed, help Emmeline with her hat, clean out the drawers in my writing table, tell Harold to stop talking to himself and go to sleep, and hunt for the theatre tickets in the pockets of my street clothes. After that I have time to read a page or two of John Galsworthy and go in to see that Harold is well covered up. Emmeline always makes me save time by having me ring for the elevator while she is drawing on her gloves. Nevertheless we are a few minutes late for the first act.

But if I frequently leave Belshazzar Court in a state of mild irritation, my spirits rise the moment we enter the Subway. I am stirred by the lights and the crowd, this vibrant New York crowd of which I have spoken before, so aggressively youthful, so prosperous, so strikingly overdressed, and carrying off its finery with a dash that is quite remarkable considering that we are only a half-way-up middle-class crowd jammed together in a public conveyance. Since our trip abroad some years ago I am convinced that the Parisian woman needs all the *chic* and *esprit* she can encompass. I will affirm that in half an hour in the Subway, at any time of day, I see more charming faces than we saw during six weeks in Paris. I have hitherto been timid about expressing this opinion in print, but only the other night I sat up to read *Innocents Abroad* after many years. What Mark Twain has to say of the Parisian grisette encourages me to make this confession of faith. As I swing from my strap and scan the happy, well-to-do faces under the glow of the electric lamps, I sometimes find myself wondering what reason William D. Haywood can possibly have for being dissatisfied with things as they are.

We are usually late at the theatre, but not always. There are times when Harold will get through with his dinner without being once called to order. He then announces that he is tired and is anxious to get into bed. On such occasions Emmeline grows exceedingly nervous. She feels his head and makes him open his mouth and say, 'Aaa-h-h,' so that she may look down his throat. If Harold carries out his promise and does promptly go to sleep, it intensifies our anxiety and threatens to spoil our evening; but it does also save a little time. It brings us to the theatre a minute or two before the curtain goes up, and gives us a chance to study the interior decorations of the auditorium, completed at great cost, the exact amount

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of which I cannot recall without my evening paper. If you will remember that we go to the theatre perhaps a dozen times during the season, and that the number of new theatres on Broadway every season is about that number, you will see why very frequently we should be finding ourselves in a new house.

It is a matter of regret to me that I cannot grow enthusiastic over theatrical interiors. I do my best, but the novel arrangement of proscenium boxes and the upholstery scheme leave me cold. I recall what the evening paper said of the new Blackfriars. Its architecture is a modification of the Parthenon at Athens, and it is nine stories high and equipped with business offices and bachelor quarters. It was erected as one of a chain of amusement houses stretching clear across to San Francisco, by a manager who began three years ago as a moving-picture impresario in the Bronx. Having made a hit in the 'legitimate' with an unknown actress in a play by an unknown writer, he immediately signed a contract with the playwright for his next six plays, hired six companies for the road, and built a chain of theatres to house the plays. This is the American of it. If three years from now this Napoleon of Longacre Square is back at his five-cent moving-picture place in the Bronx it will also be the American of it. When I tell Emmeline that the ceiling has been copied from a French château, she looks up and says nothing.

The curtain goes up on the famous ten-thousand-dollar drawing-room set which has been the hit of the season. The telephone on the real Louis XVI table rings, the English butler comes in to answer the call, and the play is on. The extraordinary development of the telephone on the New York stage is possibly our most notable and meritorious contribution to contemporary dramatic art. The telephone serves a far higher purpose than Sardou's parlor-maid with the feather-duster. It is plain, of course, that the dramatist's first purpose is to sound a universal human note which shall immediately establish a bond of sympathy between the actors and the audience. And the telephone is something which comes very close to every one of us. If the English butler, instead of answering a telephone call, picks up the instrument and himself calls for some familiar number, like 3100 Spring, which is Police Headquarters, you can actually perceive the responsive thrill which sweeps the house. The note of universal humanity has been struck.

This point is worth keeping in mind. If I am somewhat insistent on being in time for the beginning of the play, it is because I want to subject myself to the magic touch of the telephone bell, and not because I am afraid of missing the drift of the playwright's story. Of that there is no danger, because I know the story already. I don't know whether college courses in the drama still spend as much time as they used to fifteen years ago in laying emphasis on the fact that the first act of a play is devoted to exposition. If college courses are really as modern as they are said to be, professors of the drama will now be teaching their students that the playwright's real preparation for his conflict and his climax is not to be found in the first act at all, but several weeks before the play is produced, in the columns of the daily press.

If Goethe were writing *Faust* to-day he would not lay his Prologue in Heaven but in the newspapers. I know what I am about to see and hear, because I have read all the newspaper chatter while the play was in incubation and in rehearsal. I have been taken into confidence by the managers just before they sailed for Europe in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imperial suite of the Imperator. If they omitted anything, they have cabled it over from Paris at enormous expense. Through interviews with stars and leading ladies, through calculated indiscretions on the part of the box-office with regard to advance sales, through the newspaper reviews after the first night, I am educated up to the act of seeing a play with a thoroughness that the post-graduate department of Johns Hopkins might envy.

Consequently, there is not the slightest danger, even if we come late, that I shall laugh in the wrong place or fail to laugh in the right place, or that Emmeline will fail to grope for her handkerchief at the right time. Through the same agency of the newspaper the funniest lines, the strongest 'punch,' the most sympathetic bits of dialogue have been located and charted. At college I used to be told that the tremendous appeal of the Greek drama was dependent in large measure on the fact that it dealt with stories which were perfectly familiar to the public. The Athenian audience came to the theatre expectant, surcharged with emotion, waiting eagerly for the proper cue to let its feelings go. But Athens was not conceivably better informed than New York is today when it goes to the theatre.

Even James M. Barrie does it. I remember when Emmeline and I went to see Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*, some years ago. What we really went for, like ten thousand other good people of New York, was to hear the much-advertised tag with which Barrie ended his play, to the effect, namely, that woman was not made out of man's rib but out of his funny bone. I do not recall that a single dramatic reviewer in New York after the first night omitted to concentrate on that epigram; if he did he must have been called down severely by the managing editor. Now it is my sincere belief that the Barrie joke is a poor one. It is offensively smart, it has the 'punch' which it is Barrie's merit to omit so regularly from his plays. It is inferior to any number of delightful lines in that really beautiful play. That is, I say so now when I am in my right senses. But when Emmeline and I, under the hypnotic spell of the newspapers, went to see *What Every Woman Knows*, what was it that we waited for through four longish acts, — what but that unhappy quip which everybody else was waiting for? Of course we laughed and applauded. We laughed in the same shamefaced and dutiful manner with which people stand up in restaurants when the band plays the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Often I wonder what would Shakespeare and Molière not have accomplished if they had had the newspapers to hypnotise the audience for them instead of being compelled to do so themselves.

Hypnotism everywhere. One of the popular plays that we never went to see was recommended to Emmeline by a very charming woman who said it was a play which every woman ought to take her husband to see. In itself that is as admirable a bit of dramatic criticism as could be distilled out of several columns of single-leaded minion. But the trouble was that this charming woman had not thought it out for herself. She had found the phrase in the advertising notices of this play. It was so pat, so quotable, and the press agent was so evidently sincere in using it, that it seemed a pity not to pass it on to others. After half a dozen friends had recommended the play to Emmeline as a good one for me to be taken to, she rebelled and said she would not go. She was intellectually offended. Her ostensible reason was that she doubted whether the play would do me any good. I had my revenge not long after when I offered to take her to a play which dealt with woman's extrava-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gance in dress, and which the advertisements said every man ought to take his wife to see. Emmeline said that my sense of humor often betrays me.

This, I am sorry to say, happens rather frequently. My feeble jest about the play which all wives ought to be taken to see was devised on the spur of the moment. But there is one sly bit of humor which I regularly employ and which I never fail to regret. This happens whenever, in reply to Emmeline's suggestion that we take in one of the new plays, I say with malice aforethought that the piece is one to which a man would hardly care to take his wife. The response is instantaneous. It makes no difference that our views on this subject are identical. Apostrophizing me as an exemplar of that muddle-headed thing which is interchangeably known as fossilized Puritanism and Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy, Emmeline begins by asking whether a play that is not fit for a man's wife to see is fit for the husband of that wife. Since I agree with her, the question remains unanswerable. She then goes on to ask whether it might not be an excellent thing for the theatre to abolish the distinction between plays that a man's wife can see and those she cannot see, and to make it a law, preferably a Federal law under the general scheme of social justice, that no man shall be allowed to enter a theatre without a woman companion.

It is a sore point with her. We had as guest at dinner one night an estimable young man who told us that, being anxious to take his betrothed to a certain play, he had bought a ticket for the family circle the night before, to see whether the play was a fit one for the young woman to be taken to. Emmeline cast one baleful glance at the young man, which he fortunately failed to catch, his head being bent over the asparagus. But she has never asked him to call again. To me, afterwards, she scarified the poor young man.

'Imagine,' she said. 'Here is a man in love with a woman. He is about to take her, and give himself to her, for better and for worse. He asks her to face the secrets of life and the fear of death with him. But he is afraid to take her to the theatre with him.'

The joy of combat makes me forget that my views are quite the same.

'It shows his thoughtfulness,' I said. 'There are any number of nasty plays in town.'

'Why are they here?' she asked.

'I'm sure I don't know.'

'I'll tell you why,' she said: 'to meet the demand for plays that a man cannot take his wife to.'

I assured her that this common phrase really did not mean all she read into it. The average citizen, I said, does not look upon his wife as a tender plant to be shielded against the breath of harm. It was only another instance of our falling in with a phrase, and repeating it in parrot fashion, until we are surprised to find ourselves living up to it. But Emmeline said it was Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy superimposed on the universal *Sklavenmoral* from which woman suffers. At this point I am convinced that a sense of humor often does betray one.

Steeped in the sincere, if often ferociously sincere, realism of the Russian writers, it is plain why one should revolt against the catch-phrases which make up so large a part of our speech and thought. Because she knows the realism of European literature, Emmeline grows angry with the stage manager's realism in which we have made such notable progress of late. She has refused to be impressed by Mr. Belasco's marvelous reproduction of a cheap restaurant, though the tiled walls, the coffee-urns, the cash-registers, and the coat-racks were so unmistakably actual

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as to make a good many of us forget that the action which takes place in this restaurant might just as well have taken place in the Aquarium or on top of the Jungfrau. There was another play. For weeks, the author, the producer, and several assistants (I am now quoting press authority) had been searching the city for the exact model of a hall bedroom in a theatrical boarding-house such as the playwright had in mind. They found what they were looking for. When the curtain rose on the opening night, the public, duly kept informed as to the progress of the quest, naturally rose with enthusiasm to the perfect picture of a mean chamber in a squalid boarding-house. The scene was appalling in its detail of tawdry poverty. Except for the fact that the bedroom was about sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and fifty feet high, the effect of destitution was startling.

But there is a more dangerous realism. Our stage has progressed beyond this actuality of real doors with real door-knobs. We have attained as far as the external realism of human types. As exhibited on the stage to-day, the shop-girls, the 'crooks,' the detectives, the clerks, the traveling salesmen, the shady financiers, are startlingly true to life in appearance, in walk, in speech. For that, one ought presumably to be thankful. Presumably it is progress to have shop-girls, clerks, financiers, 'crooks,' and their pursuers, instead of Pinero's drawing-room heroines and bounders, or Mr. Bernstein's highly galvanized boulevardiers. If people with the look of Broadway, with the tang and speech of Broadway, walk the boards, what more would one have?

'Soul,' says Emmeline, and she lashes out at the beautifully made puppets on the stage. External realism has gone as far as it may, but beneath the surface everything is false. The life of these amazingly lifelike figures is false, the story is false, the morals and the conclusions are false. At bottom it is tawdry melodrama. New tricks of the trade have been mastered, but the same crude, childish views of life confront us, and the same utter lack of that form which is the joy of art. The American stage never had an excess of form. We have less now than we ever had.

As I think back over the last few paragraphs I find that I may have given an utterly wrong impression of how the theatre affects Emmeline and me. It would be deplorable if the reader should get to think that we are highbrows. It is quite the other way. Between the acts and at home, the two of us may be tremendously critical, but while the business of the stage is under way we are grateful for the least excuse to yield ourselves to the spirit of the thing. Provided, only, there is nothing in the play about a young woman who beards a king of finance and frightens him into surrendering a million dollars' worth of bonds. Financiers and their female private secretaries I cannot abide. Otherwise, I delight in nearly everything: in *The Old Homestead;* in George M. Cohan, in *Fanny's First Play,* and in the farce-comedies where a recreant husband, surprised by his wife, steps backward into his own suitcase. Emmeline confesses that she has seldom seen a proposal of marriage on the stage without wanting to sniffle sympathetically.

Because I take pleasure in seeing frivolous young men step into their own suitcases I am not averse to musical comedy. Emmeline rarely accompanies me; not because she is afraid that it is the kind of a play a man should not take his wife to, but because it does not interest her. She is fond of Gilbert and Sullivan, and she likes *The Chocolate Soldier;* but of our own native musical comedy I think she has seen only one example. I have described this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piece elsewhere, and if the editor of the *Atlantic* has no objections, I can repeat in substance what I then wrote.

The play was called *The Girl from Grand Rapids*. The principal characters are an American millionaire and his daughter who are traveling in Switzerland. They come to the little village of Sprudelsaltz and are mistaken by the populace for the German Kaiser and his Chancellor who are expected on a secret mission. The American millionaire, in order to outwit a business rival who belongs to the Furniture Trust, consents to play the part. He accounts for the apparent sex of his Chancellor by declaring that the evil designs of certain French spies have made it necessary for his companion to assume this peculiar disguise. The Chancellor falls in love with the young British attaché, who has come to Switzerland for the purpose of unearthing certain important secrets relative to the German navy. At their first meeting the supposed German Chancellor and the British naval attaché sing a duet of which the refrain is, 'Oh, take me back to Bryant Square.' Ultimately the identity of the pseudo Kaiser and his Chancellor is discovered. They are threatened by the infuriated Swiss populace in fur jackets and tights, and are saved only through the intervention of a comic Irish waiter named Gansenschmidt. They escape from Switzerland and in the second act we find them at Etah, in Greenland, where the millionaire's daughter is compelled to wed an Eskimo chieftain who turns out to be the British naval attaché in disguise. The third act shows an Arab carnival in the Sahara. Repeatedly, in the course of the evening, Emmeline asked me why I laughed.

There is also a business motive in my playgoing. I am learning how to build a complicated dramatic plot. Years ago I set out to write a play. Like all people of slipshod habits I have sudden attacks of acute systematization, and when I began my play, I assigned so much time for working out the plot, so much for character-development, so much for actually writing the dialogue. The scheme did not quite work out. I forget the details; the point is that at the end of a year I had written all my dialogue, but had made little progress with my character-development and had done nothing whatever on my plot. Since that time I have moved ahead. My characters are to me fairly alive now. But I still have a plot and incidents to find for my play. Emmeline says that my quest is a vain one. She is convinced that I have no gift for dramatic complication, and that the best I can hope for is to do something like Bernard Shaw. But I refuse to give in. I go to see how other men have done the trick, and some day, who knows, I may yet find a skeleton on which to hang my polished and spirited dialogue.

Between the acts there are two things which one naturally does. I read in the programme what men will wear during the winter, and I scan faces, a habit which I find growing upon me in all sorts of public places and which will some day bring me into serious trouble. People are rather stolid between the acts. It is a very rare play in which the sense of illusion carries over from one act to the next and is reflected in the faces of the spectators. The perfect play, as I conceive it, should keep the audience in a single mood from beginning to end. Between the fall and the rise of the curtain the spell ought to hold and show itself in a flushed, bright-eyed gayety, in a feverish chatter which should carry on the playwright's message until he resumes the business of his narrative. But as a rule I am not exalted between the acts, and I perceive that my neighbors are not. It is not a play we are watching, but three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or four separate plays. When the curtain descends we lean back into an ordinary world. The business of the stage drops from us. We resume conversation interrupted in the Subway. A young woman on the left furnishes her companion with details of last night's dance. Two young men in front argue over the cost of staging the piece. One says it cost $10,000, and the other says $15,000, and they pull out their favorite evening papers from under the seat and quote them to each other. Emmeline wonders whether she looked down far enough into Harold's throat when he said, 'Aaa-h-h.'

It is not entirely our own fault if we lose the sense of continuous illusion between the acts. There is little in the ordinary play to carry one forward from one act to the next. We still talk of suspense and movement and climax, whereas our plays are not organic plays at all, but mere vaudeville. They do not depend for their effect on cumulative interest, but on the individual 'punch.' Drama, melodrama, comedy, and farce have their own laws. But our latest dramatic form combines all forms in a swift medley of effects that I can describe by no other term than vaudeville. George M. Cohan is our representative dramatist, not because he has flung the star-spangled banner to the breeze, but because he has cast all consistency to the winds. Who ever heard of a melodramatic farce? Mr. Cohan is writing them all the time. They are plays in which people threaten each other with automatic pistols to the accompaniment of remarks which elicit roars of laughter.

I know of course that Shakespeare has a drunken porter on the stage while Macbeth is doing Duncan to death. But George M. Cohan is different. I have in mind a homeless little village heroine of Mr. Cohan's who is about to board a train for the great city with its pitfalls and privations. Emmeline was quite affected by the pathetic little figure on the platform, with the shabby suitcase — until six chorus men in beautifully creased trousers waltzed out on the train platform and did a clog-dance and sang, 'Good-bye, Mary, don't forget to come back home.' I can't conceive Shakespeare doing this sort of thing. It is gripping while it lasts, but when the curtain falls, one chiefly thinks how late it will be before one gets home.

But if the playwright's story does not always hold me, the people on the stage seldom fail to bring me under the spell. I am not a professional critic and I have no standards of histrionic skill to apply. It may be, as people say, that our actors are deficient in imagination, in the power of emotional utterance, in facial eloquence, in the art of creating illusion. Perhaps it is true that they seldom get into the skin of their characters, and never are anything but themselves. But precisely because they are themselves, I like them. I like their lithe, clean-cut length, their strong, clean-shaven faces, their faultless clothes. I like the frequency with which they change from morning to evening dress. I like the ease with which they order taxicabs, press buttons for the club waiter, send out cablegrams to Shanghai, and make appointments to meet at expensive roadhouses which are reached only by automobile. The nonchalance with which George M. Cohan's people distribute large sums is a quickening spectacle to me.

After this it will be difficult for any one to accuse me of being a highbrow. Let me dispose of this matter beyond all doubt. I do not understand what people mean when they speak of intellectual actors and the intellectual interpretation of stage rôles. Possibly it is a defective imagination in me which makes me insist that actors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shall look their part physically. Not all the imaginative genius in the world will reconcile me to a thin Falstaff, suggestive of vegetarianism and total abstinence. I am not even sure that I know what an intellectualized Hamlet is. I insist upon a Hamlet who shall wear black and who shall recite slowly the lines which shake me so when I read them at home, instead of intellectually swallowing the lines as so many do. I cannot see how Mrs. Fiske's intellectuality qualifies her for playing robust, full-blooded women like Tess, or like Cyprienne in *Divorçons*. But I like Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharpe and as Ibsen's Nora, because both were small women.

I imagine it is a sign of Wagner's genius that he made all his women of heroic stature. He must have foreseen that by the time a singer has learned to interpret Brünhilde she is apt to be mature and imposing. Thus I feel, and I know that most of the people in the audience agree with me. Those who do not have probably read in their evening papers that they were about to see an intellectual interpretation. Whenever they are puzzled by the actor they ascribe it to his intellect.

When the final curtain falls, the play drops from us like a discarded cloak, people smile, dress, tell each other that it was a pretty good show, and hold the door open for the ladies to pass out into the glow and snap of Broadway. We do not carry illusion away with us from the theatre. In spite of the fact that we have purchased our tickets in the conviction that every husband and wife ought to see the play, we do not correlate the theatre with life. Primarily it is a show. We do not ask much. If it has offered us a hearty laugh or two, a thrill, a pressure on the tear-ducts, this tolerant American public, this patient, innocent, cynical public that is always prepared to be cheated, feels grateful; and there ends the matter.

And Aristotle? And the purging of the emotions through pity and terror? I still remember a play called *The Diamond Breaker*, which I saw on Third Avenue when Benjamin Harrison was President. I remember how the young mining engineer was foully beset by his rival and tied hand and foot and dropped into the open chute that led straight into the pitiless iron teeth of the stone-crushing machine. I remember how the heroine rushed out upon the gangway and seized the young engineer by the hair; and the wheels stopped; and the girl fainted; the strong men in the audience wept. Is it my own fault that such sensations are no longer to be had? Or has the drama indeed degenerated, within these twenty years?

From the evening papers I gather that the crowd, after leaving the new nine-story Blackfriars Theatre, modeled after the Parthenon at Athens, invades and overruns the all-night restaurants on Broadway. Yet the trains in the Subway are jammed, and Emmeline has to stand more than half-way to Belshazzar Court.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BROADENING SCIENCE OF SANITATION

BY GEORGE C. WHIPPLE

I

BACTERIOLOGY, child of Louis Pasteur, basis of aseptic surgery and preventive medicine, has become well-known to the educated world during the past thirty years. The words 'germ' and 'microbe' do not impress us with awe and dread as they once did, for we realize that the kingdom of the bacteria is gradually being subjugated by man. We see this in changing medical practice, we see it in popular advertisements and in many other ways; but, surest of all, we see it in the steadily diminishing death-rates from communicable diseases as revealed by vital statistics the world over. Certain it is that one of the greatest events of the dawning twentieth century is the triumph of man over his microscopic foes.

While we contemplate this result with satisfaction we are apt to forget the many activities which are working together to bring it about. It is well to pause from time to time and consider what is being done, so that our ideas may be readjusted to the new methods which are continually being put into practice.

The world has so long entrusted the care of its health to doctors of medicine, skilled in the arts of healing, that we call these various protective agencies against disease by the general term 'preventive medicine,' forgetting for the moment that a large part of this work is not medical at all. Much of it, in fact, is something quite different, and is better described by the term sanitary engineering, or by the broader word, sanitation. Even the term sanitary engineer has been misused, or at least has been used in a too limited sense. So many aspiring plumbers have styled themselves sanitary engineers that the title bids fair to become synonymous with 'the drain man.'

Broadly defined, sanitation covers all the arts which make for clean environment, and sanitary engineers concern themselves not alone with drains and sewers and sewage-treatment works, but with all of the many activities required to provide communities with pure water, fresh air, clean food, and, in general, clean surroundings. A task so vast naturally calls to its aid many sciences. These must be culled and the selected parts interwoven to form a new science, the science of public health. It is in response to this new demand of civilization that chairs of sanitary engineering are being founded in our universities, and that students who are being trained to become health officers are taught some parts of the arts of engineering as well as some parts of the arts of medicine.

A few years ago, sanitarians were assiduously cultivating newly discovered germs; now, they are also studying flies and mosquitoes and rats and squirrels and other insects and animals which may harbor and spread these germs. A few years ago, they were minutely analyzing samples of water; now they are also studying the currents in lakes and the laws of sedimentation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and filtration. Until quite recently, placards were used to warn people away from houses of pestilence, while the active cause was still at large; now, carefully kept vital statistics are used as the basis of epidemiological detective work, which rivals in brilliancy that of Sherlock Holmes himself. Thus the sanitarian must study not micrology alone, but entomology and limnology and demography, and other sciences, the very names of which still have an unfamiliar sound. Truly the science of sanitation is broadening. Health officers are becoming biological engineers.

II

Learning and unlearning go together. The discovery of each new fact explodes some old theory. Some one, whose name I do not now recall, has said, 'It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so.' Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the sanitation of the air.

Let us take for example, sewer-gas, the old bugaboo that frightened our fathers. After complicating our plumbing systems with traps and more traps and vents and back-air pipes, we find at last that the air of sewers does not cause disease, as we were taught, or, if it does so at all, that the chance of its causing disease is so small as to be almost negligible. Miquel found that the air of the Paris sewers contained fewer bacteria than the air over the Paris streets; long experience has shown that the workmen in sewers do not contract the diseases that one might expect them to contract: Winslow has calculated that a person breathing air all night from a house drain would inhale fewer bacteria of intestinal origin than he would swallow with a glass of Croton water from a tap in New York City.

This idea certainly seems revolutionary, and we must be careful not to go to the other extreme. It would not do to do away with all traps and similar fixtures intended to prevent the air of the sewers from entering our houses. Sanitation ought to make for our comfort as well as for our health, and bacterial infection is not all there is to the causation of disease. Besides, it is just possible that our latest discoveries are not without flaw. Nevertheless, considering all of the facts in their quantitative aspect, it does seem that a good case has been made against the unnecessary complexity of our house plumbing systems, and it would appear to be wise economy to simplify their design and improve the quality of the materials and the workmanship. Already in England a Royal Commission, after making an extensive investigation, has recommended that the trap on the main drain from the house to the sewer be no longer required. In Germany these traps have never been much used.

Sanitarians have gone even further than to overthrow the sewer-gas theory of disease. They have found that very few cases of sickness are ever caused by infection passing through the air. The aerial transmission of disease germs from patient to victim is not denied, but it has been found to be a very small factor, indeed almost a negligible factor, except in the case of a few diseases where the virus is ultramicroscopic. Acting on this theory, health officers little by little have been abandoning the practice of fumigating and disinfecting rooms which have been occupied by persons sick with contagious diseases. In hospitals, segregation of different contagious diseases in separate rooms is no longer deemed absolutely necessary. Cases of scarlet fever, measles, and typhoid fever have been kept in the same ward, with an extremely small proportion of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cases of cross-infection. Practice has confirmed the theory in various ways, and the aerial transmission of disease has been relegated to a subordinate position.

But aerial transmission has been replaced by something else, the theory of contact. The germs do not float in the air from one person to another, but are carried on solid objects, — on spoons and knives and forks, on soiled clothing, on pencils and toys, books and tickets, door-knobs and drinking cups, and on scores of objects which pass from hand to hand or from hand to mouth. In surgery it is not so much infection from the air that is feared as that from unclean instruments and utensils. The safeguard against contact is personal cleanliness and hand-disinfection when caring for the sick. It is so simple that people neglect it.

Without wishing to elaborate too much on the theory of contact, which after all is like the long-ago-discarded theory of fomites, limited to a short period of time between the handling of objects by patient and victim, it may not be out of place to suggest that many so-called children's diseases are diseases of childhood because in childhood there is more opportunity for contact. Many objects pass back and forth in school and in the course of natural play. A knowledge, by the mother, of the theory of contact, accompanied by judicious restraint in these little things, may prevent many a case of measles, or scarlet fever, yes, and many a 'cold,' from being contracted by the child.

III

If we consider another phase of the air-problem, namely, ventilation, we find that here all is being changed. Old ideas are being flung to the winds, and new theories are struggling for position. To some the situation appears chaotic, but, little by little, facts are being gathered and put together; and those best qualified to judge believe that it will not be long before ventilation will stand forth as a new art based upon sound scientific principles. The trouble in the past has been that reliance was placed upon half truths.

For many years, ventilation standards were based chiefly on one element of the problem, that is, on carbonic acid. It was known that human beings inhale oxygen and exhale carbonic acid, and that when people remained for some time in a tightly closed room, the oxygen content of the air decreased slightly while the amount of carbonic acid slightly increased. As it was a matter of experience that these changes were attended by feelings of depression and general physical discomfort on the part of the occupants, the argument was naturally made that the cause of this *malaise* was the increase in the carbonic acid and the decrease in oxygen.

Modern researches have shown that this reasoning was of the order of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Several things had been left out of account. One of these was heat, closely allied with which is moisture, or humidity. Another was air-movement. And another was air-cleanliness. Each of these deserves attention, for taken together they form the basis of the modern conception of ventilation requirements. We might sum up the new ideas in a single phrase and say that for indoor comfort we need clean air in gentle motion, and with its temperature and humidity adjusted to the ordinary exercise of the occupants.

The reason for the elimination of carbonic acid and oxygen ratios is that physiologists have found that the human body possesses powers of auto-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matic readjustments to slight changes in these gases. In most localities the barometric pressure is continually fluctuating, and the amount of oxygen in a given volume of air varies accordingly. Unless the change is great or sudden these fluctuations do not seem to affect one's health or comfort. Extreme conditions, we all know, have an important influence on the body. Thus, at the top of Pike's Peak, with low atmospheric pressure, one may have mountain sickness, while laborers working in the compressed air of a caisson are subject to the very serious disease known popularly as 'the bends.' These troubles are due more to the rate of change of pressure than to the maintenance of continued high or low oxygen content. People soon become accustomed to high altitudes, and laborers do not suffer from the change from high pressure to normal pressure if this change is made gradually. An important element in the caisson disease is thought to be the deposition of bubbles of nitrogen gas within the tissues of the body when the pressure is lowered as one suddenly emerges from a caisson.

The most direct proof that slight increases in carbonic acid and reductions of oxygen do not produce physical discomfort is that derived from the experiments in which persons have been kept by physiologists in close chambers, known as calorimeters. Although remaining there until the concentrations of carbonic acid were far beyond those which occur in crowded rooms and cars, the occupants of these calorimeters experienced no discomfort provided the temperature and humidity were kept within certain limits and the air was kept in motion. If the temperature and humidity increased, physical discomfort became manifest even though the amount of carbonic acid in the air was low.

To discuss here the complicated heat relations of the body would be too great a task, and moreover this is one of the matters not yet thoroughly investigated. There is reason to believe, however, that much of the discomfort experienced in crowded rooms is due to rise of temperature and humidity and to the effect which this has on the breathing mechanism. Cooling the skin, English physiologists say, affects metabolism and thus in an indirect way stimulates the lungs to secrete more oxygen, which enters the blood, while increase of skin-temperature tends to check this action. The temperature of the skin is influenced by many things: by the amount of heat produced in the body from food-consumption, by the clothing worn, by exercise, by the perspiration formed and evaporated, by the temperature and humidity of the surrounding air, and by air-movement. So much depends upon the occupation of the persons considered, whether exercising or sitting still, that our present data as yet do not permit definite standards of air-temperature and humidity to be established. Temperature and humidity, it will be noticed, are coupled together. This is because they are mutually related. So true is this that many believe that the reading of the wet-bulb thermometer gives a 'sentient temperature' which better expresses its influence on the body.

It is not the air of a room generally but the air near the skin that affects bodily comfort, hence air-motion is a matter of great importance. Sitting in warm still air is uncomfortable because the atmospheric envelope surrounding the body checks evaporation and the skin-temperature rises. In a crowd the air does not move freely between the bodies, while heat and moisture are given off to it. The combined result is to retard the absorption of oxygen by the blood in the lungs and we have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the well-known effects of 'crowd poison.' Similarly, in an assembly room, the air between the seats becomes nearly motionless and the same result may follow. That air thus stagnates was shown by tests once made in a church, where observers placed in the exhaust-air duct noticed that an odor of perfumery pervaded the outflowing air whenever the congregation arose. The beneficial effect of the use of fans in the cars of the New York Subway was a striking example of the effect of air-motion. We might add also the benefits of sleeping porches, and the out-of-doors treatment for pneumonia. Leonard Hill, a noted London authority on ventilation, lays stress upon the value of a fluctuating atmospheric environment, claiming that variations in temperature and wind-movement stimulate the skin, and that long-continued uniformity produces discomfort.

IV

Cleanliness is an essential quality of indoor air, and one of the faults of the past has been the failure to give this matter due consideration. Air inlets have been placed with gross disregard of the amount of dirt likely to be drawn in. They have usually been placed near the ground level and often on dusty streets, where in extreme cases screens over the inlets become clogged with hair and chips and other débris almost daily, the finer dirt passing into the rooms.

Modern cities are dust-producers. Streets and pavements and sidewalks are worn by the friction of the traffic, car-wheels are ground to metallic dust; fabrics turn to lint; fuel burns with products of smoke and ashes. Dust is being continually produced both within and without our houses. Recent studies in several cities have shown that the numbers of dust particles in the air above sidewalks range from one hundred thousand to a million per cubic foot. At higher levels the numbers are less.

At the Woolworth Building, in New York City, the highest building in the world (716 feet), the air at the street level on July 2, 1913, contained 221,000 dust particles per cubic foot; at the tenth story, 85,000; at the thirtieth story, 70,000, and at the fifty-seventh story 27,000. As a figure for comparison, the air over Long Island Sound at a point several miles from shore was found to contain 18,000 dust particles per cubic foot. Dusty air contains bacteria, but their numbers are fewer than those of the dust particles. At the John Hancock Building in Boston on June 5, 1913, the air near the side-walk contained 1330 bacteria and 20 mould-spores per cubic foot; at the tenth story the corresponding numbers were 330 bacteria and 3 mould-spores per cubic foot. The elimination of city dust is a constant and ever-changing problem for the sanitary engineer. The elimination of the horse from city streets is helping to reduce the organic dust, but the automobile is itself a dust-creator when used on road surfaces not adapted to its weight and speed. Asphalt streets do not disintegrate as do macadam streets, but, as they are smoother, the wind more readily moves such dust as is found there.

The smoke problem is a special phase of the problem of air-pollution, so important as almost to stand alone. Especially serious is this in the soft-coal region, where the pall of soot cuts off the sunlight, creates fogs, retards vegetation, causes buildings and house furnishings and clothing to deteriorate, increases laundry bills, and in many ways produces discomfort, and presumably lowers human vitality and increases the death-rate. I say presumably, because the vital statistics bearing on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this point are not yet sufficient to establish this quantitatively.

Even more important than dust and soot are the poisonous gases resulting from incomplete combustion of coal. City air is sometimes acid with sulphur compounds. The air of our dwelling houses contains more of the poisonous gas, carbonic oxide (not carbonic acid), than is generally realized. The increased use of water-gas during the past twenty years is said to have increased the number of accidental asphyxiations in Massachusetts. The gas-stove is another producer of this poisonous gas, a trouble which can be obviated, however, by taking proper precautions. An interesting experience of carbonic-oxide poisoning is related by Schneider. In a certain house near Boston one after another of the servants and members of the family began to be troubled with hallucinations. They heard unaccountable noises, and 'saw things,' and experienced these troubles to such an extent as to demand an investigation. This study showed that they were all suffering from carbonic-oxide poisoning caused by gas leaking from the furnace. One cannot but wonder whether some of the hallucinations of historical record did not result from this cause. How strange if the Salem witchcraft tragedies had such an origin!

Foul odors also are an element in unclean air. Whether physical or psychological in their effect matters not, for ill-smelling rooms are so obviously insanitary that odor plays an important part in ventilation. Change of air is essential in a room occupied by many people.

The practical question now comes, how can we secure clean air and keep it in motion and have it properly warmed or cooled as the case may be. Without attempting to answer a question that has so many answers, I will call attention only to one of the new developments, namely the recirculation of washed air. Dust and bacteria and odors and poisonous gases may be very largely removed from air by washing it, that is, by allowing it to flow horizontally through chambers where water is falling in drops or as a spray. The effect is the same as that of rain. Every one knows how a summer shower 'freshens' the air, and cleans it. The water used for washing the air artificially is used over and over until it becomes so foul that it has to be changed. Analyses of the water show that after it has been used in this way it resembles sewage in its impurities.

Air-washers have been used for some years for cleaning outside air, but only recently has it been realized that the process could be applied to the air exhausted from a room, and the air made fit to be pumped back into the room and used again. This has been successfully done at Springfield, Massachusetts, in the gymnasium of the College of the Young Men's Christian Association. The air in the exhaust-duct always had a noticeable odor when the men were exercising on the floor, but after being washed the air was returned with no offensive smell. Examination of the water used for washing the air showed that the odoriferous substances had gone into the water, together with dust particles, bacteria, and even epithelial scales from the skin. If the washer was shut down and the air recirculated the men complained of foul air. Starting the washer restored comfort. The advantage of recirculation lies of course in the saving of heat. When large volumes of air in winter are heated, forced through a building and then outdoors, much heat is wasted. By using a considerable part of the air over and over, heat is saved, and therefore coal and money. It is a proper form of conservation. How far the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idea can be put into practice is for the future to determine. That there would be limits to the continued use of the same air is obvious.

V

Water-purification has made wonderful strides since the old sand filter was built at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1893. At that time less than half a million people in this country were using filtered water, and many of our largest cities were supplied with water from sources which were grossly polluted. To-day there are very few large cities where the water-supply is not subjected to some kind of artificial purification. Within ten years, filters have been put in operation in Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Columbus, New Orleans, Toledo, Minneapolis, Harrisburg, to name some of the more important places, and the total population using filtered water in this country is now upwards of thirteen millions.

Filters are under construction in Baltimore and St. Louis and are likely to be built soon in New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and Milwaukee, and probably also in Boston, where the supply is reasonably safe, but somewhat colored and none too clean. When, a number of years ago, sanitary engineers issued the warning that to use unfiltered surface water was unsafe, it was hardly expected that the country would so quickly respond; but so great has been the reduction in the typhoid fever death-rate in those cities where filters have been introduced, that the amazing thing now is why the remaining cities so long delay.

It has been proved over and over that clean water pays. The reward of filtration is not only in having water safe to drink but in having water so attractive that people will enjoy drinking it and not feel obliged to purchase water from outside sources, — and the boon is greatest to the poorer classes, who cannot afford to buy spring water.

The interesting thing about water-purification at the present time is the diversity of the processes employed. Filtration, that is the passing of water through layers of sand, is still the dominant feature and is likely to remain so, but many different methods are applied to waters of different original quality to bring them to a condition such that they can be satisfactorily filtered at economical rates. And so many different types of water are met with in the United States that with us the art has become more complicated than it is in Europe.

Settling basins have long been used both in this country and abroad for removing the heavier suspended matter. There is probably no cheaper method. Occasionally, rapid prefiltration through coarse material is used to replace sedimentation. This method is sometimes desirable, but more often, perhaps, is of doubtful expediency. When the original water — commonly known as the raw water — contains large amounts of very finely divided particles of clay, physical methods of preliminary treatment are not sufficient, and coagulation must be brought about by the use of chemicals. Sulphate of alumina, or alum, is most used for this purpose, but sometimes copperas and lime. Where the water is so hard as to need softening it is treated with lime and soda-ash, and recently a new substance called permutit has sprung into use abroad. Swampy waters, stained with peaty matter, also need chemical treatment. Waters containing large amounts of organic matter and lacking in oxygen require aeration, and waters which contain too much carbonic acid require decarbona-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. Reservoir waters which contain algæ are treated with copper sulphate, while chloride of lime, liquid chlorine, and, in rare instances, ozone are used as processes supplementary to filtration to destroy any bacteria which may have passed through the filter. The quantity of these chemicals required to sterilize the water is astonishingly small.

These processes are mentioned merely to show how complicated the art has become, and to emphasize the need for men of special training to cope with the manifold problems. The prejudice against the use of chemicals is fast passing away. Why should it not, when a large proportion of the water-supplies of the country is chemically treated without the consumers ever realizing that it is being done?

VI

Not least in importance among recent developments is the discovery of the natural processes of purification which occur in water during storage. Typhoid bacilli do not multiply in water, as once thought, but become gradually 'devitalized,' — or, to use plain English, they die, — in a few days or a few weeks, according to the temperature and character of the water. They are able to live longer in cold water than in warm water, hence there are more typhoid epidemics traceable in water in the winter than in the summer, and more in the north than in the south.

Still other causes enhance the safety of stored water, especially in the summer. It has been found that the algæ, the microscopic plants which may be seen floating in the waters of lakes, use up the carbonic acid dissolved in the water and even take carbonic acid away from the dissolved bicarbonate of lime. This leaves the water in a condition in which such bacteria as *B. coli typhi* are speedily killed. A new interest is thus attached to this class of organisms which heretofore have been regarded chiefly from the standpoint of the bad odors which they produce.

Incidental to this study has arisen a new science which is fast attaining prominence, a science devoted to the study of lakes, their currents, their temperature relations, their dissolved gases, the effect of wind and sunshine and rain, and the mutual effect which all these have on themselves and on the organisms which dwell in the lake, — the science of limnology. A course in limnology is now given at Harvard University.

This study of lakes should prove a pleasant and profitable summer pastime. A lake resembles a living being in many ways. It has a pulse; its surface rises and falls rhythmically. It has a circulation; its waters not only ebb and flow, but there are undercurrents by which the life-giving oxygen is carried to organisms which dwell in its depths. It does muscular work; the shores are eroded and wharves are moved by the ice-pressure. It digests food; and some lakes, sad to say, sometimes have indigestion. And so we might continue the comparison and tell of their smiles and frowns, and the music of their waves upon the shore. Certainly there can be no more fascinating science for the lover of nature than limnology.

VII

Ideas in regard to the disposal of sewage are likewise broadening. New methods of treatment are being devised, and, what is of greater moment, a truer conception of the elements of the problem is beginning to prevail. In this matter popular ideas are many years behind the opinions of the ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perts. For example, the popular idea is that the problem of protecting water-supplies against infection can be solved by the purification of sewage. This is not true. Let us suppose the case of a river which receives a city's sewage at some point upstream, and which is used lower down for the water-supply of another city. This is an abhorrent situation. The popular idea is that it is possible to protect the water-supply downstream by purifying the sewage upstream. Sanitary engineers know that with present available methods this cannot be done, and that the safest and most economical way is to filter the water-supply itself, using such auxiliary processes as may be necessary. This does not mean that the upstream city may pollute the river water *ad libitum*. Far from it. The more polluted a stream is, the higher is the cost of water-filtration and the greater the factor of safety demanded of the water-purification plant,—so that sewage treatment in the case cited may or may not be an element in the problem, according to the size of the stream, the volume of sewage, the proximity of the two places, and other factors which sanitary engineers know how to weigh.

In estimating the danger which may result from untreated sewage the main principle must not be forgotten, namely, that sewage has the power of causing disease, not because it contains foul-smelling organic matter, nor even because it contains bacteria; but because among the many bacteria present there may be some which have come from persons sick with typhoid fever or dysentery or some such disease, or from persons, known as carriers, who, though not sick, are emitting the germs of these diseases. And the magnitude of the danger is measured by the chance of these pathogenic bacteria getting into other people's mouths. It is unnecessary to go into details, but everyone to-day knows that there are ways by which minute portions of sewage may thus produce disease, namely, by polluted water, milk, shellfish, by flies, and by contact.

Sewage-disposal has another aspect. Just because sewage-treatment is not the logical way to protect water-supplies we should not consider it useless and unnecessary. Sickness and health are not all there is to life. Our various senses deserve consideration, and offenses to sight and smell should be eliminated as far as possible. Hence streams and lakes and harbors should be kept sufficiently clean to avoid offense, and the degree of cleanliness should be adjusted to the use made of them. Likewise it must not be forgotten that sewage-treatment works in themselves may be a nuisance.

Nor should we fail to utilize the natural powers of self-purification of lakes and streams. To neglect this would be contrary to the modern demand for conservation of natural resources. The ultimate fate of the organic matter in sewage is destruction by oxidation. The oxygen dissolved in the water of lakes and streams may be made to serve this purpose. It does so naturally when crude sewage is discharged into them, but without control the powers of the water may be overtaxed and indigestion may result, as was said before when speaking of lakes.

The cycle of changes in the microscopic life in polluted water is curious and interesting. Studies of the Genesee River, between the mouth of the Rochester sewers and Lake Ontario, made last year, showed that just below the point where the sewage was discharged the water contained large numbers of bacteria; a few miles downstream these decreased and the protozoa increased; next the protozoa decreased and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crustacea increased. The crustacea serve as food for fish, and fishermen were actually seen at the river mouth catching fish to be taken back to Rochester and used for food. Hence the cycle was complete. This is an excellent illustration of what is ever recurring in nature.

VIII

Other branches of sanitation are likewise developing; older ideas are being replaced by new. In many cases we still speak of them as problems, indicating that the solution is not yet satisfactory. The street-cleaning problem, the garbage and refuse problem, the housing problem, the factory problem, are in the same class with the ventilation problem and the sewage-disposal problem; and the list might be extended further. Modern science has taught us to do many things. But many things cost many dollars, and cities as well as individuals must cut their garments according to their cloth. Hence the great problem of all sanitary problems is to discriminate between the necessary and the merely advantageous, between the activities which save many lives and those which for the same expenditure save few, between those which make for health and those which make for comfort. Which is more important, a water-filtration plant or works for sewage-treatment? Better housing or more parks? More money for room-disinfection, or a larger corps of district nurses? More plumbing inspectors or better control of the milk-supply? The problem takes different forms in different places.

The solution of these vital problems demands the application of still another science, which is coming to the front, — demography, that is, vital and social statistics. Life-saving is being put on a quantitative basis, and to this end vital bookkeeping is just as much needed as the keeping of monetary accounts. Nowhere is there better opportunity for reform than here. In many of our states practically no records of births and deaths are kept, and in very few states are the records accurate. The Census Bureau is waging a campaign to better these conditions and secure adequate registration laws the country over.

This movement deserves the hearty support of every one. Unless we know the results of the sanitary measures which are put in force, how can we tell how much money it is wise to spend on them? In some cases we do know these results. For example, after the water-filtration plant was put in full operation at Pittsburgh the typhoid fever death-rate in the filtered district fell from 135 per 100,000 to 10; at Philadelphia it fell to 17.5; at Cincinnati, to 9 per 100,000. But how much weight shall be given to the regulation of milk-supplies, how much to motherhood instruction, how much to factory and school inspection, how much to the cleaning of streets and streams? We know only in part, and our sense of perspective in these matters is yet uncultivated. Sanitation to be economical must be put upon a quantitative basis.

If demography is to become a science, and it ought to be so regarded, it will not be sufficient merely to collect and tabulate the facts, and file the reports on dusty shelves. The statistics must be studied and applied. A loose handling of figures must give way to clear thinking and to honest conclusions based on the inviolable laws of logic. Illustrations of the wild and reckless use of so-called statistics are so common that the whole science is sometimes regarded as a house of cards. It is very easy to go astray. The death-rates all over the civilized world have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been decreasing during the last generation. Is this the result of improved sanitation? Yes, it is due very largely to that. But, hold! The birth-rates have also been falling; infant mortality rates are high; the fewer the children born, the fewer there will be to die; so that a falling birth-rate may of itself cause the death-rate to drop. Suppose we go further and ask why the birth-rate is falling? In part because the age at marriage is increasing among certain classes of society. And why is this? We see that a study of sanitation leads to a study of sociology.

This is an important conclusion. Sanitation cannot be measured in dollars alone, neither can it be measured in terms of births and deaths. It is what lies between one's birth and one's death that really counts. Of what avail to add two years to the average length of life if personal comfort and happiness are not also enhanced? To what extent can physical comfort and home life be secured in the tenement-house districts of our cities where people live crowded one thousand to the acre: forty-three square feet of land for each person, — a square seven feet on a side, not much larger than a respectable lot in a cemetery?

Vital statistics must not be confined to births and deaths. We need to know the effect of environment on the minor illnesses, on the time lost through sickness, on general health, physique, and personal comfort. Do cities yield as strong and healthy men as the country? Does good ventilation add to one's strength and stature? Does factory sanitation lessen the discomfort and the burden of toil as well as increase the efficiency of the laborers? Such questions as these need to be answered.

Some of the sanitary arts contribute both to longevity and to human enjoyment; others relate to the one or the other. All deserve consideration. The prompt collection and proper disposal of garbage and ashes has but little effect on public health, but foul odors and clouds of dust from collection carts are disagreeable enough. Even sewage treatment is more largely a matter of comfort than of health, although the prompt removal of sewage from an inhabited community is a very important health measure. Not only, however, does water-purification save lives and promote health, but a glass of cool, clean water is a joy in itself.

IX

There is one important force in the country which has not yet exerted itself as it might, or as it should, in behalf of better sanitation, — the life insurance companies. The mortality records of these companies are of immense value not only to the companies themselves but to the public authorities. Compiled with the acme of statistical skill, and with vast financial resources at command, these records have been applied to a single end, the promotion of life insurance. The data relate chiefly to males of insurable age, but in recent years the records cover a broader field. What is lacking is a proper correlation of the statistics of the life insurance companies with those of sanitary engineering.

Some of the life insurance companies are alive to this opportunity and are already at work, but far more important developments may be expected. Surely the insurance companies realize that it is better to receive premiums from the living than to pay claims to the dead; and just as fire protection in factories has lowered insurance rates, so the safeguarding of life by coöperative sanitation should redound to the benefit of the insured as well as of the insurance companies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

X

Lastly, the broadening science of sanitation calls for broader men, men of sound fundamental education, men of imagination, men of force. The prevention of disease and the promotion of health have passed beyond the boundaries of the medical profession. A new type of health officer is needed; a new career is opening for young men. Typical of the new spirit is the recently established School for Health Officers in Boston, Massachusetts, — a coöperation between Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It is significant that the administrative board of this new school is composed of a doctor of medicine, a doctor of science, and a civil engineer. As was said before, a health officer is a biological engineer.

The need of reliable men is not confined to the leaders of thought. The shame of American sanitation to-day is neglect of duty, non-enforcement of laws. Legislators do not legislate with wisdom, inspectors do not inspect, attendants do not attend, and laborers do not labor as they should. America is second to none in her engineering conceptions and designs, but America is far behind European nations in the work of operation of all public utilities. This is as true of sewage-treatment works as it is of railroads, as true of the street-cleaning departments as of the police force. No one ever summed up the situation in a more striking phrase than did the late Colonel Waring, the Commissioner of Street Cleaning in New York City, who took as his watchword, 'A man instead of a voter at the end of the broom.'

Nor is neglect confined to the official class and to city employees. Individuals are guilty of minor infractions of the law, streets are littered, the sweepings of stores are put in the gutters, houses and grounds are ill cared for, and in many ways pride in one's home seems to be lacking. The maintenance of the cleanliness of the environment by attention to these petty details by individuals and property owners might well be termed 'Collective Sanitation.' How can civic pride be obtained without individual pride, and how difficult is public sanitation without the individual instinct for cleanliness!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SKYSCRAPER

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

THE old brick building had vanished before the wreckers in a cloud of broken brick and plaster. From my window I could look down into the cavity which had held it. Already the muddy floor was dotted with the toadstool tents of the excavators, and day and night unceasingly wagon-loads of sticky clay and mud dragged up the incline to the street. Far down in the stifling air of the caissons the concrete roots were being planted, tied with cement and steel to the very core of the world.

The foundations were finished and the first thin steel columns stretched upward. In a day they multiplied. A hundred black shoots pierced the soil; a hundred sprouting shoots, in even rows, like a well-planted garden. In ordered plan the crossbeams fell into their places, and the great lattice of the substructure shaped itself. Then, above the uproar and vibration of the street, rose the angry clatter of the pneumatic riveters, steel against steel in a shattering reverberation.

With incredible rapidity the gaunt frame piled upward. On the topmost story the derricks crouched like giant spiders, thin legs firmly braced against post and I-beam, casting their threads of steel softly to the distant street to take a dozen tons of girders in their grasp and lift them, gently turning, to the top. Against the pale sky the black ribs of the building surged higher. As through prison bars I saw the distant blue of the harbor; the familiar view had vanished; a miracle had transformed it. Untiring, hour after hour, the derricks lifted bales of steel to swing into their destined place; and as each new story was bolted down the derricks lifted themselves heavily to the new level, clean cut against the sky, above the highest towers of the city.

Like beetles the steel-workers clambered surefooted over the empty frame. Far out on the end of narrow beams they hung above the void; on the tops of slender columns they clung, waiting to swing into place a ton of steel. Braced against nothing but empty space, they pounded red-hot rivets with their clattering hammers; like flies they caught the slim-spun threads of the derricks and swung up to some inaccessible height. On flimsy platforms the glow of their forges blinked red in the twilight.

I am thinking also of other workers: of men who measured this tall tower on their slide-rules, of grimy workers who followed their mystic blue-prints and made each piece with such fine precision that the great masses of steel fell softly into their final place with hair-breadth accuracy, rivet-hole to rivet-hole, and tongue in groove. Engineers, who foresaw each bolt and fitted so perfectly mass on mass with only imagination and their books of figures to guide them; workers in the steel mills of the distant city who moulded each beam and pillar to go together like a watch, — theirs is the silent forgotten labor!

Day faded in fog and darkness. Black-blurred, the frame of the skyscraper rose in the gray of the mist and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the shadow of the night. Through the tangle of its skeleton frame the flaming red and yellow of an electric sign spattered a trail of jeweled fire against the sky. Another, with a flash of myriad color, shone and was gone. Far down in the streets the glare of automobile lights stroked the gleaming blackness of the pavement. From surrounding buildings the glitter of countless windows shone brightly through the mist. But high above the firefly activity of the city the black frame of the skyscraper touched the starless sky. Like beacon fires the forges of the workers glowed intermittently, panting breaths of red, half smothered in the approaching night. In graceful curves, like tiny comets, the heated rivets, tossed from forge to the waiting bucket of the riveter, gleamed yellow and vanished. I thought of Whistler's nocturnes; of the fireworks at Cremorne.

I stood on the rough staging of the top floor of the tower. Above, the light steel ribs of the dome met in a heavy rosette from which a flagpole pointed to the drifting clouds. Standing on its base a man was arranging the tackle which would lift him up the slender mast, to paint it, or gild the ball at its tip. He saw me and leaned down.

'Come up,' he shouted.

I climbed the ladder and, with his arm to steady me, crawled out above the dome. There was room for my feet beside his. I heard him laughing beside me.

'Don't break off that pole, I've got to climb it.'

I looked down. The curving ribs of the dome ended in a shallow cornice twenty feet below. That was all. Far down the roofs of neighboring buildings lay flat and small in the sunlight. Like the great black matrix for a printed page the roofs and streets extended to the harbor and the hills; like column rules the shallow grooves of avenues cut sharply the solid lines of the side streets. Here and there were the open spaces of public squares; far off, the green sweep of a city park. And everywhere above the roofs wisps of steam and smoke lay softly on the breeze. Like crooked fingers the wharves caught the edge of the harbor; the water was a quivering green, dotted with toy boats that crossed and recrossed like water-insects, leaving a churn of white behind them and a smear of smoke above.

Straight down in the street the cars crawled jerkily in two thin lines, the beetle-backed roofs inch long in the distance. And everywhere were the moving dots of people, swarming upon the pavement.

It was very still. Far below, the noises of the street, the living cry of the city, rose like the murmur of a river in a deep cañon. Beside me, the steeplejack leaned easily against the mast, his eyes watching the distant glimmer of the sea. I looked up and the slowly moving clouds seemed suddenly to stand still, the tower took up the motion, and racing across the sky, the flagpole seemed bending to the earth.

Down in the street I joined the crowd on the sidewalk, necks bent back to watch a tiny speck at the top of the thin shaft of the flagpole.

'Pretty high up,' said some one.

'Yes,' answered another, 'but they 're putting in the foundation for a higher one on the corner.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CULTIVATION OF NONCHALANCE

BY ELIOTT PARK FROST

In the September *Atlantic*, Agnes Repplier pleads for a tautening of 'nerve'; pleads for training in old-fashioned tasks; for the robuster joy that comes from a job well done, and never from pleasures of idleness; pleads that we cease to tuck pillows underneath the sinner; pleads that we keep the world an austere place where 'strong incentives and impelling measures' shall maintain the 'walls of human resistance' mortared and moated against attack.

As a lay citizen I agree and applaud. Certainly we do breathe too much the lackadaisical air. We rest the major corner of too many responsibilities on other supports than our own shoulders; we are lenient with the idle and overdelicate with the invalid; religion is honeyed to a sickish sweet, and morality travels with a pardoner.

But as a psychologist I ask myself, can we hope ever to revert to the ancient austerities of conduct and still remain wholesome and sane, when meantime our environment has become so suddenly complex? Can we expect to handle the increased nervous traffic of our day without increasing our office force?

I am accustomed to think in terms of nerves and nervous systems, — those delicate mechanisms that have evolved from immemorial time to aid an organism, perennially ill-adapted, to adjust itself to an imperious environment. A thousand years pass. Selective processes do their best, and yet the change resultant in nervous structure is trifling. But within a single generation, so prodigious are inventions that the increase of nervous environment may be doubled.

Ours is the Age of Irritants. Our surprised nervous systems submit perforce to bombardments of stimuli that stagger them. More nervous energy is expended in ten minutes of Broadway than would have been demanded formerly in a pilgrimage to Rome. As a destroyer of nerves, the single invention of the automobile has probably more victims to its credit than the campaigns of all the war-lords. Lights flash at us, horns shrill at us, speeding things rush us from place to place, 'step lively' and 'watch your step' are the mottoes of the hour. But still we own the same old brand of nervous system that our forebears used in more reposeful times. In short, between our nervous abilities and the problems of the newer environments which they are called upon to solve, there is coming to be an ever-widening gap. So nerves are failing to 'adapt.'

Is not, then, some of this flabbiness of nerve-fibre, against which Miss Repplier rightly warns us, a kind of unconscious compromise, necessitated by the discrepancy between demand and supply of nerve-force? Can we, after all, dispatch our modern tasks by merely turning on a greater will-power?

Miss Repplier implies that we can: 'Every woman who has toiled for hours . . . has felt the nervous fatigue which does not crave rest, but distraction, which makes her want to "go." Every

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

woman worth her salt has overcome this weakness, has mastered this desire.'

Now whenever I hear 'desire' called 'weakness,' and its suppression called 'mastery,' I confess that I wince. It is a singular but ponderable fact that the patients who fill the waiting-rooms of our psychiatrists in increasing numbers are largely persons '*who have mastered their desires.*' It is usually for this very reason that they are become 'patients.' If psychology be right about it, true self-control is *not* suppression, but sublimation or transformation. The desire, natural and normal enough of itself, must be allowed expression, if not in one way then in another. To 'master' it merely, namely to repress it, is absolutely dangerous. Some day the repressed desire will come to its own.

Miss Repplier is in so far right: the doing of hard tasks is not 'waste of energy,' but a builder of fibre, mental and moral, no less than physical. On the other hand, tasks cannot be considered apart from the environment which conditions them. Are we not being asked to do the same hard task now under the handicap of several atmospheres of pressure? To do the job well, and at the same time conserve mental health, calls to-day for more nervous expenditure than it did even a generation ago. If living be more complex, while nervous systems remain the same, what compensation shall we provide?

This compensation need not, I take it, be physical. So far as work is concerned, mere work, our nerves exhibit an extraordinary margin of safety. We all possess untapped sources of energy for tasks, as such. Physically, man is still fit enough. We have no need, to date, of more nerves, or bigger ones. The failure of nerves, as any psychiatrist will testify, is primarily due to a false mental attitude engendered by the artificialities of our present scale of living. The compensating strength must come from a fresh mental attitude. With this proper *Bewusstseinslage*, office efficiency is increased, and the newer demands of our twentieth century can be met without injury. I have yet to meet a case of plain, uncomplicated 'overwork.'

This mental attitude for which I plead has the elements of indifference in it. In exaggerated form we call it smugness. Now it is true that smugness in the raw has little to commend it, psychologically or otherwise. Fortunately one seldom meets smugness pure, perhaps because smug folk exert themselves so inconsiderably that they do not get in the way. Theirs is an order of retired conceit; they live on their mental interest, as it were. One is reminded of the beef creatures, placid, soggy, stubborn. The cud of their complacency appears never to stale, and neither the refreshments of social intercourse nor its stimulation seem indispensable. It is as if their minds became stalls, and they live in them, content. Viewed as companions in a possible friendship, they are a total loss.

Despite all this my thesis is, that there is much to learn from smugness.

When one has exhausted adjectival invective, — has caught the smirk, the mentally folded hands, the exquisite vanity; when one has compared the fatty-mindedness and inertia of smug folk toward new ideas with the characteristics of whatever humbler creatures malevolent imagination may conjure up, one may yet, with old Sir Roger, find something for the defendant. There is, after all, a quality in the slag of their passive egotism that is worth the mining. Most of us lack a certain kind of smugness.

Life, so the physicians tell us, consists in the maintenance of equilibrium. The amounts of oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, sodium, potassium, magnesium, sulphur, iron, calcium,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phosphorous, and chlorine, — namely, the necessary ingredients of that protoplasmic sea we call our bodies, — these must be maintained, as they have been maintained through the ages, in relatively the same proportions, in order for life to exist. Disease is but a disruption of the balance; convalescence its restoration.

Now smug folk, like as not, have a bit too much sulphur in their gray matter, or too little magnesium in their blood. But this unfortunate disproportion shall not blind us to the value of sulphur and magnesium as life-constituents. Properly compounded, their contribution to organic processes is great.

In vain I search for simple language to express this good compound. Suppose we tailor a term to order and call it *ego-centric nonchalance*. To cultivate and bring to fruitage an indifference to one's personal, private, selfish self, is to possess ego-centric nonchalance. I know of no more wholesome quality than such a mental attitude. One should take a heaping teaspoonful before and after each meal, and a double dose on waking. And nonchalance, I take it, is the pith-principle of smugness.

This good kind of smugness, this indifference to self, stands out sharply enough in the mind of the physician, who sees so much of its opposite, worry. Worry, when you come to analyze it, is not a social vice. We worry chiefly over those things which concern the ME. Show me that what impends will leave My bank-account intact, My health unimpaired, My friends and family out, and any further tormenting solicitude that I may feel is frankly academic. I may still take thought and use preventive measures, but I cease, as if by magic, to worry over the outcome. On the contrary, I can now work for the accomplishment of my object better than ever before. For most worry is not only an arch form of selfishness, but it is the great inhibitor of action. We say, 'I am worried'; we mean, 'I fear for myself.' This is the opposite of nonchalance.

Phobism is an addiction to fear (another name for worry). If smugness be unlovely from a social point of view, phobism is fatal to its victim. Did it ever occur to you that fear can become a habit and a luxury, just as smoking is? But phobism is the more hazardous. We fear poverty, we fear disease, we fear death, we fear that we shall be snubbed, socially. And each separate fear impairs our capacity for work in a definite, measurable way. I know many people addicted to the use of fear. Some of them use it to excess. To the psychologist, fear is the most expensive of all habits that people indulge. Ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent of fear is as useless as a deck hand on a submarine.

I have in mind a man whom Miss Repplier should pronounce 'excellent.' He has, so far as I can observe, all the sturdy virtues for which she entreats. But this Mr. Pratt is essentially an inefficient man, made inefficient by his mental attitude. He is a provisional farmer, and he lives about a mile and a half from here as the crow flies (over the hill). I wish I had him here. He is one of the finest specimens of a phobist in the captivity of my social horizon. He once, so discreet rumor has it, was a barber. If so, he now conceals the fact under a flowing black beard. (Who ever heard of a barber with a beard?) Some relative, I believe, left him money, and he 'retired to a farm.' Men do worse things with windfalls.

He has a quiet, homey little wife, and three children, — one married, two in school; all are making good. So far as one can see, he has plenty of bread and butter, with a good bit of life's jam spread on top of it. His place up the lane really is one of the most com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fortable spots anywhere around here. You could not find the 'makings' of less trouble in another family in the country.

Yet Mr. Pratt has one of the finest collections of fears that I ever saw, felt, or endured hearing about.

For instance, take the weather. When I go there to neighbor, as I drive to and from town, the weather-topic bobs up early in the conversation (a compliment to his avocation). It is always portentous weather, somehow, over the hill. When we get a perfect day, say one of those rare ones in New England's October, when there 's been rain enough, dew enough, dry enough, and no killing frost, and the air is crisp and rich with sunshine, and I exclaim, 'Well, Mr. Pratt, isn't this a corker?' 'Mmm,' says Mr. Pratt, 'it 's a weather-breeder, though.'

I feel morally certain that Mr. Pratt goes over himself mentally every morning for symptoms of bodily shipwreck, or mental impairment. I told him once that he had ingrowing thoughts.

What is mischievous in the fear attitude is not its social unendurableness. We should be able to get along with the complainers, and willingly would cheer them up a bit now and then, if that were all. But the attitude of fear is essentially secretive and repressive; normal expressiveness and the springs of initiative are choked at the source. So restrictive is fear that he whom it controls can never hope to achieve beyond the routine, and if he be instigated to 'big tasks' he 'loses nerve.' All evolutional processes teach this: that fear puts one on the defensive, and that aggression becomes impossible. Even the arteries and glands of the body contract. One becomes a less fit animal.

It is this worry, or fear for self, engendered by the tensions of our new-fashioned ways, that makes for that 'nervous fatigue which does not crave rest, but distraction.' Nerves get tetanized and will not relax. To enforce the rigid discipline of task and precept no longer brings results. To talk of 'zest in work' is but a farcical euphemism to nerves that are overstrung.

Psychology has discovered within the last decade just how dangerous our repressions are. Ideas and emotions represent energy, and unless we expend the energy it becomes dammed back in the nervous system like so much steam under pressure, and sooner or later will explode, — or slowly fester like a tumor until the whole body is poisoned. The mind must be kept free from thoughts that clog. And the mental prophylaxis is a constant attitude of nonchalance. By changing our mental attitudes of apprehension to attitudes of nonchalance we accomplish as much as if we were able to increase our actual nervous capabilities, for we are rid of the greatest obstruction to action. To introduce system in an office is better than adding a clerk. This is good psychology, every word of it.

If I were going to attempt a sermon (and who does not feel himself capable of at least a couple?) my first text should be upon the theme: Shifting Gears. I should begin with a Pertinent Illustration. It would be the picture of a motor-car and a long hill. You size up the hill from the bottom, and attempt it on the high gear. The grade proves to be steeper than you at first thought. The engine begins to pound. But you have vowed to make the top on the high gear. By simply shifting over, with whatever reluctance, all would be well. Instead of that, you let the engine fret and throb, perhaps stall itself or wreck something, for your pride's sake. This the picture. Then the Moral Application (which every one has seen coming all along). 'Now, good friends, is n't this just what we are trying to do? Are we not playing the foolish chauffeur,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and wearing out our engines needlessly, when we attempt to take all life's roads on the high speeds? Shift your gears before it is too late!'

To aspiring youth we shall hold up the stars, but when one sits in the office of the psychiatrist and sees panting humanity, struggling, fear-filled, superstitious, overanxious, pouring in for help to bear unbearable and usually fictitious burdens, one feels like exclaiming, 'Why, in the name of heaven, do you take yourself so seriously? Nothing matters so much as all that.'

'There are two things which I abhor,' says Mahomet, 'the learned in his infidelities, and the fool in his devotions.'

Not that devotions are foolish, but that the fool misplaces his devotion. It is a matter of emphasis.

A youth whom I know prides himself upon his indomitable Will. Once committed to a position, that thing must be done, however trivial, or whatever the obstacle. When a decision is once made, it is raised *ipso facto* to the highest power of importance. Recently, in semi-private, he found occasion to remonstrate with his sister for allowing herself to be persuaded to play the piano, after at first demurring. 'If you yield to what other people ask, you will weaken your will-power,' he said in substance. Just the contrary! Such tenacity to the form is itself symptomatic of weakness. Only the strong will dares to be inconsistent. Over-solicitousness is the hall-mark of a phobia, a repressed fear. To the psychologist such an attitude is the ground-swell that marks a storm somewhere. My acquaintance is really fearful for his own powers of resistance.

It is an excellent thing to have some principles to which one is, upon occasion, false. Inconsistencies in small things may reserve force for the larger tasks. If one try to indue each undertaking with solemn and portentous meaning, he may find nerve lacking in the crisis. In his essay on Culture, Emerson writes: 'A man in pursuit of greatness feels no little wants. How can you mind diet, bed, dress, or salutes or compliments, or the figure you make in company, or wealth, or even the bringing things to pass, — when you think how paltry are the machinery and the workers?' The more solemnly a man conceives his task, the more nonchalantly does he view himself. If this indifference have something of smugness in it, by so much is smugness commendable.

So I suggest, perhaps it is not that the 'old belief . . . that the making of a good job out of a given piece of work' as the 'highest thing on earth' has 'lost its hold upon the world,' but rather that the world, needlessly overfretted, has lost its grip upon such jobs. Knowledge need not be necessarily 'made so attractive . . . that school children will absorb it with delight,' but something must be found to compensate for the unusual conditions of strain under which we labor. As life becomes more complex we can afford less energy expended self-ward. So long as we bear the double burden of task and worry, joy in work can never come, and nervous systems will continue 'eloquently to demand' the distractions of amusement.

To come to take one's personal fortunes nonchalantly, to wear them 'lak a loose garment,' to feel the earnestness of life and still smile, this is the finesse of good living.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

II. THE INSIDE HISTORY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

I

If the secret police of Paris, whose business it was to intercept letters for the private guidance of the First Consul in the spring of 1803, had chanced to peer through the windows of a certain modest establishment in the then Rue Chaussée d'Antin[1] on the evening of Sunday, March 13, there is every probability that at least one confidential communication entrusted to the mails that night would have been mysteriously 'delayed in transmission.'

Perhaps some such possibility as this may have occurred to the occupant of the house in question as he sat at his desk rapidly penning a dispatch, for Robert Livingston,[2] diplomatic representative of the United States in France, was fully aware of the means which Bonaparte employed to acquire inside information, and no envoy to the French Republic cherished any illusions concerning the sanctity of official correspondence, it being well known that the youthful conqueror was, in such matters, absolutely no respecter of persons. But if there had been time to consider this risk, the opportunity for insuring against it was wholly lacking; so, trusting to the fact that his report would disclose nothing which the Man of Destiny could possibly hope to suppress, the American Minister lost no time in dashing off a note to President Jefferson, advising him of an extraordinary and highly significant scene which had just been enacted in Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room.

It was not often that this experienced jurist from the new world acted on the spur of the moment. He was indeed one of those men whose commanding presence and calm judicial poise render it difficult to imagine them as ever being hurried or anxious or surprised. There is evidence, however, that when Robert Livingston drafted his famous dispatch on that Sunday evening he was considerably disturbed, for he not only added it as a sort of hurried postscript to an unfinished letter begun twenty-four hours earlier, *but actually rushed it into the mail without noticing that he had not changed the date.*[3]

Unusual as such a slip was for a man

[1] The writer is indebted to John Henry Livingston, Esq., for this information, which is based on a letter from Robert Fulton to the United States Minister, bearing this address on its envelope. Neither the State Department nor the United States Embassy at Paris has any record of the address of the American representative during this period. — The Author.

[2] The famous Chancellor is usually referred to as Robert R. Livingston. The initial R., however, was assumed merely to distinguish him from others of his family, and represented no part of his name. — The Author.

[3] This fact, which has heretofore apparently escaped the attention of historians, is clearly established by the detailed despatches of Lord Whitworth to the British government, published in 1887. — The Author.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his training, it was not surprising, for the episode at the Tuileries which he was hastening to describe had been well calculated to drive all minor matters from his mind; and the vital fact was that Bonaparte had taken the occasion of his wife's reception to utter what was probably the most astonishing declaration of war ever recorded in the history of the civilized world.

All the essentials of this amazing performance were accurately set forth in Livingston's dispatch, from which it appears that on the Sunday evening in question the First Consul had entered the salon where the diplomatic representatives of all the powers were assembled to pay their respects to his lady, and had made a formal circuit of the room, passing most of the company with a mere bow or a few civilities, but returning to the American Minister to distinguish him by marked attention. Then suddenly, turning to Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador, he had opened a rapid fire of offensive reflections on England's good faith, ending with the ugly threat that he must 'either have Malta or war.'

It is safe to assert that the Tuileries had never before witnessed such an exhibition of brutally bad manners. It was not only a gross violation of international courtesy, but a flagrant outrage against the ordinary laws of hospitality; and all the foreign representatives, friend and foe alike, experienced an affront to their own dignity in the treatment accorded to their fellow guest. But to the modest, unassuming American to whom Bonaparte had just paid marked attention the episode was more than a shock. It was a startling revelation of the fact that the moment for which he had long been waiting, but which he had almost despaired of seeing, had actually arrived.

Until the day he had accepted the post of Minister to France, Robert Livingston's career had been a series of successes, punctuated with honors and unmarred by a single failure of any kind. As lawyer, judge, legislator, statesman, Chancellor, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs under the Confederation, he had a home record of which he had good reason to be proud; and perhaps it was because he felt that he had nothing to gain and everything to lose by service abroad that he refused to consider the mission to France when it was first tendered to him by Washington in 1794. Even seven years later, when Jefferson urged him to take the appointment, he hesitated, and was persuaded to do so only on the constitutional expiration of his chancellorship. But whether this reluctance to change the field of his labors emanated from an instinctive dread of damaging his reputation or was due to other more obvious considerations, it is certainly true that from the tenth day of November, 1801, when he arrived in Paris, until Sunday, March 13, 1803, his mission to the French Republic was a lamentable and unmitigated failure. Indeed, he had already received an official intimation of that fact by the appointment of James Monroe to act, nominally as his colleague but virtually as his successor, in all further negotiations with the government of France.

Assured as Livingston was that the nomination of this additional envoy was in no way a reflection on his zeal, it was, of course, a blow to his pride, and he resented it with all the bitterness of a proud man who knows that appearances are against him, but scorns to defend himself or to offer explanations of any kind. Had he desired to do so, however, it would have been difficult for him to minimize the extent of his failure, which was humiliatingly complete. That he had not been able to induce Bonaparte to enter into a new

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treaty ceding the island of New Orleans or at least granting some permanent 'right of deposit' for American merchants on the Mississippi, was naturally a keen disappointment to his government. The suggested concession was trifling and the price which he was authorized to pay for it was enormous, for the United States was actually willing to guarantee France in the undisturbed possession of all her territory west of the Mississippi in exchange for a mere trading privilege on the river! In view of this extraordinary offer it is no wonder that Livingston's futile negotiations were well-nigh inexplicable. But discreditable as his failure to secure a new treaty appeared to be, his inability to enforce the observance of the existing one was even worse. This solemn compact, by which France had promised payment of the damages inflicted by her on American shipping during the recent war with England, was not denied, nor were the damages seriously questioned. Nevertheless, neither Bonaparte nor Talleyrand had taken any practical notice of the American diplomat's requests for settlement; and though he had plied them constantly, and at times almost recklessly, with notes and arguments, he had been politely but ingloriously side-tracked and ignored.

That Jefferson and his cabinet were rapidly growing impatient with this condition of affairs and were inclined to enforce the old treaty and procure trading privileges on the Mississippi, even at the cost of a war with France and a coalition with England, was well known to Livingston through the secret negotiations between London and Washington which had, for some time, been paving the way for this desperate move. Indeed, it was this knowledge that had emboldened him to lay certain written memoranda before Bonaparte, calling his attention to the defenselessness of Louisiana, and even arguing that he would do well to take such steps as would make the United States a stumbling-block in England's path and prevent the whole province from falling into her hands as an easy prize in case of war. They were able papers, were those memoranda of February 1, 18, and 27, 1803, but little did the writer then dream that within a fortnight his guarded references to what might happen would be read as probabilities instead of possibilities.

It is no wonder then that the anxious diplomat hastened to advise his chief of Bonaparte's informal declaration of war, and that he had something more important to think of than the date of his dispatch. Here he was, at the age of fifty-seven, after almost two years of fruitless work in Paris, confronted with an opportunity to redeem his reputation and effect a great stroke for his country; but unless the climax could be hastened, all the credit for the achievement would accrue to a political opponent, more than ten years his junior, who was even then on the high seas hastening to his undeserved reward. No man with good red blood in his veins could possibly have contemplated such a situation with indifference, and Livingston came of a family whose members had always been distinguished for courage and resource.

Thus, for the next three weeks, the American Minister might have been seen almost daily in the company of a tall, strong-faced, vigorous-looking man about sixty years of age, with whom he appeared to be on unusually good terms, for Barbé-Marbois, the Minister of the Treasury, had served six years as Secretary of the French legation to Congress (1779–85), and his friendship with Livingston was one of long standing. Probably there was no official anywhere in Europe who was so well informed concerning all that pertained to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the United States, as this confidant of Bonaparte, for he not only had a wide personal acquaintance among its leading citizens, but he had married the daughter of a well-known American. He was therefore naturally predisposed to favor the claims of the United States, and this fact, combined with his official knowledge of the finances of his government and the drain to which they would be subjected in case of war, made him an ideal go-between in the indirect negotiations by which Livingston hoped to mould the First Consul's mind.

But Barbé-Marbois was not the only person of importance through whom the American envoy sought to gain a hearing for his cause during those anxious weeks, for if he had not made progress in his negotiations, he had certainly made friends, and there was probably no other foreign representative in France who had equal facilities for urging his views unofficially upon Bonaparte and his cabinet. He was on intimate terms with Alexandre Berthier, Napoleon's trusted counselor, who had served in the army sent by France to aid the United States during the Revolution; he had the ear of the Third Consul, Lebrun, one of whose children had married into the family of Barbé-Marbois; he was well acquainted with Bernadotte, brother-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte; and through all these and many others he managed, by a word here and a word there, to keep his arguments and warnings constantly before the man who, at that crisis, controlled the destinies of France.

But the month of March slipped quickly by with nothing to show that all this activity had had even the slightest effect upon Bonaparte; and meanwhile the vessel bearing Monroe to the shores of France was drawing nearer and nearer to its port, until on April 6, 1803, it was due to arrive at almost any hour. Then Fate interposed in favor of the despairing diplomat — Fate in the guise of Talma, the most famous actor of his day.

II

All Paris attended the Comédie Française on the evening of April 6, to witness the first appearance of the distinguished player in the rôle of Hamlet.[1] It was a notable occasion in the history of dramatic art in France, but the tragedian behind the footlights was forced to share his triumph with an actor in the front who was testing the temper of his audience for the new drama of The Empire, in which it was his purpose to essay the leading part. Indeed, it is somewhat doubtful if Talma would have been greeted by quite so large a house if Bonaparte had not been advertised to appear in what passed for the royal box; and loudly as the artist on the stage was applauded, the man who was Emperor in all but name was even more enthusiastically acclaimed by the excited throngs. It was in fact just the greeting which the Consul-for-life needed to encourage him in attempting the new rôle which his ambition prompted.

But while all Paris was dividing its tumultuous plaudits between the favorite of the theatre and the idol of politics, there were two Frenchmen of note whose seats, strangely enough, were unoccupied. Lucien Bonaparte, a younger brother of Napoleon, had arrived that evening from his country seat at Plessis for the express purpose of witnessing Talma's *première;* but when he reached his residence in town he had unexpectedly encountered his brother Joseph, who had hastened to inform him that he had news which

[1] A full account of this performance appears in *Le Moniteur Universel* of April 7, 1803. — The Author.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would speedily drive all thoughts of theatre-going from his mind. This mysterious greeting naturally alarmed Lucien, who imagined that some family misfortune must have occurred; and he was therefore more relieved than startled when Joseph announced, with suppressed excitement, that the First Consul was planning to sell Louisiana in order to procure funds for the now inevitable war.

To Lucien's mind this piece of news was too ridiculous for belief and could be regarded only as a joke. In the first place, he protested, nobody would buy the province, and in the second place, it could not be sold without the consent of the Chambers, which could not possibly be had. But these objections were instantly met by Joseph's assertion that the Americans were the intending purchasers, and that the First Consul did not contemplate referring the matter to the national representatives at all. This set Lucien thinking, and the longer he thought the more serious he grew. Fantastic as the proposition sounded, he knew enough of his brother's temperament to make him suspect that it might be true, and if it were true, he saw not only a danger to the whole House of Bonaparte, but a personal affront to himself, which he could not lightly brook: for the proudest act of his brief public life had been his signing of the final treaty by which Louisiana had been restored to France by Spain.[1] As a matter of fact, the ink on that peculiar document was scarcely dry, and the actual retrocession of the province had not yet been accomplished. To talk of selling it under such circumstances was, to his mind, downright folly. But to do this without consulting the man whose signature was appended to the title-deed was arrogance gone mad.

It did not require much thinking along these lines to render Lucien even more indignant than his eldest brother, and, as Joseph had prophesied, all thoughts of the play vanished from his mind as he dwelt upon the enormity of the proposed transaction and the necessity for nipping it in the bud without delay. It was one thing, however, for the brothers to denounce the project to each other in private, but quite another to formulate a plan for laying down the law to Napoleon, and it was midnight before they agreed upon the proper method of approach. It was finally decided, however, that Lucien should attend at the Tuileries in the morning and allow the First Consul himself to introduce the subject, which should be received with sufficient astonishment to disabuse his mind of any suspicion that his brothers were acting in concert. Then, at the appropriate moment, Joseph was to appear and throw himself into the breach. With this understanding the brothers parted for the night, blissfully ignorant of the deafening cheers which were even then resounding in and around the Comédie Française.

The next morning (Thursday, April 7, 1803), Lucien Bonaparte appeared bright and early at the Tuileries — too early, in fact, for the First Consul, who had not yet completed his toilet. Nevertheless, he sent word that the visitor should come upstairs, and Lucien was speedily ushered into a bathroom where he found his distinguished brother immersed in a tub of hot water clouded with cologne. This was not by any means an ideal setting for the interview which the visitor had in mind; indeed, it was rather ridiculous to think of discussing a weighty question of state under such circum-

[1] The secret treaty of San Ildefonso, October 1, 1800. Garden notes the interesting fact that the acquisition of Louisiana was the only territorial gain which Napoleon made 'without his sword in hand.' — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stances; but in view of the fact that his mission was to prevent his brother from getting himself into hot water (with or without cologne) in regard to Louisiana, the surroundings might well have been regarded as singularly appropriate.[1] Perhaps some notion of this kind may have occurred to the self-appointed emissary for, as the sequel proved, he was not altogether lacking in a sense of humor. At all events he determined to seize the first favorable opportunity for expressing his opinions on the subject uppermost in his mind, and, finding himself warmly welcomed, sat down to await the arrival of the psychological moment.

The two men who were thus brought face to face were strikingly alike in their physical appearance, and not wholly dissimilar in temperament. Lucien, then in his twenty-ninth year, was short and slightly built like his brother, and, although six years his junior, looked to be about the same age. Each had the same dark hair, pale face and regular, clear-cut features, and each possessed a high temper, of which Lucien, however, had the better control. Indeed, Lucien was the boldest, though perhaps the least scrupulous, of Napoleon's brothers, and the only one who had the courage to assert his independence of this master of men. He was, however, a poet and an idealist rather than a fighting man, and, although he did not fear his elder brother's violent fits of wrath, he disliked quarreling with him and avoided it whenever possible. It was with some relief, therefore, that he noted the unusual affability of his host, but he soon learned that this was by no means a happy circumstance, for the First Consul was in one of his exalted moods when any criticism of his actions was a presumption, and any doubt of his omnipotence a challenge. On the surface, however, he was amiability itself, and the cause of this was not far to seek, for he immediately began rallying Lucien on his failure to attend Talma's première, which, notable as it was from an artistic standpoint, had proved an even more notable political occasion, demonstrating, as it did, the confidence and affection with which all Paris regarded its present ruler. Indeed, the recipient of this mark of public favor was so plainly elated at his success that he dwelt upon it at some length, even permitting himself to comment on the wonderful fact that he who had once shot down the Parisians in their own streets should, in the course of a few years, have become the idol of the populace and be able to lead them by a thread.

From these pleasing reflections he then passed to less personal subjects, but the arrogant self-confidence and domineering superiority which marked his every utterance jarred upon his listener, who grew decidedly restive as minute after minute slipped by without affording the opening that he sought. But Napoleon, lying back luxuriously in his perfumed bath, remained oblivious of this fact and continued holding forth omnisciently on every topic under the sun save the only one upon which his hearer wished him to discourse. Do what he would, however, to guide the conversation toward Louisiana, the visitor could not succeed in effecting his design and the fraternal tête-à-tête was suddenly brought to a close by a sound of cat-like scratching upon the bath-room door. This was the private signal by which Rustan, Napoleon's dusky bodyguard, always announced his approach, and his mis-

[1] The whole scene of the strange meeting between Napoleon Bonaparte and his brothers is recorded in great detail in vol. II of *Lucien Bonaparte et ses Mémoires* (Th. Jung), which, curiously enough, has never been translated in its entirety. — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion on this occasion was to advise the First Consul that his eldest brother had arrived at the palace and desired an audience.

The premature appearance of his confederate was far from agreeable to Lucien; but as an attendant was already preparing the sheet in which the master usually enveloped himself on emerging from the tub, he entertained the hope that the threatened visitation might be, at least, postponed. But Napoleon, who was notoriously fond of the sort of bathing in which he was then indulging,[1] had no thought of hurrying his ablutions and evidently welcomed an addition to the little family party. The newcomer was accordingly speedily ushered into the already overheated bath-room which was soon to prove too hot for one of its occupants.

Joseph was only about a year older than Napoleon, but, except in point of age, the two men were essentially different. There was, of course, a certain family resemblance between them, but Joseph's thin, pale, melancholy face, weak in itself, was rendered still weaker by the peculiar style of side-whiskers which he affected, and which were much in vogue at that period. He was, indeed, a mere puppet in the hands of his imperious brother, who did not scruple to show a contempt of his opinions and to ride roughshod over him at every opportunity.

The conversation on this occasion, however, began pleasantly enough, but the formal greetings had barely been exchanged before Napoleon himself introduced the subject which Lucien had not ventured to broach, by asking Joseph if he had told the younger brother of what he was pleased to call 'our' plan for disposing of Louisiana. 'It is your plan, not mine,' Joseph quickly asserted, thus paving the way for an explanation of the proposed transaction, to which Lucien listened with a becoming show of interest and surprise. He made no comment, however, upon the First Consul's slurring allusions to Joseph's reception of the scheme, until a direct question forced him to admit that he agreed with his brother in opposing any such disposition of France's dominion across the seas. It was, he ventured to assert, a transaction which would never receive the approval of the Chambers.

'*You* venture to assert!' sneered Napoleon; but before he could continue Joseph advanced to the attack, declaring that Lucien was right, and that nothing was more certain than that the Chambers would refuse to countenance the projected sale.

To the man whose ears were still ringing with the cheers of the Comédie Française this denial of his absolute authority was not only an affront, but a downright impertinence, and Napoleon was instantly blazing with wrath. To whom did these whipper-snappers think they were talking?[2] Assent of the Chambers indeed! He'd have Master Joseph and Citizen Lucien know that he did n't propose to ask anybody's consent, and that he did what he liked without so much as a by-your-leave! Lucien and his great diplomatic conquest! Joseph and his Chambers! Bah! They could both go and put on mourning for their losses if it would do them any good, but it was high time that they understood who was the master

[1] See the chapter entitled 'Le Quos Ego de la Baignoire Consulaire,' in *Lucien Bonaparte et ses Mémoires*.' This and the following chapter in the French bear the date of 1802, which is obviously an error, as the incidents referred to therein occurred in 1803. — THE AUTHOR.

[2] The substance and effect rather than the exact words of this tirade are here recorded. Lucien Bonaparte's Memoirs, however, contain a minute report of all that was said and done. — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of France. . . . Joseph would himself mount the tribune and denounce him in the Chambers? Ha! Ha! That was funny — positively funny!

Thus far the berated visitors had scarcely been able to get in a word, but the sound of Napoleon's contemptuous laughter stung Joseph beyond endurance, and, advancing to the edge of the bath, he fairly screamed forth a torrent of words, ending in a downright insult which caused Napoleon to leap up with a roar and then fling himself back in the bath, literally deluging the speaker with water.

Lucien instantly attempted to turn this into a joke with an apt quotation from Virgil,[1] but the valet, who had been listening open-mouthed to the bitter family wrangle, had either had all sense of humor completely frightened out of him or was overcome by the heat of the room, for he collapsed on the floor in a dead faint, and in the commotion which ensued both the quarrel and its cause were momentarily forgotten.

But a Corsican never quite forgets, and when Joseph retired to change his dripping clothes Napoleon and Lucien straightway resumed the dispute in the former's dressing-room. For some little time they discussed the situation with calmness, but Napoleon was in no mood for argument. Probably he had not yet fully convinced himself of the wisdom of selling the province, and he was certainly not then committed to this policy; but the opposition of his family and their denial of his ability to carry the matter to a conclusion roused his bitterest resentment, and he undoubtedly then and there determined to show them and all other doubters that his will was law. Lucien had, therefore, scarcely begun to argue the question before he was ordered to 'Shut up!' and informed that he could save all his talk and fine phrases about the Constitution and national representation for the political clubs, where such chatter would doubtless be appreciated. For his own part, however, the First Consul desired to hear no more of it, for he did not propose to take lessons in the art of government from any oracle of debate. Insulting as all this was, Lucien kept his temper and strove with some success to mollify the angry man; but upon his reiterating the statement that any disposition of French territory without the consent of the Chambers was flagrantly unconstitutional, Napoleon interrupted him with an angry snarl. 'Get out!' he thundered, and the interview was practically at an end. But it was not destined to close immediately, for Lucien stood his ground and had the temerity to repeat his assertion that the transaction was illegal, only to be informed that his hearer snapped his fingers at that.

'I do not snap my fingers at you,' retorted Lucien warmly, 'but I know what I think about you.'

'Well, out with it!' commanded his brother. 'What do you think about me?'

'I think, Citizen Consul,' responded the younger man, 'that if I were not your brother I would be your enemy.'

'My enemy!' bellowed Napoleon, raising his hand as though to strike the speaker. 'You my enemy! Just try it once. Why, I'd break you like that!'

He picked up his snuff-box as he spoke, and flung it violently on the floor, dislodging the inlaid miniature of Josephine, by Isabey, which adorned the cover.

[1] The lines he repeated with quick wit were from the Æneid, in which Neptune rebukes the winds and quiets the boisterous waves. They ended with the words 'Quos ego — sed motos præstat componere fluctus,' which explains the title of the chapter in Lucien's Memoirs describing the episode. — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lucien stooped and, picking up the portrait, returned it to its owner with a low bow.

'It is not your brother but your wife's picture you have broken,' he remarked, as he backed toward the door, not out of respect for his imperious relative, but, as he states, to guard himself against attack. Napoleon, however, remained quietly standing at his desk, and as Lucien retired he noted that the Man of Destiny was vainly endeavoring to restore his wife's miniature to its proper place.[1]

III

Had Livingston been aware of this family quarrel it would doubtless have delighted him beyond measure, but it is difficult to imagine what he could have done to take advantage of it. He was, indeed, doing all that was prudent to influence Bonaparte's judgment, and too much pressure might have proved disastrous. Events, however, were working for him, and on Easter Sunday, just three days after the fraternal fracas at the Tuileries, the First Consul summoned Barbé-Marbois, the Minister of the Treasury, and Decrès,[2] the Minister of Marine, to St. Cloud and invited them to give him their opinions concerning the advisability of selling Louisiana to the United States.

Each of these men stated his views at some length, Marbois warmly approving the sale on substantially the grounds set forth in Livingston's memoranda, and Decrès opposing it as an unnecessary dismemberment of France.

Bonaparte listened to the arguments until nearly midnight, but closed the conference without comment of any kind. If he retired to sleep on the subject, however, he must have had a restless night, for he was up at daybreak (April 11), summoning Marbois from his bed to examine certain dispatches which had just arrived from London. The news which they contained plainly indicated that England, taking the First Consul at his word, was hurriedly arming herself for the coming struggle, and the moment Bonaparte realized this, he determined, not only to obtain the sinews of war by the sale of Louisiana, but to do it with a speed which would effectually silence any one who dared to doubt that his will was law in France.

'I will let Louisiana go,' was his instant decision. 'It is not only New Orleans that I will cede, but the whole colony, without any reservation. I direct you,' he continued, addressing Marbois, 'to negotiate the affair with the envoys of the United States at once. Do not even await the arrival of Mr. Monroe. Have an interview with Mr. Livingston this very day. But I require a great deal of money for this war. I want fifty millions — for less than that I will not treat.'

Probably no one in France appreciated the financial necessities of the government more thoroughly than the man to whom those terse instructions were issued, but it was Talleyrand, and not he, who startled Livingston a few hours later by casually inquiring whether the United States wanted the

[1] The accident to her portrait, according to a footnote in Lucien's Memoirs, worried Josephine, who was superstitious about it, and under the advice of a fortune-teller she had a duplicate of the miniature executed and mounted over the original. The box with the two portraits was said to be still in existence at the date of the publication of the Memoirs. — THE AUTHOR.

[2] Garden's *Histoire Générale des Traités de Paix* is authority for the statement that Alexandre Berthier and not Decrès was present at this conference. Marbois's *History of Louisiana* (a more convincing authority in this particular) is accepted by the writer. Garden's history, though it bears no date, was published between 1848 and 1859. Marbois's work very much earlier — probably 1828–30. — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole of Louisiana, or merely the island of New Orleans.

To ask the man who, for two years, had been vainly struggling to obtain a trading-post, well-nigh regardless of cost, if he desired to purchase an empire, and to expect him to believe that the question was nothing more than a passing thought, was an insult to his intelligence, and Livingston, instantly grasping the situation, saw that his hour had come. There was not a moment to be lost, however, if he was to make the best of this magnificent diplomatic opportunity, for Monroe's vessel had already arrived and Monroe himself was even then journeying overland toward Paris.

In a fever of anxiety, therefore, Livingston kept in close touch with the Foreign Office, hoping and praying that its chief would see fit to amplify his cautious hint. Indeed, he barely let Talleyrand out of his sight during the next four-and-twenty hours, but the wily ex-Bishop of Autun gave no further sign, and the morning of April 12 dawned with every prospect that Monroe would reach the city before further progress could be made. It was a matter of hours now, and sick at heart, but fearing to spoil everything by over-anxiety, the American envoy awaited the message which would either summon him to the Foreign Office and victory or to James Monroe and defeat. Eleven o'clock passed with no word of any kind, and at noon the issue still hung in the balance; but at one in the afternoon the silence was broken by an announcement that Monroe had arrived and was awaiting his colleague at a hotel.

It was a cruel blow, but there was nothing to do but accept it calmly; and Livingston rose to the occasion by promptly calling on the newcomer and inviting him to be his guest that evening at a little dinner he had arranged in honor of his arrival. There was not much time to explain the sudden change which had occurred in the diplomatic situation since Monroe had left America, but enough was said to apprise him of the crisis which was pending, and to pave the way for a fuller discussion on the morrow.

Under ordinary circumstances Livingston would undoubtedly have welcomed the coöperation of the distinguished Virginian whom Jefferson had selected as his Ambassador-at-Large, for Monroe had formerly represented the United States in France, and knew the country and its people as well perhaps as any American of his day. Moreover, the personal relations between the two men were friendly, and their differences in politics were by no means acute. Neither the host nor his guest, therefore, was under any constraint or embarrassment when they met that evening around the social board; and the dinner, to which a number of other men had been invited in honor of the new envoy, would doubtless have been devoid of incident had not Livingston, chancing to glance through the dining-room window, observed a familiar figure in his garden. One glance was sufficient to advise him that the uninvited guest was none other than Barbé-Marbois, and a servant was at once dispatched to invite the Minister of the Treasury to join the dinner party, which was just about to adjourn for coffee and cigars. Marbois, however, begged to be excused, sending word that he would return later and pay his respects to Mr. Livingston's distinguished guest, with whom he was already well acquainted.

That he had called expressly for this purpose was plausible enough in view of his friendship with both the American envoys; but if Livingston accepted this explanation of his presence he speedily changed his mind when his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visitor again appeared. Indeed, Marbois had barely been presented to the assembled company before he drew his host aside and, whispering that he had something to say which must be said in private, suggested that Livingston come to the Treasury as soon as the duties of hospitality allowed.

It is safe to say that no host ever watched the clock with more anxiety than Livingston on that eventful evening, or speeded his guests with more relief; but it was eleven o'clock before the last one departed and somewhat later when he joined the Minister of the Treasury at the latter's office.

Marbois lost no time in laying the situation before his guest, advising him, more or less truthfully, that the whole matter of the proposed sale of Louisiana had passed from Talleyrand's hands to his own, and that he was authorized to offer the entire colony to the United States for the sum of a hundred million francs plus all claims of American citizens against France. Astounding as these figures sounded, it is doubtful if they made much impression upon Livingston in his joy at his eleventh-hour victory. Nevertheless, he suppressed his feelings sufficiently to protest that the price was practically prohibitive; but Marbois's ominous reply, 'You know the temper of the youthful conqueror — he is quick as lightning,' warned him that to hesitate might be to lose. He therefore acted accordingly, and though no such acquisition of territory was contemplated by his government, and he was absolutely without authority to pay more than a small fraction of the sum demanded, the negotiation was practically closed before the conference ended. Then he hurried home to record the result of his night's work, and at three o'clock in the morning, while Monroe was blissfully sleeping, a dispatch announcing Livingston's great diplomatic triumph was on its way to Washington.

Eighteen days later (April 30, 1803) the treaty was completed, with the purchase price fixed at approximately seventy-five million francs,[1] and on the next day (May 1) Monroe was, for the first time, officially presented to the First Consul at the Tuileries.

[1] All the funds from the sale of Louisiana were expended by Napoleon in his futile preparations for the invasion of England. — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GARDEN

BY GRETCHEN WARREN

A MAN there was, of simple kind
Who to the Lord gave all his mind;

For naught he cared, naught cravèd he
But his Lord's servant for to be,

And e'en his garden plot kept fair
Because, he said, the Lord walked there.

Of this his friends made many a jest
Yet he toiled on with heart at rest.

The years went by, — with head grown gray
Still he believed Christ passed that way.

Then came a time when he was left
Of loving wife and child bereft;

'He will doubt now,' the scoffers said,
'When wife and child and love are dead.'

But all their words he heeded not,
And tended still the garden plot.

At last himself lay at death's door,
To love, believe, and work no more.

His pitying friends stood by his bed,
And this is what to them he said:

'Oh, bury me not in a churchyard mound
But lay me in my garden ground;

From loving dust, it needs must be
That flowers will spring more fair to see,

And Christ will know, in my last sleep,
For Him I still the garden keep.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CULT OF THE PASSING HOUR

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I

Our epoch is unique in two points: no age has ever moved so fast; no age has ever been so eager, so minute, so devout, a watcher of its own movements. Two questions naturally follow. How far is the progress beneficial?—a broad topic which almost engrosses the energies of current literature,—and what is the moral, the internal, effect of this intensified self-concentration? To the latter question I confine myself in the present essay.

The action of like — partly indeed of identical — causes has made the world at the same moment a marvelous stage and an incomparable auditorium. The two conditions of spectatorship have met. The rate of change, and the rate of its publication and dissemination, have increased in equal ratio. At the same time that discoveries and inventions multiply, that the world of mechanics, with its client, the world of business, shows a hitherto unsuspected plasticity, the facilities for report and record, the railway, the newspaper, the telegraph, the cable, the 'wireless' (already domesticated by a nickname), the kodak, the cinematograph, have made the dissemination of novelties virtually immediate and practically universal. The phrase 'world-drama' was threadbare before it became appropriate; but our own day has made history in the larger sense all but literally a drama, that is, a rapid succession of moving events addressed almost on the spot to the immediate, concentrated, sympathetic attention of a vast body of spectators.

The extent and nature of the changes vary with the field. Exploration still supplies its marvels, but with the earth practically ransacked and the planets still inaccessible, advance in this line will be temporarily checked. It is in science, and the industries and pastimes that are its brood, that discovery and invention are perennially active; that innovation, in the strictest and strongest sense, is omnipresent and all-powerful. The steps by which this influence passes from the laboratory to the factory, and from the factory to the hearth and the statehouse, by which a new science generates a new economics, a new politics, and a new ethics, must be traced by those specialists to whom this very movement is ceding the world. In politics, the scope for real novelty — that is, for untried methods — is necessarily more restricted; still, until democracy becomes logically complete by the admission of the last unenfranchised class, even children, to the privilege of the ballot, until socialism becomes logically complete by the inclusion of the last industry, even cookery, in the functions of the state, the field of experiment will remain unexhausted.

The relation of literature, art, and philosophy to the movement called progress is somewhat different. The phases through which they pass are never novel in the sense in which we apply that term to the discovery of the North Pole or of the cinematograph; they are recurrences—broad paraphrases rather

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than strict translations, however — of earlier phases in the evolution of the race. But the evocation of these phases has been greatly accelerated by the general forward movement of mankind; partly from the instinctive conformity which induces one man to quicken his pace to keep step with his hurrying companion, partly because science is constantly recasting the material out of which literature, art, and philosophy are made. By a natural though unwarranted analogy, novelty in these fields, which represents merely a veering or tacking of the human mind, is invested in the thoughts of men with that authoritative and final character which belongs by right only to actual increment of knowledge, to clear gains in power.

Meanwhile, three checks on the self-magnifying tendencies of the present moment have been almost simultaneously removed. The location of the source of the religious culture of Western Europe in Palestine in the first century, the reversion of its secular culture to a fountain-head in Greece three or four centuries earlier, the concentration of mighty hopes and fears on the next world, made the glorification of the current spectacle impossible to our forefathers.

In our own day, the virtual abandonment of traditional Christianity, the obsolescence, in spite of interesting and praiseworthy sporadic revivals, of the direct impact of Greek culture on present-day life, the abrogation of the next world as an influence on conduct, have removed the chief obstacles to our submergence by the passing hour.

We should have to resort to barbarism to find another epoch so exclusively and fervidly contemporaneous. In all periods, of course, action and emotion have exalted the present hour; the distinction of our own age lies in the assumption by thought, by study, by our impersonal and unselfish interests, of this strongly contemporaneous direction. The 'Carpe diem' of the Latin epicure, the 'Now is the accepted time' of the Judæan Paul, we adopt in a new sense, unreconciled with the purposes of either epicure or apostle. We abolish the preterite tense; and the majestically self-centred phrase of the ancient Hebrews, 'I am,' might be appropriated to the naming of our divinity.

II

The tendency has its undoubted benefits. It fosters an alertness of mind similar to that which, in a night of pyrotechnics, scans the whole horizon in search of the undefined point at which the next rocket may ascend. Again, civilized mankind has become less parochial, the bonds of prejudice are relaxed, ambition is quickened and egotism checked by the neighborhood, in a real sense, of great nations and lofty individuals. An American shopkeeper can follow to-day the history of Russia more closely than could its own czar a century ago. We view the earth from a supramundane eminence, so to speak, and it would be both unkind and unfair to recall the name of the personage who first indicated the pinnacle from which the kingdoms of the world and their glory could be collectively surveyed. It might even seem that the contraction in the field of time was offset by the increased command of space, since mental breadth is dependent on variety of objects, and it matters little if history or geography be the specific frame on which the requisite abundance and variety are set forth. The broadening effect in everyday humanity is certainly not obtrusive, but it would be unjust to test any ameliorative force — Christianity, for instance, or democracy — by its outward and visible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

workings in the constitution of the average man.

The reality of these benefits may be conceded. Many people would add that the conversion of the world into a vast amphitheatre, the presence, not of the entire globe perhaps, but of all that great section of the globe now meshed in the coils of journalism and telegraphy, at practically the same moment, at the great spectacle of contemporary progress, must strongly reinforce the solidarity and further the unification of mankind. Unluckily, this is one of the cases in which the difference between virtual and material presence, the difference between approximate and actual identity of time in the survey, is all-important. Curiosity is a strong incentive but a weak cement, and a partition or an interval is enough to destroy the cohesion of spectatorship. Men must be literally and sensibly together before participation in a great spectacle can exert a distinctly unifying force. Again, the cementing effect of shared experience is inversely proportionate to the number of shareholders: the daily circuit of the sun has no visible effect in the consolidation of humanity. It is not the consolidating efficacy, but the quickening and liberalizing influence, that constitutes the claim of the new tendency to the consideration and approval of mankind.

III

I proceed to another effect. The cult of the present moment is largely responsible for the break-up of the old-time relations between youth and maturity. For progress means an unstable, a mobile, environment, and the great desideratum in a changing universe is plasticity. But youth, both by character and circumstance, is the plastic time of life, and its flexibility in self-adjustment is aided by its instinctive sympathy with an epoch which mimics the lustihood and suppleness of youth.

In former times the slow-paced world could not keep abreast of the alert individual, and, up to the time of intellectual and physical decay, the strong man found his control of his environment, his mastery of his problem, continuously augmenting. But to-day the growth of his own experience is far less important than facility of access to the far larger body of knowledge which the world, propelled by a new impetus, has accumulated in the meantime. The speed of the world-movement has immeasurably quickened, and, in his competition with mankind, in his race with the race, if the triviality may be pardoned, the able man finds himself overtaken and outstripped, not in his decay, but in the fullness of his activities and the meridian of his powers, at a time when his individual speed is undiminished or even accelerating.

The result of these changes has been the undoing of a long-established and felicitous partition of honor, privilege, and responsibility between the different periods of life. The apportionment of counsel to the old, action to the young, expressed the world's recognition of a happy equipoise in the relations of the two halves of man's estate. Nature had been so liberal to youth that the balance was felt to be sanely and graciously preserved in the assignment to age of the leadership in society. A real justice allied itself to a fine courtesy in the custom which associated all titles of respect and honor, senator, signor, señor, sir, with the root of 'senex,' which made 'Sire' the designation of royalty and 'Seigneur' the title of the godhead. But in the great war between the old and young of which Shelley wrote, the last sortie of youth has reversed the immemorial situation. The expert has asserted his claims, and priority, even in mental competence,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is unhesitatingly allotted to youth. The judgment of the man of sixty shares the discredit of his sinews.

The situation is humiliating for the seniors, and not without danger for the young. The self-trust of youth stands in need of the precise corrective which is supplied by the presence of admittedly superior personalities. The repute of hero-worship is likely to survive the cynicism of its assailants, and even the frenzy of its eulogists. Even when the objects are unworthy, it renders the priceless service of providing a nursery for that reverence which a ripening insight may transfer perhaps from the individual to the race, or from men as such to their higher incentives. Our own age all but abolishes this training-school.

Nobody can imagine that modernity of training — a trait whose cheapness is indicated by its accessibility to any quick mind in five or six years through merely imitative or assimilative processes — outranks, by any scale except utility, the dear-bought wisdom of a thoughtful and earnest life. Under the present system, the higher moral values, judgment, wisdom, character, sympathy, humility, self-control, are unjustly depressed, while skill and knowledge — values lower in rank — are abnormally exalted. The scale of efficiency inverts, in part, the ethical scale; the moral waste is great, and the premium on character is lowered.

Character, rightly viewed, is itself a professional asset, and its supersession is no slight misfortune. To the extent of the domination of the youthful expert, it seems clear that the stewardship of the world will be passed on from the man of weight, poise, and character, to the supple, the dexterous, the assimilative man. It may be added that, while the absolute efficiency of an entire profession is probably increased by the new system, the period of perfect equipment for the individual is seriously curtailed, and the ratio of perfectly equipped practitioners is correspondingly diminished.

IV

As, in human life, the new ratings depress age and maturity in relation to youth, so, in the field of history (broadly understood), the past is minimized and obscured in relation to the present. Science, with all its modernism, has sinned less in this regard than other forms of intellectual activity: its practice toward past doctrine is to reject the lie absolutely and to accept the truth finally; and its truths, being timeless, are never antiquated. But neither literature nor art nor philosophy is capable of any such decisive or definitive assay of its own past accumulations. The values in their case are provisional, varying, subjective; they depend on sympathies or affinities between a stable object and a subject which the very fact of progress assumes to be continuously variable: each man, each age, must fix its own rating, and the dawn of each new epoch, or even tendency, may be the signal for a revaluation. The result is that, speaking broadly, nothing in these fields ever becomes thoroughly obsolete in the sense in which the term applies to the cosmogony of Ptolemy, and nothing ever becomes absolute in the sense appropriate to the universal gravitation of Newton.

In science, while all the facts are not equally valued, they are nevertheless equally secure, and their values remain, in a sense, unchangeable. But in literature, art, and philosophy, no man, no age, is *bound* to put any fixed value on anything. The accumulation of treasure in all three fields is extensive, and the opportunity to undervalue, to neglect, to ignore — the opportunity of human nature, in other words, to wrong and impoverish itself — is unlimited.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In all ages, no doubt, the repute of the 'latest thing' in books, pictures, or ideas has been conspicuous; but never before has the past receded so rapidly, or has the eclipse of its works been so speedy and overwhelming. We have established a new provincialism, the provincialism which substitutes a slit of time for a nook of space, and the parish of 1914 circumscribes our ideas and interests. Let me illustrate in two ways the effect of this self-limitation.

The reading of the great past literature has become a specialty, abandoned with obvious relief by the general reader to the conduct of the selected few. Never probably in the world's annals has nearness in time outweighed such grave defects in the contemporary output, such high superiorities in ancestral merit. The operation is as swift as it is universal. Tested by range and power alike, the spell of Dickens was perhaps the most potent ever exercised by literature, and its appeals were to elementary and perennial instincts; but the youth of to-day are impervious to that magic which fifty years ago counted Dickens among the reasons for being glad to be alive. If the preference for current works rested on the mutual affinities of coevals, the matter would be thoroughly explained and partly justified; but, in point of fact, men throw aside congenial classics to spend their time on unsympathetic contemporaries. The cure of Dickens pays its tithes to Ibsen (I speak without disrespect to the great Norwegian), and Strindberg is read by people whose spiritual kindred and posterity will welcome the excuse the lapse of fifty years will offer for consigning his work to the dustheap.

In fact, the successes of our own day prove that nothing can be too strange for the palate or too baffling for the digestion of the nineteenth century and its successor; we shrink from no dish that issues from our own cuisine. If the old masterpieces could be republished as current literature with the very slightest modernization, or possibly with no modernization whatever, it is probable that they would reconquer the world of readers with no more difficulty than Browning, Meredith, or Whitman has found in conquering it. It is not the fact, but the presumption, of incompatibility that does the mischief. An Index Expurgatorius has been formed in which the impiety of having been born before 1850 is condignly expiated.

My second illustration shall be taken from philosophy. The tyranny of modernism in this field is so great that it has become well-nigh impossible for any mind not of the first order to form direct personal relations with any thinker older than the nineteenth century. To ask originality from average minds would be absurd; tutorship in some form is indispensable; but a practice which restricts the choice of tutors, which cuts off the access to the majority of the world's thinkers, is a needless aggravation of servitude. The modern clergyman, for instance, of strong but not exceptional mind, can read no old thinker, unless that thinker come to him in the suite of some illustrious contemporary. He can read Plato, for Plato is a modern fashion; and, similarly, he can dally with Hume, and finger wistfully the leaves of the *Critique of Pure Reason*. But he cannot read Aristotle (after college) or Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius or Spinoza or Descartes or Locke or Pascal or Berkeley. He is a stranger in his own freehold. He cannot read, really *read*, even his Bible, except at the bidding and under the guidance of a contemporary; the words of Christ himself reach him only as a 'repeated message.' He is shut out even from 'related minds,' from his emotional kith and kin. He is in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

position of a man who likes olives and caviare and could obtain them at remote shops, but who waits patiently for the chance of their being put on sale by his own grocer to whom he is indissolubly bound by the magic of proximity.

The hunger for old ideas which the impatience with old authors has left unappeased is curiously evidenced in the eager welcome accorded to contemporaries who rearrange and reword old ideas. But this revival is not universal or assured, and the withdrawal of a large part of the world's store from the world's use is an indisputable misfortune.

The decadence of the Biblical and classical traditions already referred to has extended and accelerated the surrender to modernism. The location of Homer and Moses, formerly vital forces in the world's culture, on the dim verge of semi-historic record, made the whole past, as it seemed, penetrable and habitable. With these as the extreme frontier, anything on this side of the Iliad or the Pentateuch seemed neighborly, as France and England seem almost homelike to an American who has scaled the Himalayas.

Two mitigations of the malady of our time it would be uncandid not to specify. The temporal confinement is partly balanced by the enlargement of the spatial outlook. The whole world is in view, and a full record of the transactions of a single moment of our varied modern life would be encyclopædic. Our age suffers less than other periods from self-imprisonment, for the same reason that our country suffers less than other nations from a prohibitory tariff: the variety of internal resources is great. Isolation, however, in both cases, is costly even to the privileged.

A second mitigating fact is the patronage granted by influential moderns to certain older themes or writers. Science, eager for new fields at the same time that it asserts that every field is inexhaustible, intersects its former course, describes a loop as it were, and numbers antiquity among the conquests of modernism. The past as material becomes invaluable, however lightly it may be esteemed as coadjutor. The passion for novelty is as dominant here as elsewhere: what we crave is the latest upheaval of the earliest deposit, and the oldest papyrus would be inestimable as long as it was also the newest.

Something like a collation of opinions, a symposium of the centuries, is carried out here and there in philosophy and religion, but our respect for the ancients, like our deference for old men, is tinctured with a counteractive condescension. The past as a check upon the present must be valued before it can be useful. The aim, of course, is to get at the criticism of our own points of view which is latent in the difference between our own and past ages in those artistic, literary, and philosophical fields in which Plato, Dante, or even Jesus, might still be qualified to enlighten us. But if our own points of view dominate the investigation, the criticism is annulled, and the difference merely reinforces self-complacency.

When all concessions have been duly made, the identification by an age of its standard with its product, the assignment of values by a test so accidental and so unstable as time, the willful renunciation by mankind of a large part of its hard-won and long-saved treasures, are real misfortunes to the human species.

V

The influence of the sway of the expert in checking individuality is reinforced by the autocracy of the moment. Opinion in our day, even in the mouth of a Bacon or a Coleridge, must be dumb

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or apologetic in the absence of the latest bits of possibly immaterial and superficial knowledge. The 'free play of mind' on life in general is checked by the universal sense of the futility of that play on most subjects foreign to the thinker's specialty. Whatever absurdities inhered in the old-time regimen, under which moral precepts, religious dicta, political judgments, commercial sense, and even scientific data all emanated from the same armchair, it trained and exercised the intellect to a degree unknown to our enlightened humility.

The formation of worthless opinions has probably been one of the marked utilities, as it has manifestly been one of the thriving industries, of the human race, and has kept alive that curiosity and agility which in later and happier applications has at last appropriated truth. Take the conduct of democracies, for example. Politics is one of the few pursuits still left to the amateur, and the result is, by all robust standards, a slovenly performance. Meanwhile, the state keeps afloat and the bunglers are educated, and the wise and kind rule of sagacious angels would probably be worth far less to a people than the privilege of mismanaging their own affairs. The botchwork and patchwork of the incompetent many in politics does more to train, and, in the long run, to serve mankind than the expert work of the skilled few in science.

Individuality is likewise repressed by the likeness which the common pursuit of the same ends at the same time induces in the lives and thoughts of men. In so far as people read old novels, they read different novels, and the ground of choice is internal and characteristic; in so far as they read new novels, they read the same, and the basis of choice is exterior and arbitrary. The gregariousness thus induced becomes itself an object of desire, and books sell better merely because they sell well. The gluten in human nature is amusingly brought out by our impatience to join the largest aggregations. As things now stand we see the same plays, hear the same musicians, study the same pictures and statues, digest the same literature, absorb the same ideas, read the same telegrams in the same words at practically the same moment from Cape Town to Pall Mall and from New York to San Francisco. The same effect that is visibly manifest in the audience at a play or concert, the packing of humanity in solid and uniform rows for the enjoyment of a common experience, is brought about in a less pictorial or obvious form by the simultaneous perusal of the newspaper and the magazine. We sit in a crowd by our own firesides.

VI

The faith in the passing hour rests on hopes of amelioration that are largely baseless. Change is a quack, or half-quack; its services fall short of its advertisements. It may reconstruct the map or the frame of the world, but psychological conditions — the only conditions that count — revert stubbornly to the old ways. The automobile will not effect that dissipation of ennui for which our faith once looked to the still untested locomotive. The friction of human impatience against physical impedimenta has not been relieved by the industry of the cable or the omnipresence of the telephone. Behind the new discoveries and the new speculations, the old questions smile at us with an irony as baffling as Mona Lisa's. Conditions approach standards only to learn that standards are themselves progressive, and the interval (on which our happiness is staked) remains unaltered by the twofold advance.

Even in the great fight for personal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and social betterment, inexorable limitations must be faced. Man may grow better, yet fail to reach the point where the difference between his best and his lowest moments will cease to divide his nature and perplex his life. States may remedy injustice without reaching the hour when the difference between the lots of their happiest and least happy members will not humiliate the one and embitter the other. I urge no dastardly relinquishment or relaxation of the struggle; the battle pays, if it merely lifts the plane of the battleground; but it is well to remember that the halfness, the ambiguity, the provisionality, from which our hopes and energies now seek to be freed are handicaps whose reappearance behind each new victory of humanity and justice must be counted among the ruthless certainties of life. We shall always be living in the makeshift cabin beside the half-built house.

The external march of events will never bring us deliverance, and its duplicity lies in the fact that it diverts us always with the specious hope of an impracticable rescue. The real hope lies in inward self-adjustment. To value in to-day only its difference from yesterday is to identify the country with the frontier. The secret of life lies in the larger and fuller appropriation, by the individual spirit, of abiding and universal values; not discovery, but rediscovery, is the key. Make the comparison in what field you please: contrast the kaleidoscopic glimpses of travel with the reperusal day by day of a familiar landscape, the fluttering from one new book to another with the lifelong probing of some mighty classic, the patter of shifting acquaintance with the slow, calm pace of proved friendships, the caprices of unfixed passion with the loves that embrace a lifetime: the attestation to the worth of permanence is universal.

The only large values are those in which our ancestors participated. The oldest of wonders is the greatest — life. An ironclad, as such, is a commonplace beside a ship, and society merely as society is a more stupendous fact than Rome or England. The Iliad is less remarkable than speech, and the aeroplane is only a mote in the sky. Landscape, the family, the nation, religion — their origins are lost in the silence of a gray antiquity. The Now — the present — is indeed sacred; but its sacredness is inappreciable to those who are circumscribed by its limits; it is reserved for minds that escape its bounds.

'Do not read the *Times!*' said Thoreau, in words that become the more memorable the less they are remembered, 'read the eternities.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOUL OF A GIRL

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

GRACE sat by the open window, dreaming delicious day-dreams interwoven with the fragrant tendrils of the honeysuckle. Walter was coming; coming, as Grace confidently hoped, to tell her how much he loved her, to put his heart and life between her hands. Dear Walter! how fond she was of him, of his bigness and his strength, his fine face and his skillful hands, of his ideals and his enthusiasms, and, most of all, his love of her; for Grace was assured that he loved her, and that he only sought a fit occasion to tell her so, — would, indeed, come that afternoon, expressly to make a fit occasion.

What should she answer? Well, she told herself, she was not quite sure. Perhaps she loved him enough; perhaps she should bid him wait until she loved him more; perhaps it was all fancy, and she did not care for him at all, and must tell him that, gently, kindly, finally. Then she smiled in her heart and with her lips and eyes. It was not true that she did not know; she knew very well what she would say, and how her heart would rejoice to say it. She would take him to herself and make him altogether her own.

And then? Then would begin their joyful life together. Not at once; not too soon. She would not let him think her too easily won. She must not cheapen the gift of herself, but must seem to hold back awhile, letting his eagerness overbear her. Not too soon, then; but also not too long. Dangerous, always, very long engagements: hearts had time to grow cold before they were quite welded; familiarity might make, not contempt, for Walter could never feel for her that, but make them, perhaps, a little too well used to each other. And besides, she did not want to wait — very long. She wanted him soon; wanted to be wholly happy, to sail forth boldly into that new sea of light; to taste all and know all of happiness, to fill her life full; for she had been lonely, often, since father and mother died.

And then she began to embroider the fabric of fancy. Where would they live? Here, surely, in this dear home of hers, with its lovely garden set in velvet lawns. Aunt Estelle might stay, a welcome, gentle guest, ready to come in with little services and amenities where they were needed; or ready to efface herself and remain placidly in the background.

Yes, here they would live, surely, where father and mother had lived; where she herself had been born and passed her childhood, and the long vacations of boarding-school days; the two marvelous summers excepted, when they sailed over the great waters and saw strange lands and many cities. Yes, they would live here, making happy excursions, mayhap, to lovely places: the Thousand Islands, Colorado, Florida; perhaps she would take him to Europe and show him all the wonders. Yes, that would be delightful: to conduct him through the broad galleries of the Louvre, the Uffizzi, the Dresden palace, Vienna; to watch his wonder at it all; to see the artist in him rejoice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in these greater artists, and to know he owed it all to her. Yes, that would be very sweet.

And then they would come home again, to her cosy rooms and lovely garden; and then, perhaps — yes, but not too soon, for they were such little tyrants, and so utterly absorbed one's life. Afterwards, yes; after they were done with their journeyings and settled down. But he must love her ever so much, just herself, first, with no one at all to share his love; it must be all hers; he must be all hers. And smiling to herself, she made a little motion of opening her arms and raising her lips; and something of the roses stole into her cheeks and neck, and something of the sunlight glistened in her eyes. Oh, how happy she would be, happy, happy happy —

While she was in the very midst of her dreams, Walter was announced. He came in on the heels of the announcement, very confident in his welcome, too absorbed in his own thoughts, indeed, to think of anything but his purpose.

Grace rose to greet him, her cheeks still tinged with the roses, her eyes luminous, making as though to give him both her hands.

'Oh Walter —' she began, smiling her welcome from a full heart.

Walter grasped her right hand, shook it and let it go again, absorbed, unseeing. There was a little smile on Grace's lips, but she felt a sudden coldness about her heart.

Still standing, Walter began, —

'I have come to tell you something, Grace!'

She glanced up, quickly, inquiringly. He had come to tell her, after all! Everything was all right, then; and there was a quick return of warm hope to her heart. She was ready, almost, to throw herself into his arms, telling him that she knew already. But his absorbed mood checked her, chilled her, filled her once more with sharp misgiving.

'Come out on the lake,' Walter went on. 'I'll row up to the island and we can talk it all over comfortably. It's about my future life.'

Was this a doom or a promise of what she so hoped? Grace looked into his face with something showing in her eyes of the doubt and fear that were fighting in her heart; but Walter was too full of his thought to note any shade of feeling in her.

Grace felt thwarted, baffled; she had planned that there, in the lovely room with its soft luxury, with its diamond-paned windows giving on the garden, she would listen to him telling her — everything. But he was bidding her go out on the lake.

'But, Walter,' she began, hesitantly, holding to her plan, in part because she had made it, in part because it had been the prologue of her dream; 'it's so cool and pleasant here, so quiet and dreamy —'

'No!' interrupted Walter. 'I need a row! I want the exercise! There's such a lot to talk of, to plan, to decide! I've got to let off steam. Get a hat and come!'

Brusque and domineering, yes; she did not mind that; perhaps she even liked it, in him; but the whole tone and manner of his speech threatened her dream with ruin, filling her heart with cold desolation. His words: the future, so much to plan, something to tell her, — all this could mean — just what she longed for. The words, yes; but not the tone, not the spirit. That was hopelessly far away.

'Walter,' she began again, hesitating, catching at the vanishing dream.

'Get your hat and come! It's awfully important to me! I'll go ahead and get the boat out. Don't be long!' And he turned his back on her, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strode out on the lawn and down the green terrace to the lake.

Grace stood quite still, looking after him. She felt chilled and breathless, the very life gone out of her. A rush of tears would have been welcome; but there were none. Her heart and mind stopped. All things were ended. She was too stunned even to suffer yet. She had read of travelers on the great ice frozen so swiftly that death outstripped pain. That flashed into her mind, as what had happened to her. Yet there was a sharp fierce misery in the numbness of her heart.

In the tumbling darkness of the storm there remained one positive thought: Walter had told her to get a hat and go to the boat. So catching up a broad-brimmed sun-hat of soft straw, she slowly followed his path across the lawn and down to the blue water blinking in the sunlight.

Walter was ready at the landing.

'All aboard!' and he steadied the boat against the stage with a firm hand and leaned out to the far side, to counterbalance her weight as she stepped. She noticed also that he had gathered an armful of cushions for her, on the stern seat. She felt a curious stab of pain in noting that.

Slowly, with a certain bodily numbness, she stepped into the boat and sat down among the cushions, haunted and terrified by the thought that her benumbed heart might suddenly break forth in uncontrollable grief.

'Hurry up! Take the rudder-lines!' Walter commanded. 'Up the right side of the island! Steer carefully, and don't speak till I do. I want to think!'

Even in her misery, she saw the ludicrousness of that. But all feelings were instantly submerged in the tense dread of tears.

He swung forward, straightened his back, dipped the oars squarely, swung clear back again, pulling them well up to his chest, then skillfully feathered as his hands shot forward again. Everything Walter did with his hands, he did well. Grace watched them with mingled pride and pain. She could not raise her eyes to his face.

A full mile he rowed, up the long blue lake, rippled and glistering in the sun; then, coming near the island, he dropped into a slower stroke. The scent of the balsams came to them across the water, the fragrance of green branches bathed in warm sunshine.

'Steer up there under the trees!' Walter directed. 'We can talk there!'

The cool, green shadow of the branches fell on them, as he drew in the oars and methodically crossed them on the thwarts, and they came gradually to rest in the quiet, limpid water.

'Grace,' said Walter, 'suppose you had been wanting something awfully, all your life almost, and you suddenly found it within reach, how would you feel?'

And resting his elbows on the crossed oars before him, he set his chin on his hands, and looked full into her face with honest eyes.

Grace felt a sharp catch of pain at her heart, a hot wire tightened across her breast. She had been longing for something; had wanted it awfully; and now, it was suddenly out of reach? She did not know. Then came the horrible thought, keen torture, that he had brought her there to tell her he loved some other woman and had won her love. She felt her very lips grow white; but for the numbing of all her powers, she would have cried out with pain.

Walter broke the tension prosaically by leisurely drawing from his pocket a cigarette-case she had given him, and lighting a cork-tipped cigarette. In a way, that curiously relieved her. It laid the phantom of the other woman. Walter was too full of his thoughts to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

notice her silence, or anything of what lay beneath it.

'What has happened,' he began, blowing the smoke in a fine stream from his lips, his eyes very frankly fixed on her face, 'is this: Uncle Eddie is giving me a thousand dollars for six months in Paris, with more to come if I need it! I'm going at once!'

The last shadow of hope, of lingering uncertainty, was driven from her heart, and all was darkness. He had brought her there to say, not, 'I love you!' but, 'I am going at once!'

That was the end. His sunny serenity, his deep satisfaction, buried the hope his words had killed.

In a confused way, from the depths of her dumb misery, she heard his plan: ten weeks in Dumont's atelier; six weeks with Marrais; the figure with one; landscape with another; six glorious months of work. Only at the end would he choose his own line.

'And the galleries, Grace!' he continued, enthusiastically; the Louvre; Cluny; Versailles! Is n't it splendid?'

There, as Grace thought, her heart broke. The very halls she had planned to show him, an affianced lover, he was hurrying off to view alone, without regret, without a thought of her. She sat quite still, in pain and despair so deep, so bitter, so heartrending, that she felt her very life die in agony. Only now, when hope was in ruins, did she know how much she loved him — had loved him; for love is life and she was dead.

In the cold stillness of that death she heard his eager words; heard the little ripples against the side of the boat; heard a wood thrush singing up on the hillside across the lake; noted it all, without feeling, without hope, abject, desperate.

There was no more of her. Her life had fallen in ruins, broken and burnt to ashes; and the ashes were blown away into the desert. From deep within her soul, that could suffer no more, she viewed herself as dead.

As he talked, for ages it seemed, detailing his plan, she listened. And a little spark of the life that had been hers before she died — so she expressed it to herself — began to glow again, no longer in her but in him.

The tiniest spark, at first; no more than the simplest attention, so that, if asked, she might answer consistently; then, from attention, a gray dawn of interest, a faint play of imagination around the details; a feeling, very painful yet, but living, like a wound beginning to heal, very sensitive still; a questioning of this or that particular, in thought only, for as yet she had no words.

Her intuition began to stir about his plan, his life, his inner nature. She began to see him in that new light, as he was to his own soul: the fiery aspiration, the tense will, that made him brusque and domineering; the man in him, longing, striving, for honor, for perfection; the little child, too, that would often get tired and depressed, and need to be petted and mothered; the soul, working for its own deep life through these powers, building the immortal in him. In this intimate inner life of his, till then wholly unknown to her, who thought she had known him so well, she grew strangely interested; so deeply, that she forgot her own pain in thinking of his life, its rich and radiant hope, its fiery energy, its sovereign possibilities for him and for many. Here was a man who, through his art, could reveal a new nobility and lift men's hearts up to a life suffused with joy.

At last, as she heard him in rapt wonder, wide-eyed, with parted lips, he talked himself out, and was sensible, for a moment, of a shade of weakness and doubt. Then, for the first time Grace spoke, instilling into her tones

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of the new secret that had been born in her heart:

'O Walter! How splendid! How glad I am that you are going!'

She caught the echo of her own words with wonder. Yes, she had said that. And she knew, as she said it, that it was true. She was glad. More than that, she could still rejoice for him, even if she knew she should never see his face again, never know the issue of his high adventure. She did not need to know. The secret power would take care of him.

Then she added, —

'Oh, I do so wish I could do something to help you!' and her luminous eyes said even more than her words and the tone of eager, tender sympathy in which they were uttered.

For the first time Walter really heard her and saw her. Hitherto, every faculty had been absorbed in his dream. He raised himself from the oars and looked at her keenly.

'Why, Grace!' he said, slightly flushing, 'you can! In ever so many ways!'

The enthusiasm in his tone was for his plan and for every least chance of furthering it. She knew it, and loved him the more for his singleness of heart.

'Yes?' she met him eagerly, glad beyond measure.

'Why, yes!' He lit a new cigarette, and inhaled the smoke, blowing it out slowly in a thin blue stream, pondering. 'In two ways that I can think of already, and I'm sure in lots more. First, there are things to get: shirts and socks and heaps of things. I always did hate that sort of thing. But then you could n't do that!' And he laughed softly, in a way that was very winning.

'Oh, but I could!' she answered quickly. 'You may even trust me with buying your neckties. And you know how dangerous that is! Things to buy, then; including, I suppose, something to put them in. That is settled! And now the second thing?'

Walter did not answer at once. In the stillness Grace suddenly realized, with startled wonder, that she, who, a few minutes before, had been despairing and dead at heart, was radiantly happy; happy for him; not concerned with herself at all.

'The other way is this,' he began, after a long pause. 'I don't go over for a month or six weeks. Things don't begin there in the ateliers before that, you know. And in six weeks, you can do a tremendous lot! Studying, preparing, getting my hand in. I need some one to paint! You would do!'

Grace found herself smiling; first, at the bluntness of the last little phrase, due not at all, as she divined, to unconscious man-egotism, but rather to his selfless devotion, to the burning fire of his ideal. She smiled, too, with a deeper happiness, to know that she 'would do,' even for that. It was balm to her woman's heart, lacerated so cruelly, so unknowingly, such a little while, yet such ages, ago.

He went on, —

'Your hair, you know! I'd like to try that!'

Grace found herself flushing at his directness, then smiling with happiness.

'Very well, Walter!' she answered, 'try!'

Then, with a sudden sense that the new life was almost bursting her heart, she rose, —

'Change seats, Walter,' she said. 'I'll row. Round the island first!'

And she in turn began a firm, even stroke, as Walter curled up contentedly, gratefully, in the cushions in the stern, dreamy now that the pent-up hopes had been breathed forth.

Grace rowed slowly round the end of the island, close to the shingle. She too felt the reaction from the agony and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fever of her mood; felt it in a painful happiness, a trouble coming upon her, that must find vent in tears. Her eyes following the shore of the island as she rowed, she suddenly saw a way of escape, and caught at it with almost fevered eagerness.

'Walter,' she said, with great difficulty steadying her voice, 'there is one of those lovely scarlet columbines! I must get a spray of it!' and she turned the bow of the boat inshore. A strong pull or two, and it ran up the smooth sand, grounding firmly, so that she could easily land. Walter watched her, making no motion to move.

Grace turned her back on him, to leap ashore; and the very instant that she turned, the strain was too much for her and the tears began to flow. She leaped almost blindly forward, daring to make no sudden motion with her hands, that might betray. But what infinite relief in those swiftly falling tears, as she felt her way, stepping through the soft grass toward the red spray of columbine.

It grew beside a boulder covered with warm green moss. Kneeling down beside the lovely flower, she laid her forehead on the soft green cushion, and gave way altogether to the flood of tears that swept over her. For a minute or two she was submerged. Then, by a strong effort, fearful that Walter might leap ashore and discover her weeping, she regained control of herself, and, still kneeling over the flower, with her back to him, she dried her tears, removing their traces so far as might be.

Plucking a spray of the scarlet columbine, she held it up, and began to count the petals with her finger-tip, girl-like reciting the old charm: 'He loves me, loves me not.' Then she smiled in sudden sunshine, remembering that the columbine has five petals, pointed liberty-caps packed together, so that the oracle was certain to say, 'Yes!'

With the red spray of blossom pressed against her chin, she came back to the boat, found a handy stepping-stone, and was back in her seat. Walter saw the flower, and, charmed with the beauty of it, held out his hand. Slightly rising, she threw it to him.

'You looked as if you were praying!' Walter said, 'with that green stone for altar!'

'I was,' she answered, 'for your success!'

Then once more she began to row, rounding the island and turning homeward. After a space of restorative silence, she said, —

'Now begin and tell it to me all over again; every syllable, you know!'

And she began to row slowly, firmly, steadily, making the most of the golden hour.

He told his story again, point by point, as he had told it already; yet with this difference: though he knew it not at all, Grace had slipped into all his plans; so that, at the last, he designed that, when his six magical months were drawing to their close, she should come over, to see the galleries and ateliers with him; and then they would make their happy way home together.

Walter knew not. Grace knew: recognized, with quiet happiness, what the unconscious boy did not divine; but she hid her knowledge deep in her heart; rejoicing that, because of this, she could help him more deeply, more powerfully, more delicately; help that fiery soul to find its wings and soar.

That night, Grace added to her petitions a little prayer of thanksgiving, —

'—If he had asked me first, I should never have found out —! Oh, thank you, thank you, for helping me to know, even by breaking my heart!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FAMILY PORTRAIT

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN deserves a medallion in the historic hall of her generation. Indeed she looked and bore herself like bronze and marble, and made upon all observers the impression of heroic womanhood. There are women who have a maturity in their walk even in their teens, and who carry a girlish bearing into old age. There is a unity and a focus in their being which makes them distinguished. In all they do or say there is some natural force which is inevitable and spontaneous. All this is largely a matter of physical endowment, and goes with abundant health. In my grandmother's case it went with a kind of victorious beauty which became accentuated as the 'cordage of the countenance' declared itself in her latest years.

As a small child I was immensely impressed with her. I had never seen anyone like her. She looked like a cameo, and yet had a buoyant — I had almost said bounding — quality which cameos do not suggest. Many persons in her generation were imposing, but she was the first of them that I ever saw, and this gave me a new idea of how people of the great world might or ought to appear. She had a talent for conduct, she had a genius for appearance. She was exactly fitted to lead a cause; and the cause of Abolition, which broke into flame during her girlhood, was a most perfect and typical example of what a cause can be. It was a religious awakening. It began with great and sudden fervor in the breasts of a few people, and worked in such a manner as to separate these people from the rest of the community. To awaken the rest of America became their one idea. Converts came to them, as is usual in such cases, chiefly from the humbler classes; and the emotional fervor of the movement burned with a steady heat for thirty years, till in one way or another every individual in the nation was reached by it. The Abolitionists are sometimes blamed for causing the war; but the real cause of the war was human nature. The war was the final working out of a great change. Abolition was merely the symptom that a change had begun.

Mrs. Chapman was an early convert, and was well fitted to take the lead in such a movement, or, more accurately speaking, to stage and conduct the cause; for Garrison was her leader, and she was in every sense a standard-bearer and a lieutenant, — never, properly speaking, the leader. She was always handsomely dressed, smiling, dominant, ready to meet all comers. She entered a room like a public person. She was a doughty swordswoman in conversation, and wore armor. There was something about her that reminded me of a gladiator, and I sometimes wondered how she had ever borne children at all and whether she had nursed them, or had just marched off to the wars in Gaul and Iberia, while the urchins were being cared for by a freedwoman in the Campania. She was fond of children nevertheless, and used to invite her grandchildren to come to her room, where she would inaugurate the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most ceremonious and important sessions of book-covering, and the making of scrap-books, cuttings, and pastings. The gum-arabic must be bought and melted down on the previous day, the figured papers and prints were produced from European sources, and the whole manufacture was conducted with pomp and mystery. She used to read Shakespeare to us when the youngest was about three, and she would arrange the drawing-room to represent the stage. She had Cæsar on his bier covered with drapery, and a bit of hidden marble to represent his Roman nose. When she read aloud she was so particular about the state of her voice, her enunciation, and her delivery that she would eat no dinner before a performance, but take only the juice of a lemon — as if she were to sing in grand opera.

I think that her temperament and physique must in early life have marked her as a figure-head, and that the many years she afterwards spent in Europe as the representative of a cause gave her, perhaps, the habit of the part. She was, in fact, an *embodiment;* and this is the reason why her presence conveyed more than her spoken or written words, and why people were so astonished at her, and have left so many descriptions of her. At the basis of her effectiveness was a perfectly phenomenal fund of physical health. She was beaming and ruddy down to her last days — for she was nearly eighty when she died, and had spent many years toward the end of her life in nursing a paralyzed brother.

One great and rare merit she shared with Garrison. When their cause triumphed they retired, and both of them deserve in this to be canonized for their good taste, — a virtue not always found in Abolitionists. She retired, then, and lived in Weymouth, Massachusetts, for twenty years or more, with a mother and several sisters, all of them highly educated, bookish people, and two of them, Anne and Dora Weston, staunch anti-slavery veterans. The house was full of souvenirs of Europe, and of presentation copies of the works of mid-century European writers. To be an exile for opinion's sake is the best introduction to the liberals of all foreign countries; and Paris, during the Second Empire, contained many distinguished Frenchmen who felt that they too were in exile. The French intellectuals were hospitable to the leaders of American anti-slavery, who, so far as social life went, found in France more than they had lost at home.

All the glamour and excitement of life must have gone out of it for my grandmother with the close of the war; yet she continued to live as freshly and to talk as gladly as if some persecution were still in progress, and she were Joan of Arc on the way to the pyre.

Certain failings she had, — perhaps I ought rather to call them never-failings. The sword would leap from the scabbard at any allusion to past controversy in which she or Mr. Garrison had been concerned, or in which any one in the world had held opinions condemned by the Garrisonians. The sword of Gideon flashed with unabated grace. The indignation was as fresh as manna in Arabia — renewed with every matin. She really believed that the memory of the wicked should rot, and that the wicked were — almost every one in the past, and a good many among the survivors. If Channing had been wrong in 1828, she would excoriate him in 1882. If Sumner had hesitated at some moment to see the white light of truth, then his bones must be dragged from their resting place and his habitation become a dunghill. Among the true, inner-seal Garrisonians the *wrong kind* of anti-slavery was always considered as anti-Christ; and the feats of memory which the Old Guard of Abolition exhibited with regard to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ins and outs of ancient controversy went far to explain the survival of Homer's poems throughout the long centuries before writing was invented. So, as by fire, are certain things burned into men's souls.

I must here sorrowfully record a distinction between my grandmother and Garrison himself. Garrison was never rancorous, at least he was never really rancorous. His rancor was political and done for effect. He assumed a tone of malevolence for rhetorical reasons. Now, my grandmother became, by a kind of necessity, more religious than the Pope himself. She was a partisan: she had not the liberty which the leader enjoys of changing her mind, or of being inconsistently good-humored when she felt like it. She was a halberdier and body-guard. She never seemed to disagree with Mr. Garrison or to turn a critical eye on him. I believe it would have done them both good if she had lifted her battle-axe against the hero now and then.

For twenty-five years she was manager of the Annual Anti-slavery Bazaar which raised the funds for the cause. Europe was laid under contribution for interesting and odd things, which should draw Pro-slavery Boston to the booths. The preparation for the great Fair went on pretty steadily during the rest of the year, and this branch of anti-slavery propaganda was useful in keeping the liberals in Europe in touch with our struggle. Mrs. Chapman edited a little annual volume or keepsake, called *The Liberty Bell*, which contained many articles by herself. As the executive of an unpopular cause her business was to be always in good spirits, always in the right, always insuperably competent. It is clear that her activity belongs to a very noble species of political activity rather than to the field of philosophy. The religion of labor makes character, but is injurious to mind. And I cannot help thinking of all the anti-slavery people as being earth-born, titanic creatures, whom Nature spawned to stay a plague — and then withdrew them, and broke the mould. Heroic they remain.

It will be remembered that our struggle over slavery showed up the organized churches of Christianity in a terrible light. What was the use of such churches as ours were shown to be? Where was Christ to be found in them? If an Abolitionist were by nature a mystic, or an evangelical person (like Garrison or S. J. May), he naturally took refuge in the New Testament itself. If he were by nature neither mystical nor romantic, he was apt to become a stoic; and it was to this class that my grandmother belonged. We may see the same tendency exhibited on a great scale in the history of France. The hold which the classics have on the French temperament is due to this, — that the French are not sufficiently emotional to be in sympathy with Hebrew thought: it offends them. The morality of France is stoical. My grandmother was, in her endowments, and in her limitations, very much such a person as a virtuous stoic of the ancient world may have been. Her religion was a totality as to conduct, but was fragmentary in statement. It was made up of proverbs, poems, and anecdotes from all ages, — wisdom-scraps of an encouraging and militant nature. When the original Garrisonians began their work in 1832 they supposed that slavery would fall before their strokes in a very few years, — five or ten perhaps. And so subtly does the alchemy of activity sustain hope, that they never for a moment lost their conviction that victory was imminent, throughout the thirty years during which victory kept receding before them like the mirage of water in the desert. They only wondered at the delay.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Cause like this solves all questions whether they be matters of metaphysical doubt or of practical life. One's business is ruined, of course. A child dies; alas, it is severe, but let the Cause consume our grief. All social ties were snapped long ago; it is a trifle. The old standard-bearers are dropping out from time to time through death; peace be unto them, we have others.

The discipline of such a life — so unusual, so singular — wore down men and women into athletes; the stress made them strong.' Thus the anti-slavery fighters grew hardy through a sort of Roman endurance, which shows in their physiognomy. It is this force behind the stroke of fate that we see in people's faces, — the power behind the die that mints them.

A very notable feature in my grandmother's life was her friendship with Harriet Martineau, whose literary executor she afterwards became. The friendship was a flawless and enduring union. It began in 1835, and was a source of unalloyed happiness to both women; it ended with Miss Martineau's death in 1876. The attachment was accompanied by independence on both sides, but my grandmother used to speak of Harriet Martineau with the same sort of reverence that Miss Martineau uses in speaking of her.

At one time Miss Martineau thought of coming to America to work in the Abolition cause. She writes: 'The discovery of her [Mrs. Chapman's] moral power and insight were to me so extraordinary that, while I longed to work with and under her, I felt that it must be morally perilous to lean on any one mind as I could not but lean on hers.'

The beginning of their intimacy was not without dramatic interest. When Miss Martineau arrived in this country on a pleasure trip, at the age of thirty-three, she was probably the best known, and certainly the most powerful woman in England. Her writings and her opinions had brought her unprecedented popularity both in that country and in America. It was therefore of great importance to the struggling Abolitionists to gain her adherence to their cause. My grandmother wrote to Miss Martineau while the latter was on her travels in the South, but received a rebuff from the authoress.

The time soon came, however, when Miss Martineau felt forced by her conscience to support the unpopular and hated cause of Abolition. She was, as she says, unexpectedly and very reluctantly, but necessarily, implicated in the struggle. The occasion of her declaration of faith was a meeting of the Ladies' Anti-slavery Society at the house of Francis Jackson on November 18, 1835. She accepted an invitation to this meeting, to the great scandal of her Boston hosts. She attended the meeting and, when called upon, gave, in a few words, the enormous prestige of her name to the cause. This cut short her social career in America, and she became the victim of every kind of vilification. She understood this consequence and did not enjoy it, for it ruined her trip and prevented her seeing American social life.

But the greater moral triumph at the back of this small unpleasantness was also understood both by Miss Martineau and by the audience of women in the hushed parlor of Francis Jackson, at the time she expressed her anti-slavery conviction in a few solemn words. It must be noted parenthetically that every one who speaks of my grandmother always dwells upon the way she looked. It is her looks that they cannot forget.

Miss Martineau in her account of the meeting at Mr. Jackson's says: 'When I was putting on my shawl upstairs, Mrs. Chapman came to me, bonnet in hand, to say, "You know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we are threatened with a mob again today: but I do not myself much apprehend it. It must not surprise us; but my hopes are stronger than my fears."

'I hear now, as I write, the clear silvery tones of her who was to be the friend of the rest of my life. I still see the exquisite beauty which took me by surprise that day; the slender, graceful form, the golden hair which might have covered her feet; the brilliant complexion, noble profile, and deep blue eyes; the aspect meant by nature to be soft and winning only, but that day (as ever since), so vivified by courage, and so strengthened by upright conviction, as to appear the very embodiment of heroism. "My hopes," she said as she threw up her golden hair under her bonnet, "are stronger than my fears."'

In the same account Miss Martineau describes the extreme tension that existed concerning her own attitude toward Abolition. No one knew just where she stood, or what she was going to say. She describes also the wave of emotion that swept over the little assemblage upon her unequivocal announcement of her hatred of slavery, and continues: 'As I concluded Mrs. Chapman bowed down her glowing face on her folded arms, and there was a murmur of satisfaction through the room, while outside, the growing crowd (which did not, however, become large) was hooting and yelling and throwing mud and dirt against the windows.'

BEYOND THE CROSSROADS

BY GEORGE HODGES

We have been much warned of late by earnest persons that we are approaching a crisis in religion. Father Tyrrell wrote a book called *Christianity at the Crossroads*, in which he said that the church must now choose whether to turn to right or left. Father Figgis, lecturing at Harvard and making his lectures into a book called *Civilization at the Crossroads*, tells us that we are all going to destruction, the church and the world together.

These forebodings are not peculiar to the fathers; they are shared by the professors. Dr. Shotwell of Columbia says, 'We are in the midst of a religious revolution. The old régime of immemorial beliefs and customs is vanishing before our eyes. Faiths so old that they come to us from the prehistoric world are yielding to the discoveries of yesterday. Institutions that have embodied these faiths and held the allegiance of the civilized world are now crumbling to pieces or transforming themselves wherever the new forces of the revolution touch and penetrate. The authority of our venerable orthodoxies, seemingly so securely centred in inspiration and once so emphatically asserted in creeds, is now assailed from within and without. We are reconstructing, — and so on, and so on. Dr. Shotwell's book is entitled *The Religious Revolu-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of To-day.[1] It is an interesting description of an ebb tide.

The ebb tide, however, is not an alarming phenomenon. The tide ebbs every day, but the sea returns to its strength when the morning appears. As for crossroads, it is true that we need to be circumspect in the sparsely settled country, for if we make a wrong turn we may go a considerable distance out of our way before we discover that we are in error. But the nearer we approach to centres of population, the less important are the crossroads. In the city, they appear with commonplace punctuality at the end of every block. We become accustomed to them. Indeed, we perceive that the crossroads do not compel us to make a choice between the right and the left. For the most part, our natural course is to go straight on, beyond the crossroads.

It is true that we live in the portentous presence of a crisis; but so did our grandfathers, and their grandfathers; so did Luther, so did Augustine, so did Paul, so did Adam and Eve. The world has come to an end a hundred thousand times since it began. The sun has been turned into darkness and the moon into blood over and over again.

In his *History of Religions*,[2] Professor Moore recalls the despondency of Hesiod. 'Hesiod,' he says, 'paints a sombre picture of the degeneracy of his time. Age by age, from the beginning, the world has grown worse. On the golden age with which human history began followed one of silver, and on that the age of bronze; the present is the iron age, and the decadence is still in progress.' Hesiod laid the blame on Prometheus, who lighted the first forge in the first factory.

It is instructive and encouraging to read the pages in which Dr. Bacon, in his *History of American Christianity*, describes the 'low tide in religion' a hundred years ago. Yale College, in 1795, was 'in a most ungodly state. The college church was almost extinct. Most of the students were sceptical. That was the day of the infidelity of the Tom Paine school.' The total membership of the Methodist Church for three years ending in 1796, 'diminished at the rate of about four thousand a year.' The Presbyterian General Assembly of 1798 perceived 'with pain and fearful apprehension a general dereliction of religious principles and practice among our fellow citizens, a visible and prevailing impiety and contempt for the laws and institutions of religion, and an abounding infidelity. The profligacy and corruption of the public morals have advanced with a progress proportionate to our declension in religion.' At the same time, Bishop Madison of Virginia agreed with Chief Justice Marshall that the Episcopal Church was too far gone ever to be revived.

Christianity had passed these crossroads, and with a long breath of relief and a sigh of thanksgiving was jogging comfortably along over a highway paved with uncriticized assumptions, when Charles Darwin undertook to repair the road. His method was extraordinary. He broke the dam which had been laboriously constructed, like the road, with square blocks of uncriticised assumptions, and let loose the flood. Mr. Talbot, in his contribution to the book called *Foundations*,[3] recalls 'the swirl of the waters, whether of dogmatic and agnostic science, or of uncritical Bible criticism, as they rushed through the formerly impenetrable bulwarks of Victorian religion.'

[1] *The Religious Revolution of To-day.* By James T. Shotwell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

[2] *History of Religions.* By George Foot Moore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[3] *Foundations: A Statement of Christian Belief in Terms of Modern Thought.* By Seven Oxford Men. London: Macmillan & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the uninformed observer, who has not seen the plans, and has no intelligent knowledge of the processes, construction in its earlier stages looks like destruction. He cannot tell the difference. He laments the old, well-ordered street, now dug into, torn asunder, strewn with broken stone, attacked by fierce engines breathing out steam and flame, and bearing no longer the least resemblance to a road: none may pass that way. Mr. Talbot quotes from Mr. Bertrand Russell a description of an intellectual street in that condition. 'That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand.'

The people who rise from the reading of the latest book with the conviction that Christianity is now discredited forever, ought to consult history. They may there learn how many books the Christian religion has quietly outlived, how many invasions it has survived, how many crossroads it has passed. The seriousness of the situation has been profound; and the wise and good did well to confront it 'with pain.' When, however, to this perfectly proper pain they added 'fearful apprehension,' they exceeded the necessities of the occasion.

The history of religion, as Dr. Moore recounts it, shows indeed that some religions have died; but it shows that these religions died of isolation and inactivity. The Egyptians, for example, had brought their religious system to perfection; they had completed it. Being thus completed, it died, according to the order of nature; having ceased to grow, it no longer responded to changes in the environment. The salvation of religion is new ideas, as the salvation of nations is new blood. Life is continually renewed, in religion as in humanity, by the necessary effort to make adjustment to changed conditions.

Thus, Professor Myres, in *The Dawn of History*,[1] shows how civilization began in the grasslands of Northern Arabia and southern Russia, and was forced into further development by lack of rain. The famished tribes had to get out. They made their way to the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and to the islands of the Ægean Sea. There they met new conditions, and grew in strength and wisdom by contending with them and conforming to them. Of course, they hated drought, as the orthodox hate doubt. But it was their salvation.

Similarly, the crisis is essential to the good health of religion. Religion needs the exercise which is taken by walking regularly and briskly in the direction of the crossroads. In every generation, the heretics, the nonconformists, the dissenters, the unbelievers, save the church. They save it by calling attention to the fact that religion is not properly responding to the present situation; it is not answering the new questions, or keeping pace with the new movements, or employing the new methods, or taking account of the new ideas. Religion would settle down satisfied in the grasslands. Then comes

[1] *The Dawn of History*. By JOHN L. MYRES. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

criticism and forces it out; as the race has been forced by drought, or invasion, or by the pressure of increasing problems, from the grasslands to the great rivers, from the rivers to the inland sea, and from the sea to the wide oceans, Atlantic and Pacific.

The present situation is admirably stated by Professor Gerald B. Smith in his *Social Idealism and the Changing Theology*.[1] It is the best book of the past year for the information of perplexed persons who perceive that something is happening in the theological world, but do not quite understand what it is. Dr. Smith says that a part of the difficulty is in the fact that, to a great extent, the language, and, to a less extent the thought, of religion are still in terms of the eschatological theory of the world. According to that theory, the world is coming to a speedy end, the earth with all that is in it is likely to be burned up at any moment, and heaven and hell shall take its place. Such a theory lingers in the hymn-book, finds expression in the idea that the most important thing to do is not to improve the world but to save the individual soul, and requests the preacher to confine himself to 'the gospel' — meaning that his proper business is not with social betterment but with individual salvation.

Thus we stand at the eschatological crossroads. Science, society, humanity, all the forces of modern progress, are turning in one direction, along the way whose signboard declares that this present world is likely to last a long time, and that man's mission is to improve it. If the church takes the other turn, it will lose many of its strongest workers till it comes back and joins them at their work.

Another part of the present difficulty in religion is in the fact that churchmen are still inclined to attach an overvaluation to authority. They may not agree with Tertullian, who 'could triumphantly declare that a rational absurdity was really a positive reason for believing a doctrine to be true, if only it rested on revelation'; or with Gregory the Great, who 'declared that there is no merit in believing what can be rationally proved; only when, on the basis of authority, one holds to be true something which his natural reason does not validate, is there any moral value in the belief.' Nevertheless, in religion a place is given to authority which is no longer accorded to it in science. Religion uses the deductive, science the inductive process.

To many people, this distinction is without significance. They are quite content to take truth at the hands of authority. In the nature of things, independent thinkers are few in number. Most men and women get their ideas at second hand. The situation is one which justifies authority as a pedagogical method. There is a difference, however, between the authority which assists and the authority which compels. Mr. Rawlinson, in his essay in *Foundations* on 'The Principle of Authority,' holds that the popular antagonism between the religion of authority and the religion of the spirit arises from a misunderstanding of the idea of authority. It confuses it with infallibility and with the disposition which logically ensues. Authority, as he says, is properly the pronouncement of 'authorities'; that is, of those who by learning and experience are experts — in art, in medicine, in law, in science, in theology. It depends for its value upon the wisdom of the authorities; upon the sages, who are no more infallible than the saints are impeccable. Authority brings us our inheritance from the past, and is the basis of progress as grammar is the

[1] *Social Idealism and the Changing Theology.* By Gerald Birney Smith. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

basis of language, and is thus the necessary guide of beginners; but it must be subject to revision.

The fact must never be forgotten that there are those whose independent minds, original ideas, and equipment for discovery, forbid them to submit to the dictation of authority. There are proud souls who hate 'authority' as they hate 'charity.' They resent it. Nothing is further from their desire than that they should be given any truth which they have not earned. They are intellectual democrats who will not submit to the paternalism of a spiritual aristocracy. They believe in the superiority of the present to the past. It is not necessary to prove to them that they know more than Thomas Aquinas ever dreamed of: they admit it. When they see that theology begins with conclusions, and estimates the value of intellectual exploration by its agreement with propositions that were established before the exploration began, they understand that it is separated from science by a whole diameter of being.

Again we are at the crossroads. However it may be with many persons, it is certain that men of science, intellectual leaders, and most men and women of letters, readers of books, teachers in colleges, are turning in the direction whose signboard declares that investigation comes first and the announcement of results afterwards: facts first, then principles. If any Christians are taking the other way, and are still insisting on estimating the work of scholars not by the correctness of their methods but by the character of their results, then every mile of the journey parts them so much further from the best thought of their time.

It may be this modern preference for having the conclusion at the end rather than at the beginning which makes such good books as Worsley's *Theology of the Church of England* [1] and Briggs's *Fundamental Christian Faith* [2] somewhat hard to read. They deal with matters of cardinal importance, and speak in the spirit of uncompromising conviction; they are perfectly safe books. But we have so perverted our taste by reading books of theological adventure that we are tempted to regard safety as a defect. The road is too straight and smooth and well policed. As we begin to ride over it we lean back and shut our eyes, knowing that there will now be nothing new to see, nothing strange or startling, for twice three hundred pages. We confess with shame that we miss the pleasant uncertainty of the crossroads. The conversation of these excellent companions is most improving, but we cannot deny that we are more interested in the foolish talk of the heretics.

The heretics say things which we never thought of before. They exercise our minds. When Dr. Briggs says, 'The Apostles and their associates were endowed by the Holy Spirit with charisms suited to their commissions by theophanic manifestations on the Day of Pentecost,' we do not feel ourselves stimulated. If we accept the statement, we accept it passively, at the hands of authority. Then we find ourselves turning with a quickened interest to Dr. Thorburn's book, *Jesus the Christ, Mythical or Historical?* [3] and to Dr. Loofs' lectures, *What is the Truth about Jesus Christ?* [4] knowing that in their pages we shall meet the best of bad company. Of course, Dr. Thorburn

[1] *The Theology of the Church of England.* By F. W. Worsley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[2] *The Fundamental Christian Faith.* By C. A. Briggs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[3] *Jesus the Christ, Mythical or Historical?* By T. J. Thorburn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[4] *What is the Truth about Jesus Christ?* By Friedrich Loofs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Dr. Loofs are themselves excellently orthodox, and their intention is to demolish heresy; but in their debates they tell us what the heretics say. We learn how Mr. J. M. Robertson 'believes that the Jesus of the Gospels was practically identical with an old Ephraimite sun-god named Joshua'; and how Mr. P. Jensen maintains that Jesus was 'a reproduction of one (or possibly more) of the heroes of the Babylonian Gilgamesh epic'; and how Mr. A. Drews has discovered that Paul invented the idea of Jesus by combining several pre-Christian cults with several pagan nature-myths. It is true that we look up from these books with a guilty feeling, as if we had been reading *Alice in Wonderland* when we ought to have been improving our mind. But the fact remains that this irresponsible sort of writing is interesting.

Both the interest and the profit are increased when the critic is able to show the reader how the sermon sounds when it falls upon indifferent or unsympathetic or uninstructed ears. Mr. Fielding-Hall, in *The World Soul* [1] tells us what it meant to him when he was a lad. 'A God all-powerful, all-wise, all-loving made the world, no one knows for why. It is a failure, full of misery, sin and suffering. So he sent his Son to save it by his blood, because God had to be propitiated for the sin of his own creation. Jesus was born of miracle, lived in miracle, died in miracle, a denial of God's own rule of law. He taught that the world is evil, and we must escape from it. We must be innocent and pure, abjure the world, and when we die those who succeed will go to heaven to live forever uselessly, because they are unfit for any work, and there is no work to do. The majority will burn in hell.' Mr. Fielding-Hall adds, 'I did not believe a word of it.'

[1] *The World Soul.* By H. Fielding-Hall. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

There is always that consolation. When Christianity is misrepresented there will always be hearers who will know better. Unhappily, some of them will identify Christianity with the passing exposition of the local preacher, and will imagine that because they know better than the preacher they know better than Christianity. It must have been a good many years ago that the author of *The World Soul* heard the queer sermons from which his youthful mind revolted. Recently he has been reading the Gospels. *The World Soul* is an informal commentary upon them, full of odd little revolts and attacks, full of the innocent ignorances of one who is unread in the literature of his subject, but full also of fine emotion and clear insight, and of excellent conclusions reached by difficult crossroads: he might have got there more comfortably by following the old thoroughfare.

Sometimes Mr. Fielding-Hall's path to a conclusion is so straight and heedless of obstacles that the reader who follows him arrives breathless. He says, 'Prayer means obtaining by begging; that is the only meaning it has.' He admits that there are other alleged meanings. 'It has been obvious that by begging, humiliating yourself, or flattery, you only degrade yourself for nothing; and therefore, to justify prayer, the qualities of aspiration, self-concentration, and thought have been added.' But he insists that 'prayer means obtaining by begging, and that only.' This will interest the saints, who know by experience what prayer is; and it will interest the philosophers also, who know that they can prove that blue is yellow, if only they may be permitted to make their own definitions.

Mr. Fielding-Hall, who finds the true life of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel only, says that it was written by the apostle Philip. Does not the author

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speak of himself as 'the disciple whom Jesus loved?' And does not Philip mean 'Beloved?' Mr. Fielding-Hall, who is as good at etymology as he is at definition, says that it does. It is mighty pleasant in these days of technical and specialized scholarship to see this brother suddenly fling open the door into the room where quiet students are working on the Johannine problem, and call out in a round, bold voice this entirely foolish information.

Whether the Fourth Gospel was written by St. Philip, or by St. Simon and St. Jude, matters not to Dr. Martin, whose *Life of Jesus*[1] depends on Matthew, Mark, and Luke. From these Gospels he omits the nativity stories and the resurrection stories and thus finds in them an entirely human hero. At the same time, he very justly reprobates the 'shallow criticism which fancies that it has revealed the total truth about these stories when it has stigmatized them "the worthless product of an age steeped in superstition."' Dr. Martin recognizes with gratitude their 'imperishable worth,' and perceives that they are 'testimonies to the transcendent qualities of Jesus' character and life.' Thus the account of the temptation, which Dr. Martin calls 'a weird, fanciful story, sketched with fine imaginative power and artistic skill,' testifies to 'the spiritual greatness of Jesus, for of no average, ordinary man would such a story have been told.' He quotes the saying of Aristotle that 'there is a truth of art which means vastly more than the truth of mere history.'

Of this truth, however, Dr. Martin's book contains no satisfying statement. In what the 'spiritual greatness' of Jesus consisted, he does not say. The critical processes are skillfully conducted, in a reverent spirit, and with careful regard to the susceptibilities of the gentle reader, but they are not constructive. At the end one is at a loss to account, on these grounds, for the position of Christ in the history of religion and in the hearts of Christians.

Of course, as Dr. Martin says, he is dealing with his great theme 'in the light of the higher criticism.' This is quite different, both in its methods and in its results, from the interpretation of Jesus in the light of spiritual experience. The difference is evident as one turns the pages of Miss Underhill's *The Mystic Way*.[2] The whole atmosphere is changed. Incidents which Dr. Martin examines from the point of view of historicity or probability are here illuminated by illustrations from the lives of the saints.

Take for example the transfiguration. As Jesus prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. So, one time, St. Francis was 'beheld praying by night, his hands stretched out after the manner of a cross, his whole body uplifted from the earth and wrapped in a shining cloud.' So Ana de la Encarnacion, stationed at the door of St. Teresa's cell in case she wanted anything, saw 'her face illuminated by a glorious light, which gave forth a splendor like rays of gold.' Miss Underhill compares these appearances with 'the *aura*, which the abnormally extended vision of many "psychics" perceives as a luminous cloud of greater or less brilliance surrounding the human body; which varies in extent and intensity with the vitality of the individual, and which they often report as shining with a white or golden glory about those who live an exceptionally holy life.'

From his baptism to his resurrection, the life of Jesus is presented in

[1] *The Life of Jesus in the Light of the Higher Criticism.* By ALFRED W. MARTIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[2] *The Mystic Way.* By EVELYN UNDERHILL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Underhill's book as the perfect example of the 'Mystic Way.' From the initial vision and audition, through discipline of strife in solitude, through transfiguration in prayer, by the joy of the freedom of complete self-sacrifice, to the supreme beatitude of union with God, the mystic follows in the footsteps of Him whose 'peculiar province was to exhibit human life at its height and fullness, as the perfect fusion of the "natural" and the "divine."'

One difficulty in the way of interpreting the life of the Son of Man and the lives of the sons of men in terms of mysticism is that this is an esoteric doctrine. The mystical experience, like the temperament in which it is developed, belongs to a few choice spirits, who are able to communicate it to those only who are of a like mind and soul. Another difficulty is that the mystical experience is individual, not social. The Christian doctrine of life, as Professor Royce says in *The Problem of Christianity*,[1] is an essentially social doctrine. He finds the heart of the Christian religion in what he calls the 'beloved community.' Loyalty to this community, he says is the characteristic and distinctive Christian quality. It is the chief duty of man.

In the light of this loyalty, Dr. Royce understands the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. He embodied the spirit of the Christian community. 'The mystery of loyalty is the mystery of the incarnation. According to the mind of the early church, one individual had solved that mystery for all men. He had risen from the shameful death that, for Christianity, as for its greatest rival, Buddhism, is not only the inevitable but the just doom of whoever is born on the natural level of the human individual; — he had ascended to the level of the spirit, and had become, in the belief of the faithful, the spirit of a community whose boundaries were coextensive with the world, and of whose dominion there was to be no end.'

Also, in the light of the idea of loyalty, Professor Royce understands the doctrine of the atonement. The heart of sin is disloyalty to the community. The sinner is a traitor. What he needs for his redemption is not only a consciousness of his wrongdoing and a sense of repentance, by reason of which his neighbors may forgive him, and God may forgive him, but a perception of the unexpected and blessed fact that his sin has occasioned an answering deed whereby the world is better than it would have been had not his sin called forth that deed. Thus he is able to forgive himself. 'Be not grieved,' says Joseph, 'nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life.' Thus Christ died for our sins. 'Christian feeling, Christian art, Christian worship,' says Professor Royce, 'have been full of the sense that *somehow* (but *how* has remained a mystery) there was something so precious about the work of Christ, something so divinely wise (so skillful and divinely beautiful?) about the plan of salvation, — that as a result of all this, after Christ's work was done, the world as a whole was a nobler and richer and worthier creation than it would have been if Adam had not sinned. This, I insist, has always been felt to be the sense of the atoning work which faith has attributed to Christ.'

Professor Royce, in the spirit of the ideal philosopher whose concern is solely for the truth, notes in his preface the criticism of 'a distinguished authority upon Christology' who objected that as a matter of fact the 'beloved community' was not its own creator but was founded by Jesus Christ. 'Must it not have been Jesus Himself,

[1] *The Problem of Christianity.* By JOSIAH ROYCE. New York: The Macmillian Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and not the community — not the Church — which is the central source of Christianity? Otherwise does not your theory hang in the air? But if the founder really created this community and its loyalty, does not the whole meaning of the Christian religion once more centre in the founder, in his life, and in his person?' Dr. Royce replies that 'the historical evidence at hand is insufficient to tell us how the Church originated.'

But the criticism stays in the reader's mind. After all is said, he feels that he is being led across a bridge which has no safe connection with either bank. It begins without a clear connection with history; for the idea of the beloved community, to which St. Paul attached such value, came but slowly into the general Christian consciousness. And it ends without clear connection with practical life; for the beloved community is found at last to be the human race. Our allegiance to it does not summon us to be members of any church.

It was also foreseen by Professor Royce that Dr. Mackintosh, whose book *The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ* [1] appeared while he was preparing his lectures, might like to ask a question: 'Is the fragment of traditional Christian doctrine which, in your own way, you interpret and defend, worthy to be called a religion at all? And, if it is a religion, is this religion Christian?' Dr. Royce replies that he does not greatly care what it is called; but the question remains, and the reader asks it as he goes from page to page. 'When Hegel,' says Dr. Mackintosh, 'has waved his wand, and uttered his dialectical and all-decisive formula, a change comes over the spirit of the believer's dream; everything appears to be as Christian as before, yet instinctively we are aware that nothing specifically Christian is left.' Dr. Royce's wand seems to effect a like transformation.

Principal Selbie in his study of *Schleiermacher* [2] quotes from an interpreter of that great theologian who says, 'Moses may be taken from Judaism, and the Law remains; Mahomet may be taken from Islam, and the pious Moslem can still practice his accustomed ceremonies. But to sever Christ from Christianity, even in thought, is an impossibility.' This idea of the impossible was formed before the publication of *The Problem of Christianity*. And yet this book, in which Christianity and Christ are nominally severed, is as Christian, page after page, as the meditations of the saints.

Professor Royce is profoundly aware of the approach of a crisis in religion. His book is a sign of it, and is intended to be a help in its perplexities. What changes the contemporary crisis may effect in the institutions and formulas of the church nobody knows. It is safe to say, however, that the crisis will be as gradual as most such crises are, — for a good while the observer is doubtful whether the tide is going out or coming in; also, that it will hardly make more serious difference in our ways of thinking than was made by the publication, in 1859, of the *Origin of Species;* also, that, through all the changes, we shall come into a wider future, into an increase of righteousness and truth.

'The Kingdom of Heaven is still at hand,' says Dr. Royce, 'in precisely the sense in which every temporal happening is, in its own way, and, according to its special significance, a prophecy of the triumph of the spirit, and a revelation of the everlasting nearness of the insight which interprets, and of the victory which overcomes the world.'

[1] *The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ.* By H. R. Mackintosh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *Schleiermacher.* By W. B. Selbie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALSACE–LORRAINE: A STUDY IN CONQUEST

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

On changerait plutôt le cœur de place
Que de changer la vieille Alsace.

I

THE greatest evil in our age is war. The most menacing feature of this evil is readiness for war, which makes of peace a perennial farce, and the most widespread factor which makes for war is that form of patriotism which spends itself in distrust and hatred of other nations. It rests on the mediæval politics which found in war outside, the easiest road to national unity and the surest method of suppression of internal reforms.

Through no fault of their own it has been the fate of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, for the last forty years, to be the centre on which this type of patriotism has impinged. This has made these provinces the crux of the war problems of Europe. Around the mourning figure of Strassburg, symbolic of the distressed province of Alsace, the war-hatreds of France have rallied for forty years. The France which seemed to be menaced with dissolution in 1871 was again, in a fashion, unified by the fear and hatred which the fate of Alsace-Lorraine still inspires. The call of 'la Patrie Mutilée' has become again, since Agadir, the occasion if not the justification of that contradiction in world-politics, a 'republic in arms.'

On the other hand, the fate of Alsace-Lorraine has served Bismarck's purpose of unifying Germany through her hatred of surrounding nations. The result of the seizure of these provinces, and of the distrust this policy has inspired, has held Germany together and made possible a scale of military expenditure which has appalled the world. It has hung as a dead weight on all German progress, internal and external. It has turned over the nation to the control of a blind militarism which rides gloriously toward a fall. The treaty of Frankfort was not a treaty of peace. It was devised to keep hatred alive. Its purpose was not to welcome back the Germanic people of Alsace, but to keep Germany unified against France. And thus the question of Alsace-Lorraine has divided Europe into two hopeless alliances, which can accomplish no worthy result, and for whose senseless antagonism there seems to be no rational remedy.

'Thus,' observes Mr. William Martin, 'amid all her griefs, it is the glorious rôle of Alsace-Lorraine to safeguard the moral unity of two great nations, concentrated on the same thought.'

Yet all this is through no fault of Alsace and Lorraine; they have given no occasion for war. Their part has been passive. Of that form of patriotism which spends itself in war talk and war accessories, these provinces are today in no sense the cause, they are only the excuse or the occasion. France can do nothing for them, and Germany in her present temper will do nothing.

Germany says to her province of Elsass-Lothringen, 'I will not give you freedom till I am sure of your love.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alsace replies, 'I cannot love you till you set me free.' Lorraine replies, 'I am not of your family, I cannot understand your ways.' Then Germany says to France, 'We cannot be friends until you forget.' And France says, 'You will not let me forget and so I cannot.'

This is the vicious circle, which most good men in Alsace-Lorraine hope some time to break.

The people of these provinces, torn suddenly from France as a result of incidents in which they had no part, held by Germany avowedly not for their own sakes but as appendages of their two strong fortresses, have naturally passed through the gamut of feelings instinctive to peoples conquered in war. And these feelings were the more bitter because it was not the people who were conquered.

Through the open door of Strassburg and Metz, Germany had been more than a dozen times invaded and many times overrun by the marauding hosts of France. It was Bismarck's plan to close these doors, to hold the key of France and Germany in his hand, so that these irruptions should forever cease. At the treaty of Frankfort in 1871, France threw the provinces overboard to save herself from a worse fate. And ever since that time they have been a 'wound in the side' of the great Empire to which they are attached.

And naturally the emotional patriotism of France has looked forward to revenge. For forty years mourning wreaths have been placed on the symbolic statue of Strassburg in the Place de la Concorde. For forty years the Paris press has stirred up the shallow springs of national egotism or patriotism. For forty years the Boulevards have looked forward to the 'Guerre de Revanche,' the 'Guerre d'Honneur,' which should bring back to France her abducted daughters of the Vosges. It is a better and more earnest type of man who looks forward to the War of Honor, but the two words, honor and revenge, mean the same thing. War, and the name of every war, is a lie.

And beyond the Rhine, all this serves the plans of the Pangermanists, who talk and dream of their 'War of Expansion,' which should give Germany her needed space 'under the sun,' and fill northern and central Europe with more problems of Alsace-Lorraine, all to be settled by the steady application of 'blood and iron.'

As a matter of fact no one can believe that any considerable number of rational people on either side of the Rhine desire war, or would look upon war as other than a dire calamity. Preparation for war is forced upon the common men by their acquiescence, sometimes by machinery they do not control, but never by their will. Nor can we doubt the assurance of the rulers, on both sides, that they do not want war, and that they will, on either side, in no case take the initiative in attack. The fact is, that modern Europe has no room for war, no stomach for it, no money to pay its cost. Neither France nor Germany is to-day, nor ever can be, 'prepared for war.' To be prepared for war is to have it; and gross accident or hideous crime aside, the War of Revenge and the War of Expansion are alike impossible. But neither chauvinist nor Pangermanist cares for this. They are peculiarly impatient as to ways and means. Few in number, but noisy, and on both sides largely venal, it is their business to make war and war-trade. It is not war for Alsace or for Lorraine, but war with Alsace-Lorraine as the excuse. The chauvinists of France rest their case mainly on matters of feeling. As a matter of fact, they are relatively harmless, for their influence on politics

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is small and waning, though they have received a lease of noisy life since the incident at Agadir in 1911. Their colleagues in Germany, more menacing to world peace, for the moment, because they form a privileged class nearer the seats of power, back their pretensions by a sort of pseudo-science, a shallow imitation of philosophy.

It is said that in the centre of a cyclonic storm all is perfectly quiet. If Alsace-Lorraine is such a storm-centre, the same fact holds true. There is scarcely any part of Europe where the war spirit is lower or the war-maker less in evidence. The sole problem of these people is to secure equal rights within the Empire, and the chief difference of opinion hinges on whether these will be secured sooner by insistence or by patience. If Alsace-Lorraine is 'the nightmare of Europe,' the fault lies with Europe.

The provinces want no war, for they have seen war and know what it is. The last war of civilized Europe was fought on their lands, and worse than battle itself is life on a battlefield.

In the old days Alsace was a battlefield of religion. The ancient *Chronicles of Thann* tell how the land was ravaged in the Thirty Years' War. Towns destroyed have never been rebuilt. In one commune, the record tells us, there was not for twelve years a wedding, nor for fifteen years a baptism.

'So often as the Swedes gave battle to the imperialists, so often did the imperialists make war upon the Swedes. It was an endless massacre!'

Alsace still remembers vividly the awful bombardment of Strassburg and the bloody fields of Weissenburg and Wörth. Lorraine has before her waking eyes the campaign of Metz, and the hideous scenes of Victor Hugo's 'Année Terrible' of 1871. Not far away is the ravine of Gravelotte, with the war-swept heights of St. Privat, St. Hubert, and Sainte-Marie aux Chênes. All about the scenes of the futile sorties of Bazaine — Noisseville, Colombey, and the highway that leads through Rezonville and Vionville to the French border at Mars-la-Tour — the land has been for forty years made up of graveyards rather than farms. And then, not far away, in France, but still within the boundaries of old Lorraine, were the horrors of Bazeilles, its massacre of citizens as well as soldiers, 'the obscene sea of slaughter' of Sedan. The battles of Napoleon III were fought on the soil of Alsace-Lorraine, but the provinces had no part in these wars. They were offered up in final sacrifice.

II

In his clever account of the German enigma, M. Georges Bourdon uses these words: 'One must not speak of Alsace-Lorraine; it is better to listen while she speaks.'

In these pages the writer has tried thus to listen while Alsace-Lorraine speaks for herself. In traveling over the two provinces he has had speech with many good men and women, representing every point of view which the question permits. These have freely and frankly expressed their hopes and fears. Their opinions are summed up here, often in their own language, as nearly as may be in condensed translation.[1]

Chauvinists and Pangermanists alike are rare, and very rare, among the natives of Alsace and Lorraine; their contests belong to the outside world, and we may for the present pass them

[1] I mention no individual names, except from articles in print, because I would have no one held personally responsible, but to all I acknowledge my indebtedness; I am under special obligations to my colleague and companion, Professor Albert Léon Guérard, for his sympathetic interest and invaluable help. — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by and disregard their exterior assertions.

There is no doubt a war-feeling which has its roots in these provinces, though its manifestations are outside. After the treaty of Frankfort, 'the optants,' 'those who chose to remain French,' were allowed to leave the provinces. The number of those who thus left in the years 1871–73, is officially stated to have been 270,000, about one fifth of the total population. These are the 'émigrés,' while the Germans who have since come in from 'Old Germany' are spoken of as 'immigrés,' 'Vieux Allemands,' or 'Alt Deutsche.'

The spirit of these men and women who chose to leave their native land for a principle represents the noblest impulses of the human heart. They abandoned their homes, not through hatred of Prussia, not because they 'would not become Germans,' not even because they wished to remain citizens of France. Their primary motive was this: they would not place themselves or their sons in a position where, as conscripts in a foreign army, they would fight their kinsmen and friends. This was no passing emotion. It was grounded deep in religion and conscience.

We who to-day are spectators should remember that these men and women of forty years ago were not actors merely in the great tragedy of Europe, a play on which the curtain is yet to be rung down. They were themselves the very soul of the tragedy.

The émigrés have naturally had a large influence on their kinsfolk at home. The population of neighboring cities of France and Switzerland, notably Nancy, Belfort, and Basle, has been greatly increased and strengthened by this movement of Alsatians who would not be German. In each of these cities the number of 'émigrés' runs into the thousands.

The University of Nancy has grown up through the influence of these people, having been built to take the place of the University of Strassburg as the Eastern stronghold of French culture. It is said that in the German army there are but three Alsatian officers, while in the French Army thirty generals are of Alsace or Lorraine stock.

The émigrés hold to the spirit of the solemn protest of Bordeaux, spoken by M. Grosjean before the French Assembly on March 1, 1871, as the last act of the twenty-eight deputies of Alsace and Lorraine before leaving their place in the empire. The protest is in part as follows: —

'Delivered, in scorn of all justice and by an odious abuse of force, to foreign domination, we have one last duty to perform. We declare once for all null and void an agreement which disposes of us without our consent. The vindication of our rights rests for ever open to all and to each one in the form and in the degree our conscience shall dictate. In the moment we quit this hall, the supreme thought we find in the bottom of our hearts is a thought of unutterable attachment to the land from which in violence we are torn. Our brothers of Alsace and of Lorraine, separated at this moment from the common family, will preserve to France, absent from their hearthstones, an affection faithful to the day when she shall return to take again her place.'

Then on March 24, turning toward Germany, Frédéric Hartmann spoke these words, classical and historic, the key which unlocks the whole question of Alsace-Lorraine: —

'By the fact that you have conquered us, you owe us a status in law, a civil and political constitution in harmony with our traditions and with our customs.'

To all inquiries concerning Alsace-Lorraine, the German answer begins invariably with the words, 'There is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no question of Alsace-Lorraine.' Amplifying this answer, we have: —

There is no question of Alsace-Lorraine; the land is German by tradition, by language, and by conquest. Its affairs concern Germany alone; the whole alleged question is the work of the boulevard journalists of Paris.

Taking up the German position first from the side of law, it is claimed that Alsace and Lorraine are territories won by conquest confirmed by the treaty of Frankfort. As such, all rights have lapsed and there remain only those that the Empire in its wisdom and friendliness may grant. France has no further concern in the matter. The relations in International Law were settled once and for all by the treaty of Frankfort. As France tried for years to suppress the German language and German culture in Alsace, it becomes Germany's national duty in turn to wean these people from the French. The Franco-Prussian war was begun by Napoleon, with the avowed purpose of seizing the Rhine provinces for France. 'To guard against the repetition of such an offense,' the Pangermanists contend, 'we have taken the Rhine valley for Germany. The connection of Elsass-Lothringen with the Empire is the very last word of irrevocability. We might as well be asked to surrender Prussia as to give up the territory bought and paid for at Gravelotte, Mars-la-Tour, St. Privat and Sedan. Restoration of Elsass-Lothringen is not debatable for us in any form whatsoever. No proffer of territory in exchange anywhere on the face of the globe could induce the German government even to consider such a transaction. Why did we retake it? Because the safety of German territory demanded it. France openly coveted the left bank of the Rhine. What else was the real underlying cause of Napoleon's war? Elsass-Lothringen had to be taken if that part of our fatherland west of the Rhine was to be permitted to develop in peace and safety as an integral part of the German nation.'

Again, in law, Elsass-Lothringen is not a state of the German Empire, not one of the twenty-eight members of the imperial confederation. It is 'Reichsland,' — imperial property, to be administered in the general interest of the imperial states. 'Its present status is almost exactly parallel with that of the territories within the United States, or perhaps still more exactly with that of the Federal District of Columbia.' The territory is allowed certain privileges, not rights, of self-government, but not to the prejudice or advantage of the actual states. As in the United States of the past and present, the people of the territories are held in tutelage until they are ready for self-government, so Elsass-Lothringen is held in training until its people are ready for autonomy within the German Empire. To this end, they must be educated in the spirit of 'Deutschthum,' and must be imbued with German traditions and with German culture.

Naturally, the business of Elsass-Lothringen must be conducted in the German language. The people must be familiar with German methods of government and modes of thinking. They must think as Germans, for the Empire is not an assemblage of states and cities and people. It is a confederation of Germans, by the Germans, and for the Germans.

All this involves no real hardship, for the same requirements exist throughout the Empire, and all residents of the Empire, Danes and Poles, Saxons, Swabians, Bavarians, and Prussians alike, must conform to it. All Germany is 'under the ferule' of training in 'Deutschthum.' Meanwhile, German rule in Alsace-Lorraine is consideration

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itself compared with the methods usually found necessary in dealing with a conquered people.

To revert to the process of Entwelschung, — its advocates maintain that it is salutary and necessary. The continuity and efficiency of the Empire depend upon it. It has been honestly and consistently pursued in Elsass-Lothringen for forty years, and it is open to no question or revision. In so far as it has failed, the fault lies with hesitation or leniency in administration, not with the plan itself.

The 'Affaire de Noisseville,' in 1908,[1] may serve as an example of such failure. The Statthalter (governor) permitted the building of a monument to the French soldiers on this German battlefield. Its dedication was witnessed by 100,000 people who waved the tri-color and sang the Marseillaise in defiance of national proprieties. It produced a revival of French sympathy which swept Lorraine off her feet, and threatened to undo in an hour the loyalty resulting from years of patient German tutelage.

The German outlook for the future does not grow promising. This the officials unwillingly admit. Lorraine abuts on France as Alsace does on Switzerland. But the greatest obstinacy appears in the districts thoroughly German by blood and speech. It centres especially in Ober-Elsass and its two chief cities of Colmar and Mühlhausen.

But whatever the discouragements, it is certain in the minds of the German authorities that Elsass-Lothringen cannot be made an independent nation, nor yet a free state of the Empire. Still less can it be given back to France. Alsace is German at heart and belongs in the Empire. To abandon Lorraine would be to disgrace the fifty thousand graves of brave Germans who gave their lives to win back the lost provinces and to gain the German Rhine. The international politics of Germany hinge on romantic sentiment.

Moreover, though forty years is a long period in the lifetime of a man, it is but a moment in the history of a race. Alsace lies where races meet. She has been part of Germany, of Austria, of France, of Germany again. She has resisted all changes with characteristic obstinacy. She has been reconciled, more or less, with each in turn, and she will be reconciled again. The reëstablishment of the monarchy was strenuously opposed by Alsace, and she voted persistently and almost alone against the overwhelming majority which established the 'Second Empire.'

III

Just now Elsass-Lothringen asks for autonomy, for home rule within the Empire. No man of sagacity expects or hopes to see the region returned to France. It is argued by Germanists, on the other hand, that home rule is demanded not for the good of the people, but because home rule is the custom of the other states. But under German law Elsass-Lothringen is not a state, but imperial territory, 'Reichsland.' This distinction her politicians resent.

I may here, again in passing, refer to the differences now existing between the Reichsland and a state.

The Reichsland has no executive head of its own. It is governed from Berlin — by a Statthalter, appointed by the Emperor; the powers of the Statthalter and his Ministerium at Strassburg being derived from the Emperor. The constitution of the Reichsland was granted from Berlin (in 1911), — not framed by the people or their representatives, or voted by them, or subject to amendment by them.

[1] The notorious Zabern affair took place subsequent to Dr. Jordan's investigation. — THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Government of Germany and of its federated states is 'constitutional and not parliamentary.' The limitations on the executive are set by the constitution itself and not, as in Great Britain, by the changing will of the people, as expressed through their deputies. In theory, the Bundesrath and the Reichstag in Berlin could change this constitution at will, or withdraw it altogether.

Much of the local friction in Elsass-Lothringen centres about edicts or laws of special protection (*Abwehrgesetze*), known locally as 'laws of exception' (*lois d'exception*). These measures, it is claimed, are made necessary in Alsace-Lorraine, as similar or more rigid laws have been in the new Prussian provinces of Schleswig-Holstein and Posen, by facts in the history or geography or temperament of the provinces concerned. These districts all border on unfriendly powers, and from these emanate influences which Germany finds it necessary to combat.

There are very many of these 'laws of exception.' I may name a few which were called to my attention: —

The Germanization of the University of Strassburg.

The dissolution in Metz of 'Sport' societies with French buglers.

The dissolution of Souvenir Societies for the decoration of French graves.

The limitation (to about one in two weeks) of the rendering of French plays.

The limitation of French instruction (which is given in German, to students who use French in daily speech and in their games).

The occasional banishment or imprisonment of ardent 'nationalists,' or even of visitors from France or Switzerland.

The revival for a time of the passport system.

The requirement of German signs and notices, and the other matters locally called '*coups d'épingle*,' and variously ignored or resented according to the temper of individuals. Street signs can be written in French only by special permission.

IV

Those who believe in the future of German Entwelschung recognize more or less clearly mistakes in the past. Some of those indicated to me by different persons are the following: —

Too great leniency: willingness to compromise in Lorraine with French sympathy, in Alsace with Swiss republicanism.

Too great severity: the attempt to teach love of Germany by showing Germany's most unlovely side.

Holding Alsace-Lorraine responsible for outbreaks of chauvinism in Paris; matters in which these provinces had no part.

'It is a mistake in these days to hold conquered territory.' To carry the theory of Reichsland to its logical conclusion the inhabitants should have been removed. Turkey has put the theory into practice in Armenia, but Germany is not fitted for the task, especially when dealing with people exactly like her own. To the policy of taking French territory at all it is said that Bismarck was strongly opposed, but yielded to Moltke's insistence on the necessity of retaining Strassburg and Metz, to which, in the military sense, Alsace and Lorraine are but outlying appendages.

It was a mistake not to make Alsace-Lorraine frankly part of Prussia. This was done with other conquered territory, — Schleswig-Holstein, Posen, and even the historic German state of Hanover.

It was a mistake not to make the Emperor himself Landesherr of Alsace-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lorraine. This would perhaps have touched the springs of patriotic feeling.

It was a mistake to unite Lorraine with Alsace. The two districts have scarcely anything in common save their experiences in rupture from France. By uniting them we transfer to each the complaints of the other. Lorraine, largely French, chiefly rural, and altogether Catholic, is more docile than Alsace. The latter is peculiarly headstrong in her republicanism.

The Abbé Thilmont of Lorraine ascribes to his people the calmness and coolness of the German with the delicacy and exquisite sensibility of the French. They are profoundly attached to religion as the last surviving interest, but they hate extremes, clericalism as well as sectarianism.

'We in Lorraine think sometimes with our heads and sometimes with our hearts. With our heads we accept a situation we cannot change. But who can read the heart?'

As for Alsace, the dominant note is that of republicanism. As we shall see later, the clue to its character is found not in its love of France, but in its love of liberty, a survival of the old Germanic freedom, which is still alive in every province, its expression stifled by the apparent success of the Germanic militarism of to-day.

These undercurrents are not likely to appear to the casual traveler who may visit Strassburg or Metz. Since 1871 there has been a large immigration to these cities from the rest of Germany, the 'Vieux Allemands' or 'immigrés' of common speech. To-day, Metz is about three fifths German and two fifths Lorraine; while in Strassburg about two fifths are German immigrés and three fifths Alsatians.

The Germans have added greatly to the wealth and importance of these two cities. In Metz, especially, large additions have been built up from German capital. 'Strassburg, the quaint and busy city on the Ill, with its high-pitched roofs and the huge lacy spire of its red minster, with its cheerful and apparently well-satisfied people, seems to have little in common with the tragically draped statue in Paris.' The city is prosperous, its general administration effective, and business always dreads a change. The future of Strassburg is unquestionably German. Every visible trace of French culture has been sedulously stamped out. But 'no solution can be imposed by force.' The question of Alsace-Lorraine underlies all this seeming peacefulness and the most stiff-necked Prussian official comes at last to realize its existence.

A closer study shows that, even in Strassburg, the Alsatian does not change his point of view. He is a 'citizen of no mean city,' and that city must bide its time to come to its own and manage its own affairs. The most sympathetic of the immigrés slowly come to the same point of view. In so far as they do not, they constitute a class apart, without social recognition from the Alsatians. Outside of Strassburg and Metz — even in cities like Colmar and Mühlhausen — the immigrés constitute but a small fraction of the population. So far as 'expansion' is concerned, crowded Germany gains nothing by annexation, for the land of Alsace still belongs to the Alsatians. The Germans cannot get a foot of ground unless they buy it. This they could do before 1870, and this they can do in any part of the earth. The Germanization of Strassburg and Metz is scarcely more marked than the Germanization of manufacturing cities outside of Germany — let us say, of Milwaukee, or of Saõ Paulo, in Brazil. German immigrants are crowding into Basle and Zürich, perfectly willing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to become Swiss. German merchants and manufacturers have 'expanded'[1] throughout the world, and this without aid or help of the Mailed Fist or the Spiked Helmet.

With the growth of German industries there has come to Metz and to Strassburg, as well as to other German factory towns, a large accession of 'cheap labor' from Poland and from Italy. But all this, while tending to make still more impossible the return of the provinces to France, contributes nothing whatever to the problem of conciliation.

Another mistake, it is alleged, lay in the earlier attempts to conciliate the old aristocracy of Alsace-Lorraine. Some of these accepted imperial favor, but the class as a whole was not affected by them. Throughout both provinces the old bourgeoisie speak French, read French, regard French culture as superior to German, and regret that such culture is in a degree denied to their children. The blending of races and race-interests comes more readily from the bottom of the social scale. It was our experience in Mühlhausen to walk into the Bourse and find three hundred men, — well-to-do Germans to all appearance, — transacting their vociferous business all in French. The use of French in common life is advancing downwards in spite of, and largely because of, official pressure in the other direction.

It was a mistake that the constitution of 1911 was not granted twenty years earlier. This might have given an earlier interest in imperial as against local politics. It is said that the government encouraged the development of a socialist party in Alsace, to give a new line of division as against that of 'particularism.' This constitution handed to them from above has not satisfied the people, and it has emphasized the fact that their presence is a wound in the flank of a great empire. Moreover, it is in itself contrary to German legal traditions. If Alsace-Lorraine is Reichsland pure and simple, it should not be represented in the Reichstag, and needs no constitution at all. The constitution is an admission that while the territory is 'Reichsland,' its people are not peons or feudal servitors who go with the land, but are in some degree, at least, Germans, — 'second-class Germans' in the bitter words one may hear in Alsace.

It is claimed that more appointive offices should have been filled by local selections. That there is little local participation in administration is not wholly the fault of the government. In view of the protest of Bordeaux, the 'indigènes' could hardly accept imperial appointments without the feeling of being renegades.

Another error of the Imperial government, it is claimed, was its failure to control the private schools for girls as well as those for boys. It is the women of Alsace-Lorraine who, more than the others, keep alive the traditions of France; a business man may fit his politics to his affairs, a woman never.

It is often admitted that the German civil service has not been adequate for its duties — being, on the whole, lacking in foresight, tact, and fairness. 'It was Germany's mistake to send to Elsass-Lothringen North Germans and Protestants, stiff, haughty, totally devoid of tact and sympathetic insight, who behaved like so many little Gesslers.' While the Ministerium itself has contained many men of a high order of scholarship and intelligence, 'the lower positions have been largely given

[1] There are almost a third as many Germans in the United States as in Germany. These have been 'Americanized' with no effort whatever, simply because no pressure has been used for their 'Entwelschung.' — THE AUTHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to non-commissioned officers used to the harsh discipline of the Prussian barracks.' Under the German constitution all officials can say, 'Criticize or blame as much as you please; so long as I enjoy the confidence of my superior, I shall not change my course.' 'So long as the military, pietistic, feudal, monarchical element rules in Germany, so long will there be no change in its administrative methods.'

Germany never appears at its best in directing the affairs of other people. 'It is not the nature of the Prussian in office,' writes an American observer from Strassburg, 'whether he is stadholder of Alsace-Lorraine or only a third assistant highway inspector, to be a tactful ruler.'

V

It is claimed by many that the greatest mistake in German management has been its subordination to the military group in Berlin. To keep hatred alive is to strengthen the cause of 'armor-plate patriotism.'

The fundamental error, the Alsatians claim, is the failure to grasp the spirit and purpose of Alsace. In the words of one Alt Deutscher in Strassburg, 'I do not know these people called Nationalists in Strassburg and Colmar and Mühlhausen. I have never met any of them; I don't want to meet any of them; I don't know their names; I never read their papers; I don't see where their *Journal d'Alsace-Lorraine* gets its subscribers.'

'It is as easy to make the feelings of Alsace understood at Berlin as to inject the essence of violet through the skin of a hippopotamus.'

Because Alsace was chiefly German, it was thought that she would welcome restoration to the Empire, even though in the humble relation of tenant of Imperial territory. The relief of our 'brothers in chains' in France was part of the alleged motive for the invasion of Alsace. But the 'long-lost brothers had grown up in another family, and they resented being made pawns in a greater game; Alsace has no love for any empire. She had held out against Louis XIV as against Napoleon. She had compelled Mazarin's assurance that the sole purpose of the French arms in Alsace was to assure the independence of the free cities, with no thought whatever of taking advantage.'

The traditions of Alsace go back to the days of her free cities of the Holy Roman Empire. Strassburg was under the control of a bishop, but, otherwise, the land of Alsace was free. In 1353, at the suggestion of the Emperor, Charles IV, the league of free cities was formed, lasting unbroken for more than two hundred years. Landau entered this league in 1511, and the largest of the free cities, Mühlhausen, left it in 1523, to join the more powerful confederation of the cantons of Switzerland. In their internal affairs these cities were free from all outside control, and even after the date of 1681, when the seizure of Strassburg by Louis XIV, in time of peace, finally carried Alsace into the kingdom of France, it was a maxim in politics not to touch the affairs of Alsace.

We may note further that Alsace was seized by Louis XIV at a time when the apparent glory of France was at its highest. It was an era, not only of military splendor and reckless expenditure, but also of literary and political distinction. Even the court of Berlin spoke French in preference to German, and the German mind was profoundly influenced by French methods of expression. The superiority of French culture was taken for granted over Continental Europe, as it is still in Paris. French culture in Alsace was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not a veneer, it was an actual accomplishment.

But the theory of Germany for the last forty years is that France is decadent and corrupt, to be avoided by the honest student. Modern culture and modern science are products of German genius. But Alsace accepts only part of this assertion. She looks upon the romantic veneration of the German for ancient forms as a mild atavism, a return toward barbarism. The final evidence of the failure of the Prussian régime is its futility. It gets nowhere, not a step has been permanently taken, and if the bitterness of feeling has abated, that is the work of time, not of 'Entwelschung.' No form of vote or plebiscite could settle the relations of Alsace-Lorraine, for they would choose freedom with Germany rather than bureaucracy with France.

If one asks an Alsatian whether he would be French or German, one rarely gets a direct answer, and this reserve is not due to prudence. The question is irrelevant.

'The force of arms decides our fate for all eternity. We seem destined to be the plaything and the victim of all international hates and of all wars. Never are we sincerely consulted. Never are we asked our desires with any intention that these should be granted.'

And for these reasons there has risen in Alsace, its special seats in Colmar and Mühlhausen, a group or party called Particularist or Nationalist, loosely organized but tending in various ways to forward the freedom of the province. These people, each in his turn, — 'citizen of no mean city,' — resent the idea of political tutelage; it is as repugnant to them as the cognate idea that they are mere appendages to the fortresses of Strassburg and of Metz.

For it must be recognized that the question of Alsace-Lorraine is mainly the question of Alsace; this again is a question of industrial Strassburg on the one hand, and of Ober-Elsass — Colmar and Mühlhausen — on the other. This fact is realized in France. The lost provinces are symbolized by the Alsatian girl with the two broad bows of black satin which adorn her head-dress. The French people mourn for Strassburg rather than for Metz. 'Metz, a provincial town, stood for nothing vital. Strassburg on the Rhine frontier stood for that half-assimilated Teutonic element, an essential part of modern French culture.' 'For Strassburg enjoyed for centuries a unique privilege that the best friends of France and Germany would be glad to see restored.'

VI

We may now look at the situation from the other sides — the side of France and the side of Alsace.

There is a question of Alsace-Lorraine. It can be settled only by granting to its people equal rights within the Empire. The responsibility for failure rests with the Pangermanist warfaction which dominates Prussia, and which through Prussia rules Germany.

The present attitude of Alsace is concisely summed up in these three lines of current doggerel: —

Français ne peux,
Prussien ne veux,
Alsacien suis.

Some day, of course, there will be no other result possible: Elsass-Lothringen will be a self-governed state within the Confederation of Germany. She will cultivate the friendships which bind her to France. Her people will become increasingly bilingual and cosmopolitan in their sympathies. She will furnish her part of the cement which will bind Continental Europe into one system of good-will.

This is the dream of the future, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hope of those who see a free Europe arising from her subservience to armored patriotism and conscript soldiers,—a Europe in which mind shall rule, not coward force and fear.

What shall we say of to-day?

The theory of the Reichsland or conquered territory of Germany may be good imperial law, but it is not good politics and it is not good policy. It is not good law, for it is brigand law — the law of force and fear, not that of right and order. France might assign her sovereignty over Alsace; she could never sign away the rights of the people. This is a question of to-day, and there is no reason why the people of Alsace, and through them the people of Germany and France, should suffer from the blunders of Napoleon or of Bismarck. The whole world is interested in Alsace-Lorraine because the whole world is injured by the rivalry in arms for which the uneasiness of the two provinces furnishes the cause in evidence.

Of going back to France there is no question. To return to France through war is a process horrible and inconceivable. In peace, it is outside the domain of possibility. 'It would be a pitiable politician and a sorry strategist who would begin putting the national house in order for the great emergency by abandoning *Die Wacht am Rhein*.' That 'the great emergency' is itself a nightmare with no real existence, does not change the problem. It is not clear even that the provinces as a whole would wish to return. The whole business of Alsace must be with Germany. Home rule and autonomy within the German Empire might be more acceptable than to return as three minor departments in highly centralized France. All political relations with France are beyond discussion. In so far, German officialism is right. The question of Alsace-Lorraine is an affair of Germany, and for this question no direct or immediate solution is possible, for this is the heart of it. When can Germany give her conquered provinces a freedom her own people have not yet achieved for themselves?

There are some who see the answer in the neutralization of Alsace-Lorraine, forming of the provinces a buffer state, an independent, unfortified republic connecting two similar states, Belgium and Luxembourg, with the republic of Switzerland. This would separate France from Germany by a belt of neutral nations, distinct from both, protected by both, sympathetic with both; for now, as in the days of Voltaire and Frederick the Great, there is nothing mutually exclusive in French and German culture. It has been suggested that toward this end, the most ideal conceivable by any one, France might barter her Madagascar or the French Congo.

But this project is to all appearances outside the realm of practical politics. 'Only a St. Louis can restore a conquest.' To give up territory won by force would be to dishonor the graves of Wörth, of Gravelotte, and of Mars-la-Tour. To free Alsace would be to confess the fundamental wrong of the policy of 'blood and iron.'

There is little force to the suggestion of restoring Lorraine to France while holding Alsace as Reichsland. 'Alsace is dearer to the heart of France than Lorraine could ever be.' While Lorraine partakes of the spirit of Alsace, the future of Alsace determines the fate of her associate. The suggestion that the French-speaking provinces be returned to France has no merit. This again would be a species of dismemberment. The solution of the question lies entirely outside of all matters of race or language. It turns wholly on the position of Alsace within the Empire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As to the details of home rule, public opinion divides widely. In some degree this becomes a question of religion. I have tried here to avoid all those phases of the problem which are entangled in German politics, and the 'centrist politics' of Germany hinges on Catholic alliances and demands. Both Alsace and Lorraine are essentially Catholic districts. But here Catholic opinion divides as other opinion does, according to the individual feeling and conscience. Some of the most noted of the leaders of 'Nationalism' are honored as abbés by the Church. Other church leaders are equally devoted to the cause of 'Germanism.' The attitude of clericalism has its rigorous opponents within the clergy, and with these words we may leave the questions of 'centrisme' and clericalism untouched.

But it is true as a whole, probably, that the Catholics would prefer a more conventional government to a pure republic. They look forward to a condition like that of the Grand Duchy of Baden, the state of the Empire lying parallel with Alsace on the other side of the Rhine and inhabited by much the same sort of Swabian people.

But it is not easy to supply the provinces with a grand duke or a prince, by promotion or by importation. 'We cannot make a new dynasty in the twentieth century.' The princely families which swarm in middle Germany are relics of the feudal system. If progressive Germany were free from the element of hereditary rule, it would never take it up. It can imagine an empire in which the Emperor holds authority only by dynastic right. Only as a matter of historic succession is it necessary that he should have kings and dukes and arch-dukes and bishops as his august colleagues and subordinates.

The selection of some Catholic prince as Landesherr would be acceptable to Lorraine, but probably not to Alsace. Alsace is strong in the faith, but likewise prone to heresies; at times she displays a mysticism more profound than orthodox. From Alsace comes the suggestion, as acceptable, of the names of two Protestant princes of the North, who have studied at the University of Strassburg, and who are therefore in touch with Alsatian aspirations.

But to Alsace generally the word 'autonomy' means the organization of a republic within the Empire. The leaders point to the free cities, — Hamburg; Bremen, Lübeck — as models in this regard. But these cities were historically free, joining the Empire on their own terms. To create a new rural republic within the Empire seems to conservative Germany a dangerous experiment. Moreover, if Alsace were a monarchy even, she would make herself a republican monarchy.

The enthusiasm of Catholic Lorraine for France seems checked somewhat in the last ten years. This is due to the rise of the anti-clerical party in France, and to the seizure for public uses of property held by the Church.

The situation of Alsace-Lorraine is in the long run hopeful for the cause of freedom. Obstacles vanish as men arise to remove them. Alsace and Lorraine have the task to keep alive their local identity, their traditions of culture, their economic prosperity. They must lead in movements which tend toward the reconciliation of France and Germany. They must lend no encouragement to chauvinist or to Pangermanist. The peace society lately formed at Mühlhausen by Jacques Schlumberger and his associates, the Franco-German League, with its many adherents in both nations, — these are all steps in this direction. Alsace-Lorraine should aid in the liberal move-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments of Germany. Some day the presence of Alsace may turn the scale in behalf of German freedom. Some day German science will point the way forward from Bismarck and Von Moltke to Schiller and Kant. 'When this time comes, this great nation, "the second fatherland" of every cultured man, shall stand for honor and justice, the prophecy of Heine shall come true. Not only Alsace-Lorraine, but the whole world in this ideal sense shall be German.'

'War' says a leading Alsatian, 'is the worst possible solution of our problems, because war is no solution. With war there is never a solution of any question. Alsace has been part of Germany, of Austria, of France, and now of Germany again. If France should gain Alsace by war, it would be only the beginning of another war, and so on without end. Our hope is in the change of feeling in Germany, and in the rising demand for local rights and local freedom among the German people in the place of concentrated paternalism.'

'Some of us think that our purposes may be best attained by continuous local agitation as a means of educating Germany. Most of us think a quiet patience better. Agitation only makes it harder to come to mutual understanding.' 'We have grown up under a régime more democratic than Germany — especially Prussia — has ever known. We should do our best to be good citizens of Alsace, and this will have its weight in Germany, for the German people, outside the military clique, are men like ourselves.'

It is also said that 'Every solution implying war is to be rejected. No definite solution could result from a Franco-German war, by which Alsace would find herself cut into two parts, each to destroy the other. A war, whatever its result, provokes always the desire of revenge and leads to indefinite international disorder, in which the antagonism among different elements would be greatly intensified.

'Other questions of high importance are rising to the surface (social, moral, educational questions) demanding solution; for all these questions, implying higher ideals than the cheap quarrels between nations, is demanded the collaboration of all men of good-will, who should ignore all national frontiers.

'It is inadmissible that the question of Alsace-Lorraine should indefinitely hold back the general development of Europe. A Franco-German *entente* would necessitate for Alsace-Lorraine a government according to its own will. It would thus destroy the worst obstacle to the pacification of Europe, and open to civilization new lines of progress.

'This solution which, in assuring peace to the world, would guarantee the development of Alsace and Lorraine, would nevertheless offend two powerful influences: the self-conceit of two nations, and the interest of the war system. It is for the people of these provinces to say loudly and clearly that the demand be made the friendly bridge between two civilizations, not the glacis of a fort nor yet a field of battle. This is the meaning of the meetings at Mühlhausen, and of the vote of the Landtag: *No War; Franco-German reconciliation*, and *Autonomy for Alsace-Lorraine!*'

'Our duties in Alsace are plainly three: —

'To avert war, first and foremost.

'To use every effort towards the liberalizing of public opinion among our compatriots in Germany.

'To cease irritating agitation for what we know we cannot get.' 'Agitation heats the blood and makes for enmity, not friendship.'

To this third proposition there are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many who do not agree, in Strassburg and Metz, as well as in Colmar and Mühlhausen. These claim that agitation also educates, and they have used the forces of eloquence of tongue and pen, of merry raillery and biting sarcasm, in the intent of the autonomous republic. The cartoons of Zislin, in the local journal *Dur's Elsass*, have often been most suggestive. Artistic and forceful is the brush work of Walz.[1]

The point of view of the active nationalists may be summed up as follows: —

Whether our aim is possible or not, that is not our concern. It is our right, and so it becomes our duty as free men to speak. We look to the future, not to the compromises of to-day. 'The future belongs to the good Lord, not to the ugly fellow of the Pangermanist league.'

'The free cities of the empire have tasted freedom, freedom is in the blood.'

[1] Jean Jacques Walz of Colmar.

A SUIT AGAINST SCIENCE

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

To say that humanity owes a vast debt to science is but to repeat what a thousand others have affirmed, and what all men know. It might almost be said that science is civilization; and while there are not lacking those who maintain that the more civilized we become the worse we grow, all such are either quibblers juggling with the meaning of words, or persons, who, while they are doubtless sincere enough, have fallen victims to a malady of the mind. And yet in one respect science deserves our censure and not our praise; in one matter of great moment she is the ally of error and not of truth; in one of the most important of the many ways in which she touches and affects human life her influence is bad, not good.

In order to perceive this fact one does not have to be either wise or learned: one need only be honest and ready to believe the evidence of his faculties. And perhaps — for there are thousands who have suffered by it — the thing is all the clearer because it is a part of personal experience. There was once a boy who reveled in the wonder of wild nature. Birds and beasts fascinated him; the sea was a fairyland because of the fishes in it; the garden was a paradise because it teemed with all sorts of life. He spent much of his time in boyish contemplation of these living things and he learned a good deal about them — not very much in the way of details, perhaps, but much of a somewhat vague and general sort that was, in spite of its vagueness, intimate and true. After a while the boy went to college. There he was introduced to a science called biology which was described to him as the science of life; and during the next four years he, in common with many of his fellow students, — some because the subject interested them, others because it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed to fit in well with their other studies, — took courses in biology. The knowledge of the science which they acquired was of necessity very far from complete. Largely it was concerned with certain theories and natural laws, learned more or less by rote and accepted mainly on faith; and of these theories and laws the ones which impressed the boy most were those having to do with evolution. These interested him deeply because they were concepts brand-new to him — utterly different from those old-fashioned notions about nature with which his father, who got his education before Darwinism was taught in the schools, grew up. When the boy left college, his whole conception of nature and life had been changed. He felt that his eyes had been opened and that he had been shown a great light.

It was a great and wonderful light, indeed, but the things that it revealed were neither cheering nor beautiful. The garden was no longer a paradise, it was a battlefield. The countryside was no longer the abode of peace, it was the scene of constant war. There was no corner of the world, whether on land or sea, in which the struggle for existence was not raging in all its unspeakable cruelty. There was no living thing that was not either a slayer or doomed to be slain. Little harm would have been done, perhaps, — for all these things are true, — if the revolution which had been brought about in his conception of nature had stopped at that. But it went further than that, much further. He felt that he had been afforded a glimpse beneath the surface of things — that he had been shown the machinery of the animate creation in action, crushing out millions of lives each moment to make and maintain millions of other lives. And from this glimpse he drew a conclusion. Whereas in his earlier and more ignorant days he had conceived of the living things of the world as happy rather than unhappy, he now thought of them as in a constant state of misery and fear. They were the actors, the victims in this terrible struggle for life in which mercy was unknown; and the professor, at whose feet he had sat day after day, had made the struggle so real, had impressed on him so powerfully its cruelty and universality, that no doubt existed in his mind concerning the effect of that struggle upon the organisms taking part in it.

This, then, was the boy's new conception of nature gained from science taught to him during those four years at college. Perhaps he did not at that time do any definite or careful reasoning about the matter. Certainly he did not at that time realize that to have such a conception of the world must darken his whole philosophy even if it did not dry the very springs of religion itself. He merely drew — more or less unconsciously — from the facts which had been taught to him a natural inference and formed a logical conclusion; and the sum and result was a conception of nature which, vague as it was in one sense, was definite enough in another, and could not but shape his thought and affect his whole view of life.

It is because science is forming in the minds of thousands of other young men at hundreds of other colleges this same conception of nature and the world, that science can be indicted on the charge of creating and disseminating disastrous error. For this conception is false — not in so far as it concerns the fact of the struggle for existence, but in so far as it concerns the effect of the struggle upon the living things which are subject to it. That effect is not what the boy thought it was, not what thousands of other young men are being made to think it is. Science has been showing them only the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half of life, and consequently has been falsifying their vision of the whole. In all our colleges to-day the same lesson of a deadly, merciless, and never-ceasing battle is taught a thousand times until our minds are filled with the tragedy of nature.

Science does not actually lie to us or purposely lead us astray; but, obsessed by her great discoveries of the iron laws of the animate world, she devotes herself, in those elementary college courses which give to most of us all the science that we are ever to possess, wholly to teaching these laws in all their cold and frightful cruelty; and so, in the end, we are led to look upon nature as a vast charnel-house, an awful shambles wherein all animate creation undergoes constant butchery — wherein misery and fear must ever reign since death is ever imminent and slaughter never ceases. And to conceive of nature as such a thing as this is to see and shudder at a spectre that has no real existence.

We should perceive the unreality of this spectre if we were able to use our eyes, and were confident of our ability to form judgments based on the evidence of our own faculties. We should perceive that the world of animal life is a happy world in spite of all the suffering that it contains and in spite of the ceaseless struggle that is proceeding in every corner of it. The wood resounds with song: the river ripples merrily among its hills: the dragonflies, darting here and there above the millpond, are watchful but not cowering in dread. Through all the varying utterance of nature there runs a note of good cheer, of complete abandon, of full enjoyment of the moment. There is not in the whole catalogue of birds' songs a song that is truly sad, nor is there in all the thin music of the insect population a single strain that tells of sorrow. Among the wild children of nature there is no such thing as abiding grief, no such thing as fear of the future. We hear now and then — and it is always a more or less doubtful tale — of a dog that pined away for his master; but that is the exception which proves at least the first half of the rule. It is a rule which observation would demonstrate at once if that false conclusion, which we drew from science and for which science gave us no alternative, were not a poison too powerful to be overcome. An hour spent in the garden would prove it as absolutely as a lifetime passed in the woods.

It happened one December day that I was invited to go upon a deer-hunt. Hunting the deer is a favorite sport in lowland South Carolina, where vast areas of swamp-land remain unreclaimed by man, and still constitute an asylum for wild animals and those larger and rarer birds which have been driven out of the cultivated and thickly settled portions of the country. This hunt — in the woods of Wappaoolah, one of those old and historic plantation estates which have come down through many decades in the hands of the same family — was not notably different from a hundred others. I was assigned to my post, or 'stand,' in the forest, near one of the 'runs' which the deer was likely to take when it was 'jumped' by the hounds, and the other hunters were similarly disposed at other points in the woods. Meantime the 'drivers' — two or three mounted men — set off with the dogs to beat those portions of the woods where the game was probably lying.

Before long I heard the music of the hounds, — full and clear and wonderfully sweet, and so softened by distance that at first it was pure music devoid of any note of menace. Louder it grew and still louder, until in a little while the softness of it was gone and it had become a furious medley

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of anger, hatred, and ferocity. They were coming, baying dogs and yelling horsemen, sweeping down the long resounding aisles of the woods, close in the wake of the quarry. At any moment a slim, dun-colored wraith might float into the field of my vision, fleet as the wind, graceful beyond description, quivering with fear, or — if it were an old and wily buck — exulting in the oft-tried speed that could mock at hound and horse. A minute, two minutes of suspense — a long, deep sigh of undisguised relief. The chase had passed me by. Deer and dogs and horsemen had swept on to the left, within a hundred yards of my station, but hidden always by the trees and the scattered thickets beneath them. Some other hunter might get a shot; but for me the day's 'sport' was ended.

So much for the hunt. I had amused myself before the deer was jumped by watching the small wild life of the forest round about me. The trees and bushes were alive with birds — cardinals, towhees, myrtle and pine warblers, goldfinches, chickadees, titmice, kinglets, white-throated sparrows and white-breasted nuthatches; and though, even in this land of winter sunshine, December is not a month of song, the call notes of all these, intermingled with one another and punctuated now and then by the rat-tat-tat of a downy woodpecker or the bark of a gray squirrel, made a pleasant and cheery conversation in the wood. Then came the noise of the pack; and as the clamor grew louder and louder, I became aware that all movement had ceased in the copses around me and that the voices of the birds were hushed. When the chase had passed on and the baying of the dogs had been softened again by distance, I stood in a silent and empty forest. Nowhere was there a sign of life. The transformation was complete; the effect almost uncanny; and I had begun to regret that the chase had come my way, when suddenly a ruby-crowned kinglet on an oak-twig above my head began to scold. In a moment a towhee answered with his contralto call from the heart of a cassena thicket; and at once, as if at a signal, the wood came to life again. The shadow of fear was gone. Two minutes ago the forest folk had listened in awe and dread to the cries of the bloodthirsty pack; but now it was as though the peace of the woods had never been disturbed.

This was no unusual or mysterious phenomenon. On the contrary, it was a very simple happening of a kind that anyone may observe. But at the moment, and as I pondered it there at the foot of my oak, it seemed to me a wonderful and memorable event. It caused me to become aware all at once of something which I recognized instantly as of transcendent importance to me — something of which, perhaps, I had been dimly aware for a long time, but which never before had taken definite shape in my mind — something, moreover, which I knew must bring about a complete change in my whole philosophy of life — something which went even further and touched the springs of religion itself. And this great thing which on that day crystallized in my mind as a clear-cut and tremendous truth was this, — that all nature is abrim with happiness, happiness triumphant over terrifically cruel law.

The wild things are creatures of the moment. They live exclusively in the present. For them there is neither past nor future, and so there can be no regret for what has happened or foreboding of what may some time come to pass. There is present pain, of course, and there is present fear; but both are evanescent. When the immediate cause is removed, they vanish and there is no realization that they may return.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is true that the wild things live in constant danger, but it is not true that they live in constant terror. The operation of those unchanging natural laws which science writes out with her cold deliberate finger cannot be denied, nor can it be maintained that they are not as cruel as death itself. We cannot blind ourselves to the slaughter which results from the struggle for existence. But the great truth is that, in spite of all the slaughter and of all the pain through which nature works to some far-off and undiscoverable end, the living creatures of the earth — helpless though they be in the grip of immutable law — are happy.

'There are moments,' said Stevenson, expressing another but somewhat similar thought, 'when the mind refuses to be satisfied with evolution, and demands a ruddier presentation of the sum of man's experience.' And so long as the evolutionist teaches only the half of evolution, so long will he fail to satisfy the mind. Teach us, by all means, the inexorable, immutable laws; show us, by all means, the merciless battle for existence; but, for pity's sake, do not leave us then to form our judgment of the world. Take us a little further along the road of knowledge. Give us more of the facts in the case before bidding us go build our theory of life.

And you yourself, Professor Wiseman, get you out of doors. Let be your books and lock the laboratory behind you for a little while. Empty your brain of facts so that there may be room for a few new ones. Forget for an hour even the best and most firmly established of your theories so that you may not be tempted to interpret falsely what you see. Listen to the flicker as he laughs heartily in the distance. Watch the slim gray mockingbirds as they play hide-and-seek in the grove. Keep an eye on the amber-colored butterflies flitting carelessly from flower to flower. Ah, but there comes a kingbird and he crushes one of the butterflies in his bill. And you, Professor Wiseman, will now nod your head sagely and recognize an illustration of the deadly struggle for life. You will use the incident next day in your class as a practical demonstration of the bloody war of nature. See to it, then, that you do not lead those young men astray. Be careful that you do not give them a false idea of what you saw when you left your books and your dissecting table for an hour and, contrary to your custom, went out into the living world. When you tell them about the butterfly that met death, see to it that you tell them also about the hundred others that went on sipping honey in all delight of life, and about the flicker laughing in the distance and the happy mockingbirds flitting about the grove.

But no, you will not. The one tragedy that you witnessed upon this brief excursion is of more importance in your mind than all the numberless little comedies that you saw. It illustrated a natural law which it has long been your business to teach, whereas the comedies illustrated no law which you have ever seen stated in the science books. And so you will tell those young men that you could not spend a single hour with nature without seeing the death-dealing struggle going on before your eyes: and you will tell them not one word of all the happiness and enjoyment, of the sunshine and singing, of the careless play of the mockingbirds, of the beauty of the butterflies, or the sweetness of the nectar that they drank. And your listeners, believing you to be a man of clear and comprehensive vision (for are you not the author of a standard treatise on heredity and a four-hundred-page monograph on the digestive organs of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nematode worms?), will be properly impressed; and from much repetition of such teachings they will presently see nature as one vast tragedy. Upon your head, then, will be the blame if they build for themselves dark theories of life, as deadly to the spirit as they are contrary to the facts. Some of them, after they have passed from under your influence, will discover for themselves the fallacy to which your teachings gave birth. But others will never rid themselves of the poison which has taken away their sight; these you will have blinded forever.

It is not to the teachers of science or to the savants that one must look for testimony concerning the truth or falsity of the charge here preferred. It is the young men fresh from college who, as the actual sufferers, must go upon the witness-stand. From some of these no evidence of any sort will be forthcoming; for in the cases of some, perhaps the majority, the science which they learned in college became so much dead lumber in their minds, to be forgotten absolutely, or, at least, to become the basis for nothing in the way of meditation. There are others, however, — and their number is not inconsiderable, — upon whose minds the teachings of evolution, administered during college days, exert a powerful and lasting influence. If a poll of these were taken, I believe that their testimony would sustain this suit against science as it makes itself known to most of us, against science as it is taught in its more elementary college courses — which, it is important to remember, are the only science courses taken by a majority of students, the only science courses taken by all those who do not specialize in science and pursue advanced postgraduate studies at a university.

I believe that these witnesses would affirm that they, too, were led by those teachings of science to form the same false conception that was formed in the mind of the boy whose experience I have in part outlined. And, in all likelihood, introspection would lead some of them to go further and declare that whatever doubts they might have entertained concerning the existence of a benevolent God or First Cause were due in large part to the fact that they could not reconcile the idea of a beneficent Creator with this conception of a creation in which wretchedness was the common estate of hundreds of millions of sentient things brought into being by that Creator to inhabit this tiny particle of his infinite universe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSE-CLEANING

THE old rite of spring house-cleaning is, I am told, falling into disuse, with the new improvements in household machinery. I can but regret its passing, for it would seem to have both practical and symbolic value, allying itself with other spring observances which celebrate casting off the husks of the old, the coming of new life, the earth and human beings wakening together to a fresh mood of hope and of vigor. Such were the Demeter festivals in the south; in the north, those of the ancient pagan May Day, with their dances and fresh garlands; and other half-religious ceremonies which go back to the dawn of time.

Here, in our quiet village, we hold to this grand spring purification, as we do to other old usages, in part spectators, in part actors therein, constantly stirred to meditation, quickened in memory. There are fingers astir in corners long untouched; there are shadowy cobwebs swept away. It is a fine sight to see, all down the street, on the green lawns, rugs being beaten, cushions shaken; windows are being washed; soap-suds are applied to the lintels of the doorways with almost sacerdotal fervor. Out on long lines hang many garments airing in the sweet April sunshine; dusty things share for a time the life of fresh growing grass. The carpet-beating man is in constant requisition; he knows himself the most important personage in town, and wears his brief glory with a not unkingly air. There is great rivalry in regard to the scrub-women, who have inherited, if not all the joyousness of their dancing predecessors, singing in the spring, at least some of their activity. The painters are all too few, but busy on every side; there are green or brown smudges on passing noses. Our suspense is deep in regard to the color of paint in buckets into which brushes are constantly dipped, for the matter is of great moment. Heaven grant that no mistaken blues, or sulphurous yellows, or unholy magenta shades emerge to buffet our spirits during the coming year! Kalsominers with their pallid pails go past in spotted white, like Pierrots suddenly awakened to a sense of the seriousness of life and its burdens.

Everywhere is stir, motion, life, — it may be only the quick motion of feet escaping from the stream of warm water, which trickles by mistake down the front path; pulses go more rapidly, as fingers fly; wholesome excitement reigns. Through it all, one sees the satisfied faces of householders, as of those who have attained; and the wistful faces of domestic animals, astray in a world whose ideals are beyond their reach.

It is not that we are unaware of modern devices, which keep this constant cleansing of the human habitation going on imperceptibly and do away with the necessity of the annual or semi-annual upheaval. We are aware of them, and we use them, but gingerly, and with full knowledge of their limitations. The past has given us a standard which we refuse to forget as we face the new. Our mistrust is deepened by a belief that it is the most poverty-stricken in mind, spirit, and estate who are the staunchest upholders of the newest inventions. I shall not soon forget my brief visit to the ash-man's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home, where I found 'himself' and 'herself' sitting at leisure in one of the two rooms of their cabin, surrounded by their entire possessions. All their bottles, dishes, cooking utensils stood about them on their unclean floor, amid random piles of dirt. Their faces wore an air of pleased expectancy; they were waiting, they said, for the vacuum cleaner. Vacuum cleaner, indeed! Nothing but yellow soap and hot, hot water and sapolio could have made that room fit for human habitation.

This memory is one of the many reasons why I pin a towel about my head and dust my beloved books myself, fingering them anxiously to see if aught in leaf or binding has come to harm. The word vacuum is unthinkable in connection with any one of them, I sometimes think, as the opened page perhaps betrays me, and I sit down, in all the confusion, to joy and brief oblivion.

There is dead monotony about these new housekeeping ways, each week the same process, mechanical, perfunctory. There is no rhythm of ebb and flow, no grand tidal wave of energy and feeling that seeks to accomplish the impossible, and succeeds in accomplishing the improbable. Where is gone that swelling aspiration of old days, that inner assurance that, were all made perfect once in order and cleanliness, no disorder could ever again prevail? Some such mood of high spiritual adventure was surely Thoreau's when he wrote, —

'The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands; even this may be the eventful year that will drown out all our muskrats.'

Back of each of these old fashioned household earthquakes was some grand effort of the human will, a resolution, a sense of great deeds to be performed. Ultimate and utter confusion evoked the energy of the human spirit, which rose successfully to meet it. Order came out of disorder, the splendid triumph of cosmos dawning on chaos, a far-off quiver of that magnificent, burning mood of the Creator, — 'Let there be light!' Such a crisis is a test of your part in the final order. A world is in ruins at your feet: show what you can do. Mental collectedness, singleness of aim, steadiness of purpose, are imperative. The grand, artistic principle of choice, of selection, must reign, — that principle which makes art, art, and literature, literature, the power of discerning the essential, — it is your test! Box and chest are to be gone over, with that persistent problem of life and of philosophy before you, — what is to be discarded, what is to be kept?

Roused by the suffering of a friend who recently, for her sins, inherited a New England house from which nothing had been thrown away for nearly a hundred years, I bestir myself. I must not leave all this miscellany, intellectual and other, — for there are boxes of old papers as well as trunks of clothing, — to my unfortunate heirs. Which bundles of silk or of serge, which rolls of muslin are to be kept, as perhaps serving some yet undiscovered purpose in the renewed life? Those left-over rolls of a beloved wall-paper which covered our living-room walls in past happy days, — how can I throw them away without throwing away something of that life which they recall? Which of the treasured, flawed, delicate dishes may still remain, not for use but for remembering, upon our shelves? Which are to go, as fragmentary as ourselves, into the ash-barrel, to await the test, the crucible, the resurrection in some form into a part of life again?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are garments well-nigh sacred, seeming not of mere cloth, garments which, more than most treasured things, have the power of poignantly stirring the memory, bringing the wearer before us, quick, alive in look and in gesture. One may give them away, but with a struggle: my grandfather's old-fashioned, broadcloth, Presbyterian 'mantle' ill beseems the pagan graybeard of the slums; the quaint children's garments, preserved in the mysterious old green chest full of subtle fragrances, — secret place of hid treasures whose depths even house-cleaning dared not disturb, — would be but scorned by the little aliens who yearn for the latest styles.

One can decide the great things of life, after sufficient deliberation; one has to! There are destinies to face, grave reasons to be weighed for going or staying, for saying yes or no. The balance, in time, slowly and reasonably tips this way or that; but how shall one decide whether to keep or to burn the little treasures, — the half curl, the old picture, the package of letters tied by a cord which, in all probability, will never be undone? And yet, to see them vanish in flakes of gray ash, so that they never could be read, would be hard. Here is the best of one's mettle, the measure of one's power of decision.

What accidents, discoveries, what precious bits of drift upon that flowing tide of spring time! I too have come upon exceeding treasure, have come suddenly, and with holding of the breath. Never old wills, — such vulgar happenings are relegated rightly to paper-covered fiction. As all real treasures are treasures of the spirit, one digs deep, deep in the hoard of the past for other values. A line, a sentence in familiar handwriting upon a yellowing scrap of paper may show a depth of soul undiscovered before in some one loved. I have known reconciliation to take place between long-estranged friends when a forgotten flake of paper brought back an old mood of faith and trust.

A single house-cleaning may bring your priest-like youth to minister to your relaxing middle age, in the rediscovery of some written witness to what you once were. Far, far along the dusty road, — it may be even meditating retreat, — you meet your old self face to face, the morning sunlight on its forehead, in the freshness, vigor, hope of youth. The inspired, accusing eyes, the sense of being able to do all, — from such an encounter you turn again, shamefaced, to the onward track, because one, it may be sole survivor of that past, expects something of you. The old, impassioned resolve, brought back by a few written words, pierces your very breast. Husk by husk your later self is stripped away, and the real you, in all the simplicity of high intent, released from the mood of discouragement and failure, is ready to start again.

Again that wholesome sound of scrubbing, of running water, that chill atmosphere of fresh whitewash, something half way between the world of the living and that of the dead, recalling, by some trick of odor, the catacombs of Rome with their cool dampness, and, inevitably, their hint of new and fairer life, — the undying hope of immortality written in symbols there.

Again, old memories associate this new freshness with the breath of delicate wild flowers abroad in the house, and lilies of the valley whose fragrance stole long ago across chill May days of household lustration. This is the time of the quickening of all things, of casting off the old, of the building of the nests, and all other sweet spring sights and sounds. We share this mood of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spring in the joy of renewal; here is the perpetual youth of the race!

I fancy that this spring house-cleaning has in it something of the potency of the confessional in the laying bare of old, sad secrets, and the ensuing sense of sudden lightness, — I speak only from imagination, for I have never been to the confessional; I sometimes wish I had! — of having made a clean breast of it, of being even with life, of shaking off forever the dust of the past.

Then, the peace of the after-moments, when all is sweet, clean, prepared; Utopian moments, too perfect to last, — surely these are a foretaste of perfectness to come, if the hopes of the highest hearted among us are granted, full of new sense of the beauty of old things, with the ugly and outworn cast away. Earth's utmost has been done, in the purifying fires and the cleansing that has searched all corners, — as cleansing griefs have left the spirit prepared and ready.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WASTING ETERNITY

'YES, sir!' said a tourist who was trying to impress me, 'Yes, sir! we have five hours difference between Boston and San Francisco. Five different kinds of time in one country!'

'Ah, well,' said I, passing him the conventional tablespoonful of coffee-mud, 'ah, well! But in this one city of Jerusalem we have four different kinds of time, and four different kinds of calendars. You must come to the East to learn about time. We have so many kinds we have to specify which we're talking about, and we have so much of it we can afford to be extravagant. If it could be bottled and shipped to rushing America, we should have the most valuable export-trade in the world. But like Oriental perfumes, Oriental time loses its virtues away from home.'

The tourist gasped, and tried to chew his coffee. He was one of those to whom time is no more than money. To the Oriental, time is eternity. We never hear of wasting eternity, — how can one waste the inexhaustible? Wasting eternity would be like wasting sea-water in mid-ocean. Only an Occidental can waste time or money.

The hours in Jerusalem are measured by the tall, white clock-tower which crowns the gray wall by the Jaffa Gate with the same fitness with which a tall, silk hat would crown a gray-haired Bedouin. The clock in the tower has four faces and two times, — Christian and Moslem. What the Jews go by, I do not know. It may be that they split the difference.

Moslem time is very simple. At sunset it is six o'clock; that is all; and if it is cloudy for a week, the clocks are several minutes out of the way.

Christian time is much more complicated, say the sons of Ishmael. Certain Latin Fathers have charge of it, and sometimes there is no correct time to be found in the whole city. One Christmas morning I started for church down on Mount Zion, a mile away. Looking at my watch, I found it was five minutes of ten, and rather than be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late, I turned into a neighboring chapel which began at the same hour. I entered softly, and lo, the auditorium was empty, save for the organist, practicing glad Christmas hymns. And the clock said nine-thirty. I compared it with my watch, and decided that the latter had gained thirty minutes over night. But the organist helped my bewildered mind.

'Our time must have been wrong for several weeks,' he explained gravely, 'but we did not know it till yesterday, when the Fathers found out that they were half an hour ahead. Then they set the clock back. Your watch is all right for yesterday's time, but not for to-day's.'

As I turned toward the church on Mount Zion, I thought of Mark Twain's friend who tried in vain to regulate his watch by the ship's clock.

Moreover, in Jerusalem, town-time and train-time are different, forty minutes different, and both are variable. Train officials say the train leaves for Jaffa at 6:40 in the morning; but 6:40 by train-time is 7:20 by town-time. One morning when we were starting for Egypt, we ordered our carriage for seven o'clock. Arriving at the station at 7:15, we found the train gone, and the station empty. At last we routed out an official.

'Where's the train?' we demanded.

'Gone, messieurs!'

'Gone! You've changed the hour of the train, then?'

'Non, non, messieurs! The train leaves at the same hour as always, but the time has changed. Yesterday 6:40 train-time was 7:20 town-time. To-day 6:40 train-time is 7 town-time. No, no,' and he smiled patronizingly, 'the train always leaves at the same hour, our trains never change, — it is the time that alters itself, not the train, messieurs!'

We sought the telegraph office.

'To the *Hapag* agent in Jaffa,' we dictated. 'Missed train. Cancel passage on boat for Egypt. Wire date of next sailing to Port Said.' This was turned into flowery Turkish and sent. A reply came soon.

'Plenty of time. Your boat will wait till to-morrow afternoon, for the water is so rough she cannot land her passengers and cargo to-day. Plenty of time, if you take the train to-morrow.'

But there are disadvantages. For instance, if you give an afternoon tea in Jerusalem, and invite Moslem ladies, instead of arriving at the hour assigned, some of them are sure to come before luncheon. Then you or some woman of your household must occupy that sofa opposite the door. For the Pasha's wife will probably arrive late, and, if she comes and finds the most honorable seat taken, — and no power on earth short of dynamite will dislodge native occupants, — she will have to find a less honorable place, and you will have insulted her. But no one thinks of the morning you have wasted trying to spread yourself over that large sofa.

Thus an hour of Jerusalem is as a drop in the Sea of Eternity. It does not count.

'Wasting their time!' I said to Abu Selim, as I bargained with him over a rare rug, and pointed to two sturdy porters dozing under the shadow of his awning. 'Wasting their time!'

Abu Selim looked at me in amazement.

'How can we waste time?' said he. 'For time has no beginning, neither has time an end.' And he puffed at his nargileh, and sipped his coffee, while between us lay the rug.

Past the open front of his shop drifted the endless stream of leisurely Arabs, breathless tourists, begging children, laden donkeys. 'See,' he said, and pointed to the throng, moving like a steady

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

river. 'It was so in my father's day, some hastened, some lingered, some watched. It will be so all my days, and all my sons', — there is no real change. All time is ours, the gift of Allah the Merciful. How then can we waste time?'

ETHER

THE most provoking part was that, whatever effort I might make to enlighten the nurse (a kind young creature, handsome, like some gracious Ceres in spotless linen), the sound coming from my stiff lips was not rational articulation but a groan, — rhythmic, quite foolish, uncontrollable.

Even after ether one has one's little vanities. Mine had been to avoid silly noises; nevertheless speech seemed a duty. Not only must any intelligent Ceres feel a natural interest, but it would also be useful for her to know. Nursing — education — literature! Surely these three touch somewhere; but the link? It eluded me. Montessori, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Rousseau. I'd mislaid someone in the sequence, someone important.

'W-i-n-d-e-r, . . . now go out and wash it' (or words to the same effect). Who said that? Why of course! Mr. Squeers! Montessori at its most logical. What I wanted to tell the nurse was that a droll essay could be written, with nearly a century's skip from Dotheboys Hall to a tranquil Roman convent, where the White Sisters govern a houseful of girl orphans. Think if Dickens could only see the plump, self-righteous babies lay their own Lilliput dinner-table, giving a swish and swing of pinafores fairly sinful with pride of accomplishment.

But the essay fell apart. We may n't do it nowadays, because of those little boys who died in Yorkshire. Dickens might. He could put Wackford and Fanny on one page with those piteous miseries on the next and never offend your taste or feeling; far from it! But by his very intensifying of human sympathies he made it impossible for us to mix humor and agony.

'How queerly some people seem to snuff out their own candles!' I tried to say; but Ceres laid a cool something on my forehead. She did n't understand. To convince her that there was no delirium, I persisted: 'Think of Richardson. He made people so nice by his gospel of purity that the next generation grew too delicate to read him, and Dickens's drolleries have taught us to be so tender-hearted that we can't put much fun into any crusade against cruelty, yet his crusade had more strength than any of ours.'

What had I been reading? Such quaint books follow one to hospitals. Fancy Ellen Key's *Love and Marriage*. So remote from any practical issue when you're lying prone. 'Sound as a dollar you'll be,' the doctor says. How my mind flutters off! A dollar with a hole in it seems apter, but why argue? And Ellen Key a spinster too, so where does it come in for her and me? True, none but single ladies write these books frankly. The married ones won't. There 's a freemasonry that prevents them. Even Marcel Prévost knew that. You remember the little bride's letter?

Before they whisked me off for another and more odious bout, I meant to collect a fitter library, but somehow Ibsen pursued me; one is always hurried at the last. Then for the tiresome iteration — stretcher, *toilette de guillotine*, *piqûre*, the bandage over one's eyes, the smothering cone, and the queer flight to the verge of eternity, that promise of all knowledge which ether gives, and balks you of. On the actual brink of vibrating with the very rhythm of life, you merely come to, into a blare of pain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How quiet and kind those dim figures are; considerate, like the saints about an entombment. But this time, instead of discoursing on Montessori, I so wanted to tell Ceres — tender-handed Ceres — that the whole trouble lay with a devil from some primitive painting far away in Umbria. An alert devil, prick-eared, carrying a gallant tail. One! A legion of them tossing my poor body on hot pitchforks. How the stabs hurt! What sin is being punished? Such small sins for such devouring pains.

After many hours Ceres seemed to glance at Ibsen, and I really wanted to explain him. 'Better not try to talk,' she advised. Astonishing how one obeys these young things; they have authority. Yet it seemed so vital for her to hear what the Professor once said, when I took him to see some Italian *fantoccini* doing Orlando and Bradamante and Carlo Magno and a few more heroes. 'Why,' asked the Professor, 'why are the Marionettes always angry?' You easily see how illumining that is. But again Ceres convinced me of the wisdom of silence; or was it my voice sounding so high-pitched and affected? Why any one who hates ventriloquists as I do should try to talk as if I were in the next room! Heavens! Can I try anything, with that devil tossing me across a blazing fire till I land on his brother's trident, redhot and piercing? Is it fair to do that when just out of reach floats a really significant idea, something Georg Brandes would value?

Why *is* Ibsen always angry? Is it the Scandinavian *wesen* to rage and be in a frantic state, just because Norah cheated about her macaroons, or old Mr. Alving was n't quite — quite — The Slavs are not like that. They are as mild as a June day. The Brothers Karamazoff weep in the tenderest fashion while they are thinking murder. The gentlest Russian philanthropists are those shy young girls who throw bombs. *They* are n't in the least angry, merely brimful of sheer love and human fellowship.

Ceres raises a blind on the gray light of a winter morning. She looks pale but valiant. She has worked well these long hours — or years — which was it?

Here comes the day nurse, fresh and smiling.

'All things considered,' Ceres says, 'we've had a fairish night.'

The two exchange an augur's glance. Someone whispers, 'Time for another, she's stood enough.'

Deft fingers dissolve the tablet, a faint prick — pain and thought slacken. There's a ray of kind sunlight, — shall I sleep?

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Despite the existence of learned societies endeavoring to find some tangible basis of fact in the interesting perplexities of so-called psychic phenomena, comparatively few men and women to-day believe in haunted houses. The ghost that employs its business hours in clanking a chain to make the individual hairs on a listening head stand up like the defensive armory of the angry porcupine appeals no longer to the popular imagination. None of us, to be sure, enjoy hearing anything in the still hours of the night that suggests a ghost clanking a chain; but we all agree by daylight that if there are ghosts they are undoubtedly in better business. Our wide general information, in this day of the Sunday newspaper, tells us that the real danger of the time is the quiet microbe. We could even wish that microbes clanked chains, and then we would know they were about and speed for the prophylactic. The innumerable devils of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Middle Ages, invisible but always somewhere in the neighborhood, have been neatly replaced by the discoveries of bacteriology; and if we had n't got used to them, living would be an almost impossibly anxious performance. The vacationist, reading the warning issued by his government against the bacterial dangers of simple country living, would stay hopelessly in the city — and then, learning of the bacterial dangers of summer life in town, would eventually be driven to suicide by drowning as the coolest way out of his troubles.

> Microbes, microbes everywhere
> In the water, in the air!
> Kicking up a deadly row
> In the product of the cow.
> You can almost hear them mutter
> In the milk and in the butter.

We have, in fact, vastly multiplied the demons whose supposed existence kept the mediæval citizen crossing himself; and having done so, exactly like the mediæval citizen, we get along fairly comfortably in the knowledge that so far they haven't caught up with us.

But there remains the haunted house, no longer inhabited by the chain-clanker but by something else almost as palpable. There is the house that we visit in perfect comfort. No ghost there, bless you! And again the house that we visit, without being able accurately to define the feeling, with a sense of constant uneasiness and apprehension. The ghost does not disturb our slumbers. It has, apparently, no desire whatever to destroy the neat arrangement of our hair or change it white overnight — a calamity which many would risk cheerfully now that white hair is becoming fashionable and there is no telling how soon we may revert to the old-time fashion of powdering. It is a modest ghost and makes no effort to attract attention. It is there because it can't help it; and the presence depresses without terrifying. A kind of gloom, unrecognized by the inmates yet palpable to the visitor, permeates such a dwelling. We are glad to pack our bags and be away again; yet we hardly know we are glad, and would certainly be unwilling to confess it.

To see this ghost is out of the question. And yet, in its way, it is far worse than the old-fashioned kind that mother (at least some mothers) used to make with the pie crust. Morning sunlight dissipated that old-fashioned house-haunter. He was a night-worker and slept in the daytime, possibly getting up to read the afternoon ghost of a newspaper, but not going seriously to work till midnight. His short hours indicate that there must have been a powerful trade-union among ghosts, to which all spectres belonged, and which had once and for all settled the question of hours of work and provided a perfect equality among male and female, adult and child ghosts. But this more modern house-haunter defies these sensible considerations, makes himself a member of the family, and inserts his invisible (but undoubtedly clammy) person triumphantly into every family gathering.

Sometimes it is possible to put your finger on him. He is a personal attribute, a worthy characteristic that has been worked to death and is now haunting the premises. Call him Superconscientiousness, emanating from a desire to 'have things go right' on the part of the lady of the house, that has gradually become fussiness and monomania; the expectation that things will not go right, that in turn makes them go wrong by the very self-consciousness that it has introduced into the whole domestic organization. There is the nervous apprehension that something undesirable will happen — which may be no more serious than that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maid will drop a dish in the dining-room — haunting the entire family; and finally enveloping the guest, who, having no explanation at hand, can merely feel the tension without being able to understand it. For the nervousness is there just the same even if the crockery remains undamaged.

Or, again, the emanation may come from the other side of the table. There is the contradictory host, for example, often a well-meaning man but with a wide-embracing capability to make other folk, especially the members of his own family, painfully apprehensive and ill at ease. Here the mildest topic of conversation becomes a menace, for it is not so much the fact that the host contradicts, as the way he does it. You can differ with somebody else without necessarily suggesting that the somebody else is a fool or an ignoramus; on the other hand you can differ in such a manner that everybody within hearing is rendered uncomfortable. It is not that offense is intended: rather it is the fear that offense will be taken that brings the skeleton rattling out of his closet.

Or, yet again, our ghost may be a spirit of wider diffusion. Family jars, allowed to become chronic, may be responsible for it; or social ambitions that cannot be realized; or the pressure of keeping up appearances beyond the comfortable resources of the pocket-book. For the ghost of this kind of haunted house is a creature made up in large part of dead opportunities for happiness — the joy, so near and yet so difficult to attain, that comes from the constant practice of the minor amenities of life toward those we live with.

And here, possibly, no less than in the case of the old-fashioned dwelling with the haunted chamber, the ghost in the house becomes a factor in the great Servant-Girl Problem. For it is the peculiarity of this kind of ghost that the creature haunts the whole house, creates an atmosphere that there is no getting away from. It penetrates even the kitchen. At its worst it is a deterrent to song combined with dish-washing. And when we hear of a house where good wages are paid and there is apparently no explanation of an admitted difficulty in keeping servants, is it not possible that the ghost is responsible? Going out to service ourselves, the chances are that we would stay longest in the homes where we have already made the pleasantest visits.

Unfortunately it is one thing to find the ghost and another to lay it. One of the simplest and most sensible pieces of advice in the world is, 'Don't worry,' — but the real difficulty is not to. The accomplishment, in fact, is a task of such dimensions that if Jones murdered Smith for telling him once too often 'not to worry,' almost any jury would be tempted to bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide. 'Being cheerful' presents the same difficulty, and yet here is the way in many cases to send the ghost in the house packing. Preaching simplicity appeals chiefly to persons who are simple already, unless simplicity can be made expensive, and then there's a fairly good chance that it can be made fashionable. 'Not taking one's self too seriously' would be another specific to allay the house-haunter — the difficulty there is that no man, or woman either, ever seems to know that he or she is sinning in this direction. Applied Christianity, of course, would be an infallible remedy; provided it were applied easily, and the application not made too painfully violent.

Are we, then, reduced to accepting the ghost in the house? It would almost seem so. Yet those who have observed this psychic phenomenon know that there are such ghosts of various

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sizes; little ones just beginning to grow, big ones firmly established. Perhaps in some homes the little ghost is discovered while it is still weak, and put out of commission before it can get big enough to become, by force of habit, a permanent inmate.

FEATHERS — AND A FINE BIRD

When I was a small boy, a friend presented me with some very ancient bantams — quite past egg-work. Another friend fitted me out with some pigeons; but the latter were new to life and soon began to be interesting. After giving the bantams every chance, most of them were scrapped — they were of no use as table ornaments — and, finally, through the activities of a marauding cat, but one solitary bantam survived. He became rather a nuisance to himself by reason of his long spurs, but he was a great favorite with the household and especially with the gardener. Both were very busy when any digging and trenching was on hand, and the dear little old bird — who answered to the name of 'Chuck' — used to fill himself so full that he got very drowsy, and would retire betimes to the stable where, in his own fashion, he used to invite a favorite mare to lie down. As soon as she complied, he would fly upon her and go to sleep. I suppose he was afraid of rheumatism in the feet and appreciated the warmth of his friend's body.

But Chuck had a strong sense of duty, and no fear of arthritis, or any other pains in his limbs, deterred him when once he had chosen his path. Elderly as he was, cock-bird as he was, he took complete and most loving care of two motherless bantam chicks.

Their advent upon the scene occurred in this wise. I had had an inspiration — and four cents to spend. I went to the owner of some bantams and bought two eggs with the cents. I then went to one of my pigeons, who had that day laid her second egg and was preparing to be busy, and without by-your-leave or anything of the sort, I took away her own eggs and put the bantam eggs under her. And I watched her during a fairly long April day.

It was soon plain that something was bothering her. She kept looking underneath herself, and squirming in a most unladylike manner; but she said nothing of her troubles at the time that her husband came to relieve her, to allow her to get on with her other household cares while he held the fort. She mentioned the matter, however, when she came back, — after some considerable lapse of time. They were rather an extraordinary pair, these two. She — a responsible, matronly bird — had taken to herself a very young husband *en secondes noces*. Her first — an excellent disciplinarian to whom henpecking was as water to a duck — had been shot on his way home carrying a note for me, by what is termed a 'sportsman.' The widow felt his loss, I am sure; but it was nice weather — and no one wanted to look draggle-tailed that season. And besides, bright feathers were much worn just then. What else could you expect? Here was a widow, not inconsolable; and here was this young cock-bird, with nothing better to do. They got on very well; she had the experience, and he took the orders. As far as I can remember, the eggs I removed when substituting the bantams were a novelty to him. At any rate, he was very proud; and when his wife, on returning to the nest with a 'Well-I-suppose-I-'ve-got-to-take-on-this-job-again' look on her face, began to talk to him, he answered back.

By now I've forgotten most of the pigeon-language that I then knew, but the gist of what was said was something like this: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She. — Well — what do you think of sitting on eggs for your living?

He. — (*rather bashfully*), Oh, it's all right — why not?

She. — Why not? Bless the boy! They're the size of mountains.

He. — You must n't flatter me so.

She. — *Flatter* you? I'm *annoyed* with you. How *dare* you!

By this time the young husband, visibly, was becoming annoyed. Actually he spoke up for himself.

'Here — you come off your perch! Don't you crow at me. I believe your record is twenty-three pairs of eggs — well, this is my *first* — and *I* think they're splendid.'

This plain-speaking unquestionably did great good, for the lady, after flying away to get a drink of water which she did n't want, returned to her home quite unruffled. As her mate stepped off the eggs, he paused a moment to look at them. Now I can't *swear* that he smiled with satisfaction and pride, because even now I don't know where to look for the smile of a pigeon; but he did look pleased. And whether it was that his lady relented, or was extremely diplomatic, it is impossible to say, but she too looked at them, with her head on one side, as she remarked, 'They certainly are the *finest* I *ever* laid.'

Well, there was I, looking on, and I began to feel mean about it. If it went on there was going to be a strain for her and a swelled head for him. You could see it. And really it was getting too intimate for intrusion by a third party. But she solved it. Or rather she *had* solved it. She was a knowing old bird and her last remark had done the trick; for her young mate, turning round, snuggled down in the nest beside her and took one egg while she accounted for the other.

And so they used to sit, this worthy couple, until at the end of seventeen days and a half — in pigeon time — two dear bantams were hatched, and for two hours were left to parents whose bewilderment was the most comic thing ever seen in feathers.

But everything worked smoothly; for a hen, in a coop in the garden, with eleven babies of her own, obviously had room for two more. And another pair of pigeons who had hatched out that very day could easily afford to part with one baby for the bereaved pair who had been behaving so well.

And then two odd things happened. Whether it was that the old fowl with eleven babies despised the two smaller children, or whether she had some instinct about the whole business, or whether she saw inside the hand I so carefully put underneath her, I am unable to say. But she took precious little notice of the forlorn chicks who, huddled by themselves in a corner, would speedily have died but for dear old Chuck. He came down to the coop to have a look, — a thing he had never done before, he always had so much business on hand with the gardener. He appeared around the coop; and the gardener came indoors to tell this thing. Also the gardener said the wee bantam chicks were following around inside the coop as the old gentleman strutted around outside. Inspection revealed that it was extremely probable that both banties would die if left in that coop. Inspiration said, 'Give Chuck a chance.' In a quick but careful moment, it was done, and the baby bantams were out on a wide lawn with only Chuck near them. Unhesitatingly and confidingly, they approached him. He arched his proud little neck and looked down. Through their foster mother's neglect they were feeling chilled. They walked in under his radiant little body. The splendid gentleman shone out. Looking carefully underneath to see that those terrible spurs should not interfere, he squatted;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his new little friends disappeared among his feathers.

A careful watch was kept, and presently they reappeared, strengthened by their rest. A handful of 'grits' was thrown, and the foster father was as good as any mother in the way in which he invited his charges to 'fall to.' By the end of the afternoon it was seen that all was quite well with the new family. Roosting also was left entirely to Chuck's discretion. He deserted his friendly mare and camped in a cosy spot by a cucumber frame. Cats were shy of Chuck, for, in a thoughtless moment one had attacked him, long before. The surprise of that cat on finding a very long sharp spur in each whisker was sufficient to create a lasting impression in feline circles for miles around.

So, on the morrow, Chuck appeared upon the lawn with his babies. He made a most devoted mother. He even introduced his family to the gardener — and all four used to go 'grubbing' together. And, at the gardener's dinner-time, when he withdrew to the harness-room to eat his meal, Chuck would lead his family in that direction and look expectantly and pleadingly at his old friend, in aid of his new ones. If there were a fire in the harness-room, a cosy party would settle, after crumbs, for a doze in front of it. Nothing, I think, but the passage of months, could have interfered with the harmony of the group. But months meant growth and strength to the juniors, and presently the old gentleman's 'Dear, dear — this will never do,' was passed unheeded by the male twin and he *began to scratch up seeds.*

With the tears running down his face and his comb flopping like a Minorca hen's, Chuck at last, perforce, had to bring it to the notice of the gardener; and he, good soul, saw it from Chuck's point of view. Another chance! — and, meanwhile, Chuck would talk to him. Chuck did so but, — it is regrettable to have to record that the youngster talked back.

As the gardener then said, 'Of course — it's no fault of *yours*, Chuck — you've done *your* little best; but we shall have to cage that young gentleman's spirit or we shan't get a brussels sprout left to us.'

So there came a day when Impudence and his sister were consigned to an enclosure and their worthy foster father spent long hours outside, conversing with them; and while the little lady was always loving, I regret exceedingly that Impudence behaved most grossly — flying one day in Chuck's face in the most abandoned manner. And from that time the good parent and the bad little boy drifted further and further apart. Also the weather broke. And the rheumatism woke. And the mare's back was warm. And — there is nothing more to be said.

THE PEDIGREE OF MILITANCY

To the Editor, —

I have read with interest Mrs. Eckstorm's admirable contribution to the March *Atlantic*. Apropos of one sentence in her article, 'The woman-question seems to be currently regarded as something spontaneously generated but yesterday,' I desire to submit a letter written in January, 1739, by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Countess of Pomfret.

Yours truly,

W. D. Howe.

'At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Pendarves, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of.

'They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensberry, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G— he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by G— they would come in in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege.

'These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably.

'I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this long relation; but 't is impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in history, ancient or modern.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED